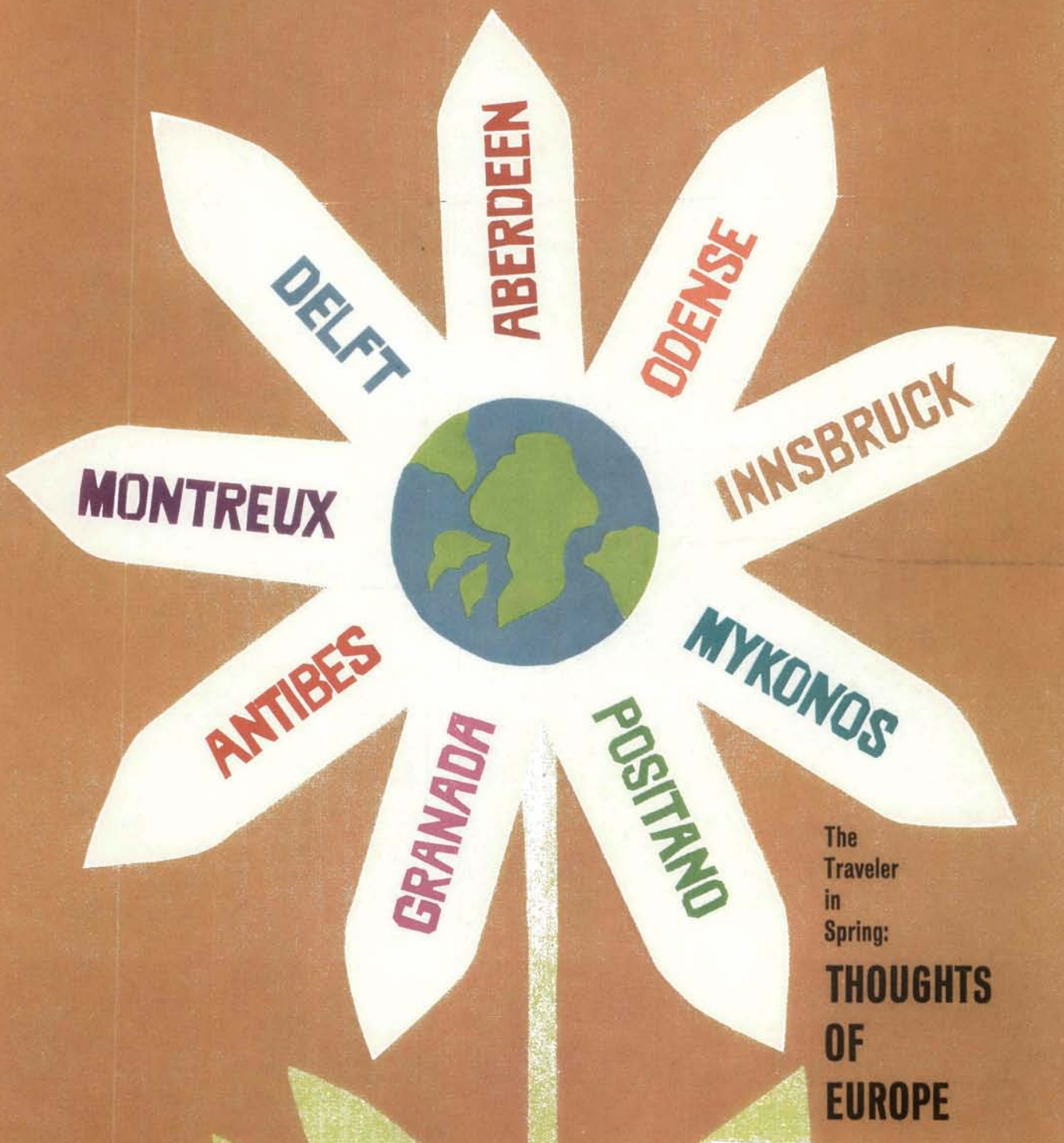
Saturday Review

March 13, 1965 25¢



The Traveler in Spring:

THOUGHTS OF EUROPE

SR230580 386-535
FREDERICK E HAHN
150 UNION RD
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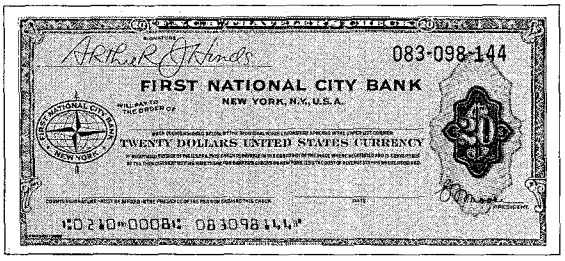
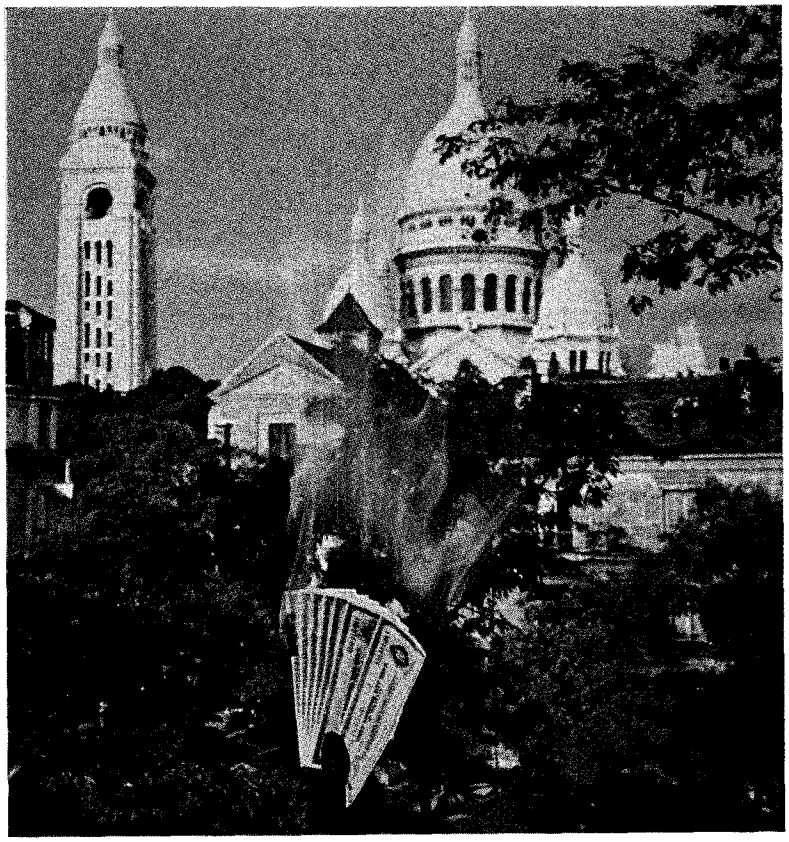
How can you be sure of "on-the-spot" refunds if your travelers checks are lost or destroyed?



Simple. Always choose First National City Travelers Checks ...with a global refund system second to none.

Travelers get complete protection for their money with First National City Travelers Checks. As these 'round-the-world tests show, they offer you *ready availability...immediate acceptability ...on-the-spot refundability.* In case of loss, Western Union Operator 25 can direct you to the closest of thousands of U.S. refund points. Overseas, there are thousands more refund points...principal hotels can direct you to the nearest one. Backed by the leader in world-wide banking, First National City Travelers Checks cost just one cent per dollar. Ask for them by name at your bank.

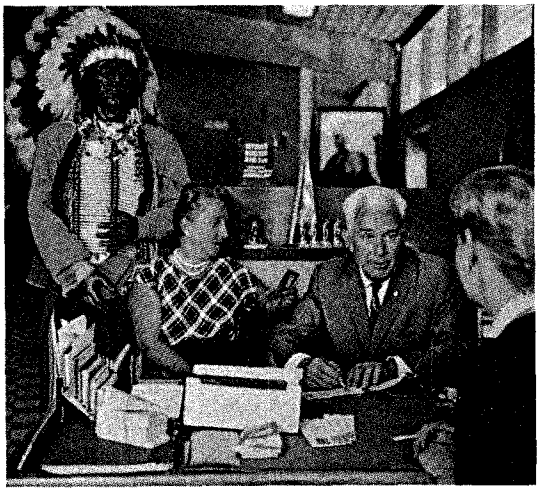


Test No. 1—Refundability—in Paris

To make this test, Miss Sydney M. Roberts of Villanova, Pa. actually burned $200 worth of First National City Travelers Checks. Total loss? Interruption in travel? Not at all. Miss Roberts was directed by her hotel to a nearby Société Générale bank office where she promptly received a full, on-the-spot refund.

Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Nassau

Honeymooners Mr. and Mrs. Peter S. Allin of Durham, N. C. enjoyed a round at the picturesque Nassau Golf Club. Green fees? Paid for, as all their travel needs, with a First National City Travelers Check.



Test No. 3—Availability—in Littleton

Before leaving Colorado for a Mediterranean trip, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Yost stopped at The Arapahoe County Bank for First National City Travelers Checks. It's a quick and easy transaction at banks everywhere.

First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money®" wherever you go!

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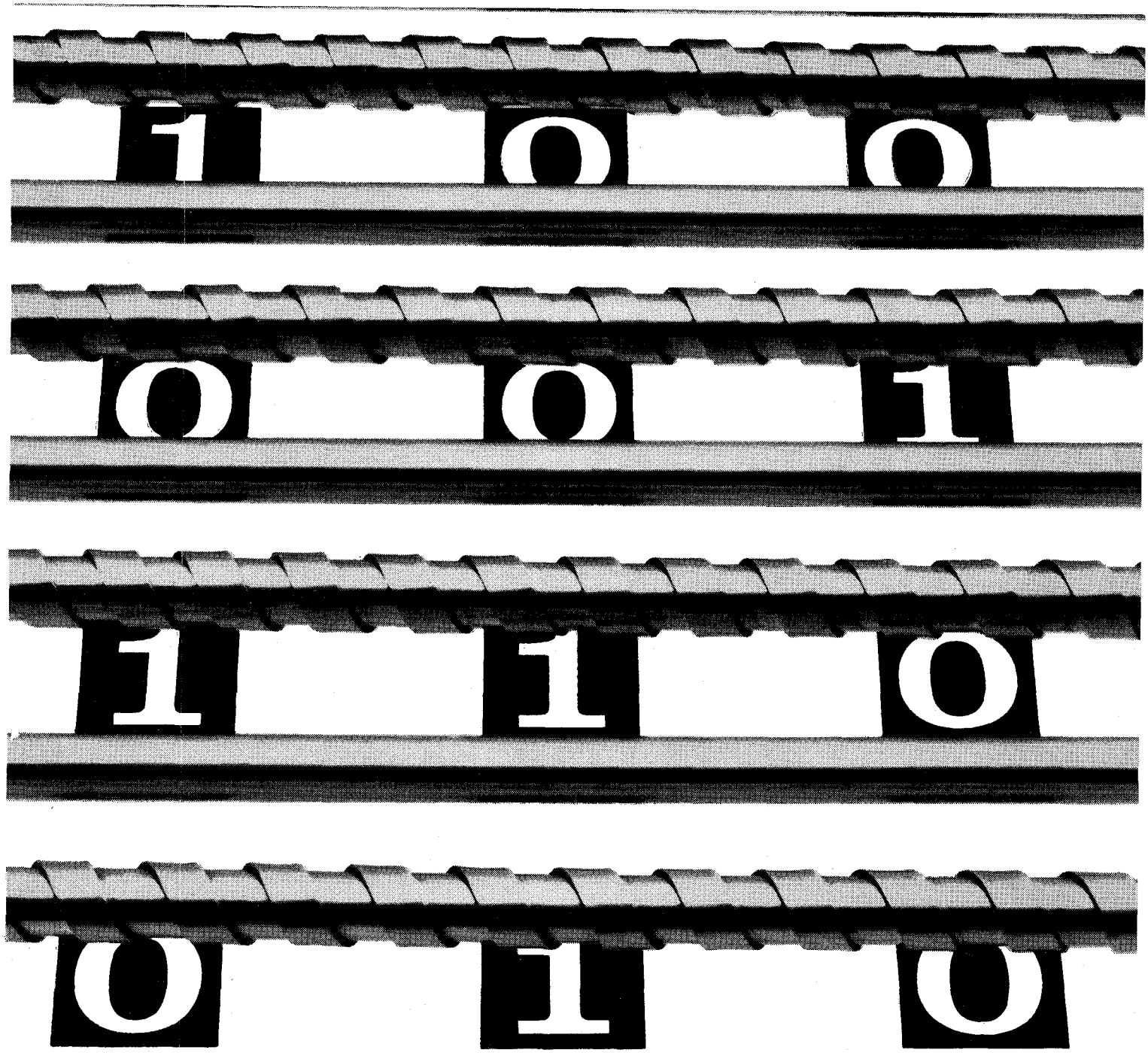
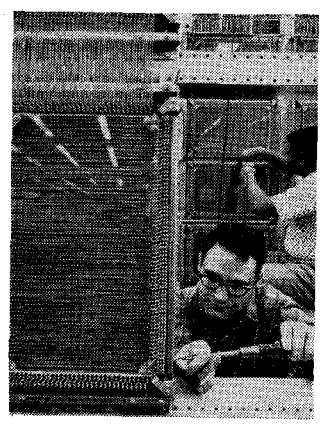


NEW TWIST TO TELEPHONE SERVICE

The "twistor" wires shown above are actually only 31/10,000 of an inch in diameter—less than half the width of common sewing thread. Thousands of these precisely engineered strands, made by ingenious manufacturing techniques, form part of an amazing electronic memory. It is a key element in the new Electronic Switching System Western Electric is now building for Bell telephone company central offices. ☐ In just a few millionths of a second, these wires can "read" information stored in magnetic spots on metal sheets, and relay it to the System's electronic "brain." The information is stored in binary language (which uses only the digits "1" and "0"). ☐ Electronic switching, or "ESS," was developed by our teammate, Bell Laboratories. And, as frequently happens with such new communications developments, it presented Western Electric with difficult manufacturing problems. Example: to make twistor wires we had to find a way to wrap a strip of magnetic tape around the wire, making exactly 92 wraps per inch. ☐ But manufacturing new, unique communications products to incredibly high standards is a skill Western Electric has been perfecting for the 83 years we have been a member of the Bell System. That's one reason our other teammates, the 21 Bell telephone companies, can give you the most modern, and the most reliable communications service in the world at low cost.



Western Electric
Manufacturing & Supply Unit of the Bell System

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(Advertisement)

Everyone has his own version of The Great Society, I suppose, and I'm no different. To me, The Society will come when we *all* achieve the ability to laugh at ourselves, our mildly mad world, and to cure a few ills thereby. Along the way, attached, un-angry humorists will become accepted again.

Ralph Schoenstein is a full-time, free-lancing humorist essayist, an occupation he ranks with being a blacksmith in Detroit. In fact, the only less commercial calling for a writer is to be an epic poet. He has written a second book, *Time Lurches On*, and I find this a healthy sign, and perhaps more commercial than smithing. For, if nothing else, Ralph is attached, un-angry, and very funny. He is also possibly insane. Nothing violent, you understand. It's just that he is prone to flights of fancy, nostalgia, and down-right nonsense. For example, Schoenstein gives professional tips on how to get wiped out in the stock market, examines a Christmas that starts on Labor Day, and discusses a baseball team that was once the New York Giants. He offers valuable information on how to seek status in cemeteries, how to get a call through in spite of secretaries, and describes a special TV rating system that polls just one family in Dubuque (the one that doesn't subscribe to *The New Yorker*, I suppose).

Ralph Schoenstein is a funny man who's not mad at anyone, which is quite amazing since he is the object of scorn and ridicule. Neighbors ask his wife: "Is Ralph working yet or is he still writing?" Doormen constantly mistake him for a delivery boy. And, worst of all, his 4-year-old daughter asks him: "Daddy, what will you be when you grow up?" Ralph's answer: "Honey, not every *daddy* can *be* something. Some are writers." Thank heaven.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Time Lurches On ($3.95) by Ralph Schoenstein is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Copies are available from your local bookseller or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one which is located in the Penobscot Building, Detroit 26, Michigan.

Saturday Review

Cover by Pegge Hopper

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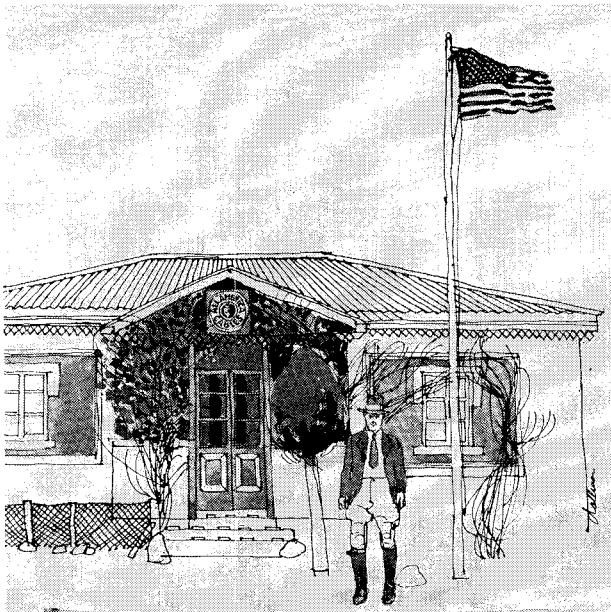

Mrs. William D. Crawford
2555 North 650 East
Provo, Utah

PROVO
P.M.
OCT 29

President
International Telephone & Telegraph Co.
New York City,
New York.

Dear Sir,

In a day and age when the advance of human technology has reached such a tremendous peak, I wish to pay tribute to the telephone and to its magnificent contribution to our well proportioned way of life.

As a child in the early 1930's I was reared beside telephones, cables, telephone poles and dedicated "linesmen", in Villa Mercedes, San Luis, Argentina. I am the daughter of the late Jerome E. Johns who was the superintendent of all the transandine land lines -- the telephone cables that crossed the Andes -- for All America Cables. In those days, my father covered many miles of rugged country on horse - or muleback.

Remote as we were in those days we were a link with the world for we had the only telephone for miles around. When help was needed people would say "El Americano tiene teléfono." The American has a phone. Or in other words, All America Cables will help.

In those days we were a vital force in the community, and many and countless were the errands of mercy "run" by this member of ITT. The American flag always flew proudly over the different buildings where All America had an office. Even in times of strife, my father was allowed to fly his proud flag, for he was the respected American who was representative of the good power of the telephone.

We had a small fire in our home the other day. I reached first for the telephone. Guess what I reached for after my children were safe? Not my sterling silver, not our hard-earned furniture or clothes. My hands fell lovingly on an old, old album with some very old pictures. Somehow they are the proudest things I own. Here are some of them for you to see.

Very sincerely yours,
Caroline B. Crawford
(nee Johns)

"Remote as we were in those days we were a link with the world"

Mrs. Caroline B. Crawford said it. The pioneer spirit of men such as her father characterizes ITT and our 185,000 people. Today, as in the past, many of them work in remote areas of the world—as well as on the frontiers of the communication sciences. Thank you for your letter, Mrs. Crawford, and for allowing us to reproduce it here. International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

ITT

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Edited by Martin Levin

The Birds and the Bees

Being a Compendium of Fact for the Use of Adults Who, Finding Themselves Constrained to Address Children on the Subject, Feel that Their Information May Be Insufficient

BEES are Communists with whom we coexist. While it is true that each hive has a queen, this is only a courtesy title. She is the only woman around and calling her queen makes her feel good and also serves to keep the workers working and the drones droning. Any time a worker strays too near to the Queen he is immediately distracted by being sent out to cross-pollinate a stamen and a pistil. A queen is actually the result of a popular vote in which the workers elect her by killing off all the rivals. Everybody joins in feeding and fanning her until she is big enough to make her contribution. She does this by pointing to one of the cuter workers and then the two of them go off into the wild blue immediately yonder and make arrangements for the continuation of the community. The rest of the tribe goes on with its communal duties.

How doth the busy bee? I've just explained it. The other things he doth are to buzz around locating food. When a scout finds a likely area, he skims back to the house and by dancing, pirouetting, climbing the walls, and otherwise making a show of himself, tells the group the direction, distance, position of the sun, and whatever other news he's picked up in the neighborhood. Then they all go to work . . . from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs.

Man thinks the bee is very smart to have figured all this out, but Man, who refers to himself as the "highest order" is always amazed to find that other orders are making it. The bee is not amazed by Man, however. He thinks of him merely as "that ——— who steals honey."

Bank Holiday

Birds are Individualists. They don't even flock together, no matter what your farmer friend tells you. On a given tree at a given time, considering longitude and latitude, one may find robins, sparrows, finches, and what-all. Some of them *migrate* in flocks but some of them don't, so there you are. They build separate nests wherever they darn please and then they sit singing all day to keep other birds away from the territory. Especially birds of the same species. (This wasn't known until recently and when Man found out, he was amazed.)

Birds are supposed to mate on St. Valentine's day—the one on February 14—but observation has proved this to be more or less untrue. More or less is used here because of the difficulty of watching all birds at once. Let us say, rather, that the odds are against it. Some species lost interest and have disappeared. Others are dying out very much like the gorilla. While the gorilla doesn't belong in here, strictly speaking, it is true that he is less and less interested in going on. Therefore it is suggested that when you tell the child about the birds and the bees you give the gorilla a mention. The toddler will be amazed. —HENRY MORGAN.

Ho, Jolly Banker!

WE HAVEN'T been paying close enough attention to the banking game lately. Strange things are going on back there where the coin-sorters spin and electronic bookkeepers snuffle about in their magnetic tapes, and I'm not sure they're all to the good.

It so happens that I've been keeping an eye on my bank for a long time, having acquired the habit as a small boy. At that time I was chivvied into opening a savings account just when I had finally acquired the capital necessary for some particularly desirable item out of the Johnson, Smith & Co. catalogue—"Look-Back-O-Scope," I think, which was advertised as indispensable to the secret agent who wanted to know who or what was gaining on him. The fact that my money was moldering in the bank vaults instead of providing the essentials of life impressed me to the point where I took to sneaking up on the bank weekly to make certain it was still there—and solvent-looking.

The atmosphere of solidity was all-important, then. The marble desks at which patrons filled out deposit slips could, with no alteration save gilt paint, have served as pedestals for the Barnum & Bailey elephant herd. The tellers operated in icy fastnesses of marble behind close-woven bronze bars that barely permitted the insertion of a passbook, unless opened by unsnapping a series of bolts that sounded as though they

Don't put the Chartreuse too close to the milk

(someone might pour it on the cornflakes!)

But then why not? Chilled Chartreuse goes with lots of things... grapefruit, ice cream, desserts... and, naturally, on the rocks or as a highball. The main point is: *chill Chartreuse* before you serve it. For that's the new way to add finesse to Chartreuse's 350-year-old flavor. A most venerable and versatile liqueur. For an idea-ful booklet on drinking and cooking with Chartreuse, write Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, N. Y., Department Y.

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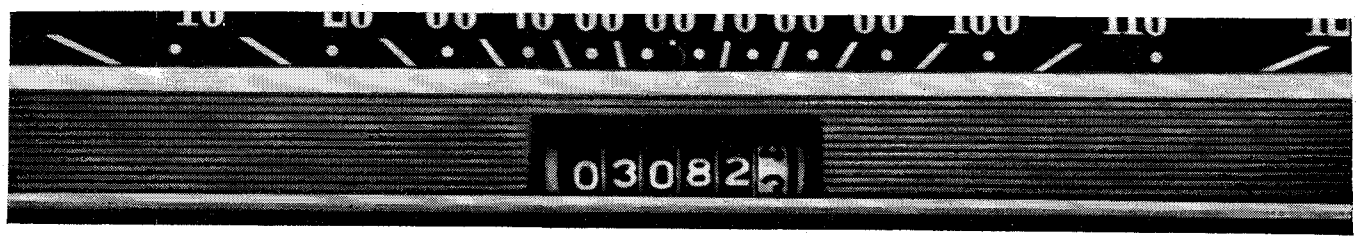

Too good to be true?

"3082 miles? Don't their cars ever get old?"

People who notice the low mileage on our cars sometimes get a little suspicious.

But the cold fact is this: Avis just doesn't keep cars past 20,000 miles.

We don't have problems with them that way. And you get a practically new Ford every time.

Besides, no matter how new we keep our cars looking, if they don't drive like new, you're bound to know it.

And once you know it, it's goodbye Avis.

But Avis can't afford goodbyes; we know you carry that other charge card, too.

So we don't turn back the odometer.

We turn back the whole car.

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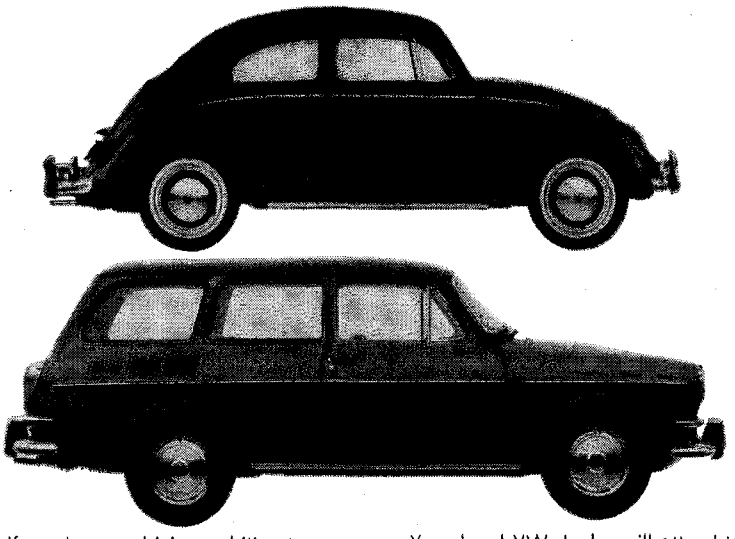
Pick up either Volkswagen in Europe.



If you have a driving ambition to see Europe, the cheapest way to do the driving is in your own VW. And picking it up in Europe is the cheapest way to become a VW owner.

You can get a genuine beetle in any of 55 cities in 9 countries. And, if you want a little more room and a little more power, spend a little more money and get our Squareback Sedan. (It's just as genuine, but not so beetle-ish.)

Your local VW dealer will attend to the details of purchase, delivery, insurance and licensing. And if the car needs servicing after you ship it home, he'll attend to that, too.

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Nectar properly defined is a delicious or inspiring beverage. To connoisseurs, apricot liqueur is considered such a drink. Yet there is an ocean of difference between liqueurs today, and it is vital to know what makes one brand truly outstanding.

Called Apry, this apricot liqueur is made solely from fresh apricots, but only from those grown in Perpignan, France. They are the most flavorful in the world. They are harvested at the peak of maturity, then processed immediately so their flavor will not escape.

Apry achieves its outstanding bouquet not only from these choice apricots, but also from careful blending with the finest cognac. Finally, the liqueur is sealed in the bottle by its producer, for this is one sure way to capture its great delicacy and fragrance. The producer of Apry takes such pains with 18 other delicious flavors, too—all made and bottled in France.

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had been built by Krupp. Bank officers themselves could be seen at close range only if you owned a railroad. The chandeliers were so big and heavy that one marveled at the ceiling construction that supported them, while knowing that, should bank robbers have the temerity to invade the premises, these fixtures were designed to drop on them and smash them to pulp. It was unthinkable that anyone should ever get money *out* of a bank. I was resigned to the fact that I wouldn't see mine until I was an old man of twenty or twenty-one; still, I had no doubt that it was there, somewhere.

Nowadays I'm not so sure. My bank has spent several hundred thousand dollars remodeling its main floor, and I somehow suspect that my savings account is tied up in about two spigots on the fountain that gurgles in the lobby and represents the Spirit of 4½% Interest on Planned Savings. The massive chandeliers have been replaced by gossamer constructions out of *Midsummer Night's Dream* by G.E. The tellers are more accessible than measles, at open counters with heaps of money within easy reach of any kleptomaniac. Not that this matters much; at every desk a vice president sits with a satchel of small bills to hand out to passers-by. Over to one side a cashier's quartet is serenading a visitor with old ballads, hoping to soften him to the point where he'll accept a loan.

Worst of all, the big marble desks are gone. Where they used to be are some flimsy tables on spindly legs that wobble when I write on them, so that my signature comes out all funny.

It's no wonder I find myself harking back to the words of my grandfather, who had some dark experiences with banks in his day. "Watch out for smiling bankers," he would mutter. "And remember, nobody ever embezzled a mattress!" —CHARLES A. PETERSON.

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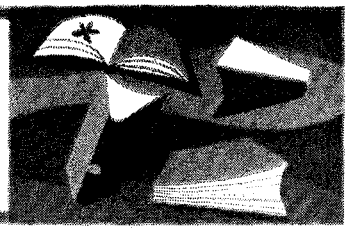
Trade Winds



Stories about Vermonters are supposed to illustrate some characteristic, such as taciturnity or thriftiness. Allen R. Foley tells the following in the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* but doesn't explain what it reveals.

A Vermont farmer slipped and fell from the roof of the barn. Unfortunately,

he broke his neck and died. His son was filling out the forms necessary for the insurance—when and where and how the accident had happened. At the bottom of the page he came to the heading "Remarks." The son carefully wrote, "He didn't make none."

It is reported in *Variety* that when the motion picture *Lord of the Flies* started its current run at a New York theater, the film was found to have been spliced wrong. Some of the later scenes in the movie came near the beginning and vice versa. An irate customer complained to the manager, who admitted the mistake had just been discovered but that nothing could be done about it until the holiday weekend was over.

"Aren't you going to tell the people who buy tickets?" the customer demanded.

"Why make them unhappy?" replied the theater manager.

In the window of the Northwestern University Student Book Exchange is a display of outlines and résumés of the classics for quick digestion. A sign reads: "These books are made to order for you who have not learned to read meaning into what you are studying. People have slaved endless hours to turn great literature into monosyllables and prosaic language especially for you. Purchase outlines that the effort made in your behalf shall bring at least monetary recompense to their authors."

If you've ever wondered what those historical markers said as you sped past them too fast to stop, if you've ever wished you knew what this or that place had to do with the Civil War, you'll appreciate Alice Hamilton Cromie's *A Tour Guide to the Civil War* (Quadrangle). It's a history of the conflict arranged by state and town. Why didn't someone think of it before? It's the ideal way for a tourist to find himself historically.

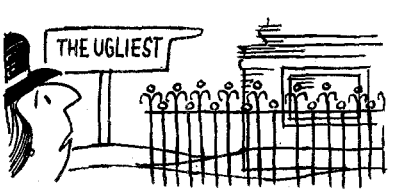
Having Vermont on my mind, I looked up that state and found to my surprise that twenty-two Confederate soldiers once raided St. Albans and fled to Canada with $200,000 from the bank. Among the casualties was a man named Morrison, who fired on the invaders with a long rifle from the War of 1812 and was fatally shot in return. Other Civil War notes, by location:

Tuscumbia, Alabama: Home of Helen Keller's father, who was a Confederate officer.

Taos, New Mexico: Where Kit Carson nailed the flag to a cottonwood pole, with orders that it was to fly night and day. It's been fluttering ever since.

Cypress Bend, Arkansas: Where Henry M. Stanley, who later looked for Livingston, sold groceries until he joined the Confederate forces. Captured at Shiloh, he signed up with the Union.

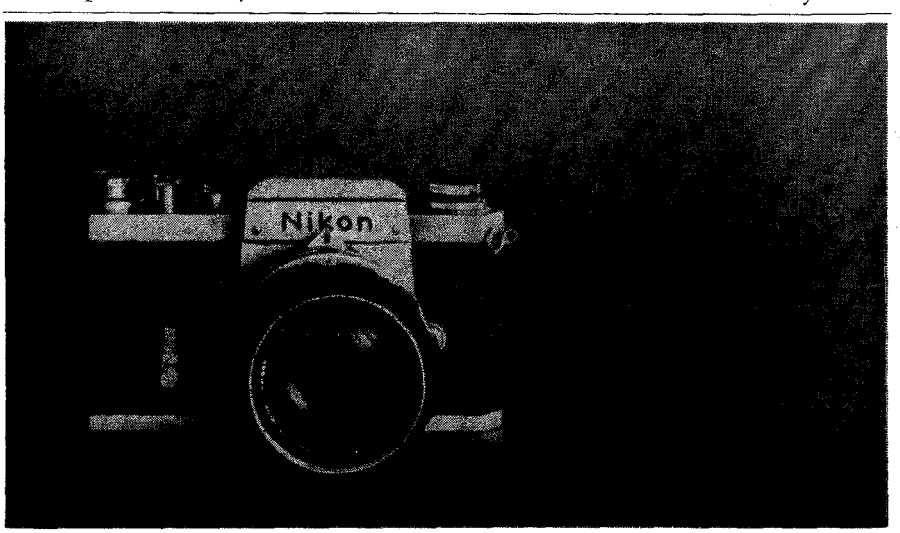
South Mountain, Maryland: Site of the memorial to war correspondents.



Without Mrs. Cromie's book, you might just drive right through South Mountain without knowing enough to stop and see this sight, especially as it is, in her estimation, the ugliest Civil War monument in existence.

A blow has been struck, for what I am not sure. Not long ago there was an uproar when a literary society in Bend, Oregon, read Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" to an audience. The poem contains four-letter words not normally heard in mixed company. A bigger uproar was generated when, in defense of the Bend goings-on, English faculty members of the University of Oregon read "Howl" to a group of students.

Then, on February 10, faculty members of Portland State College struck the blow I mentioned. It was a reading that was an expression of love, kindliness, cheer, and cleanliness. In fact, the read-



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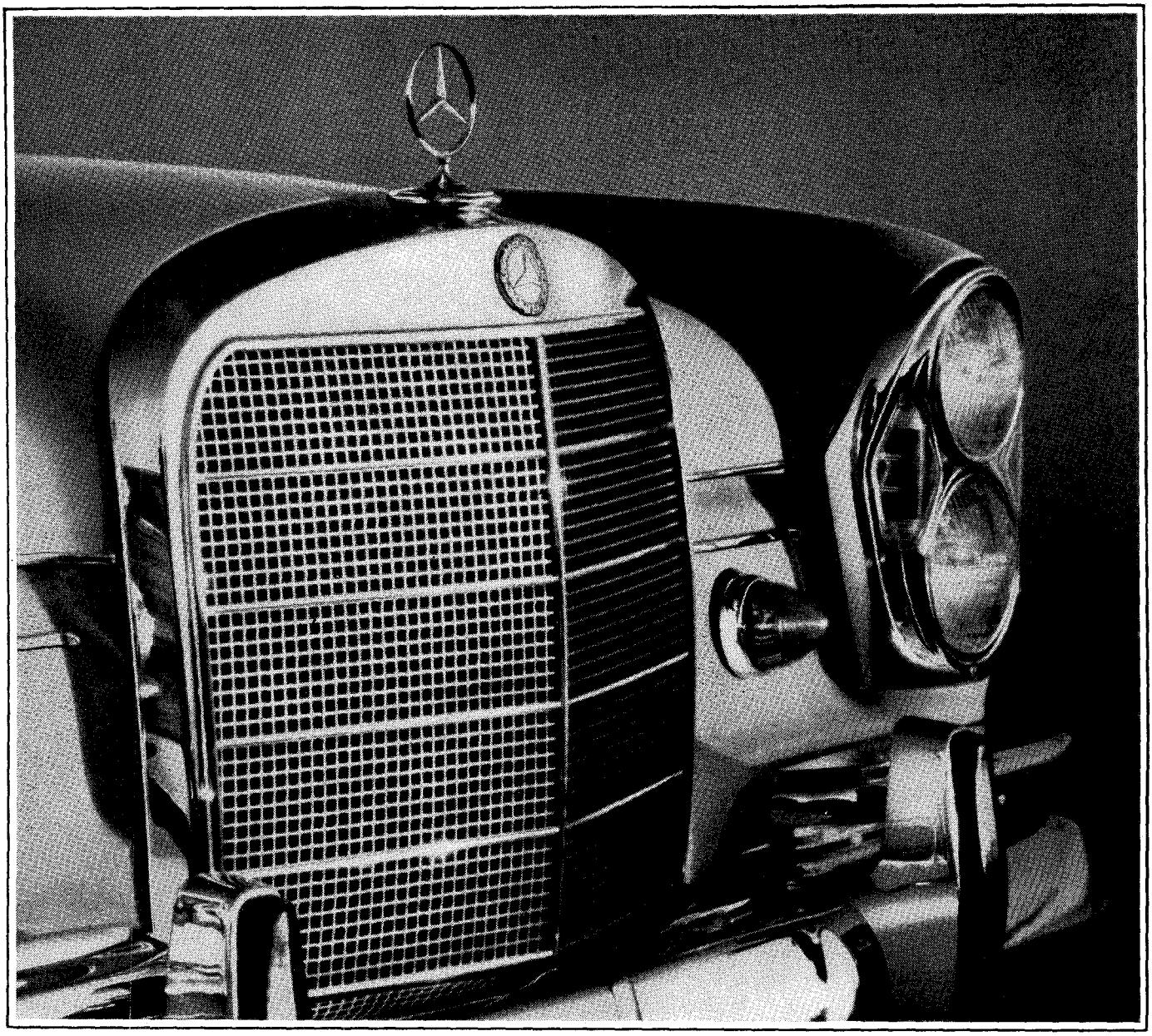

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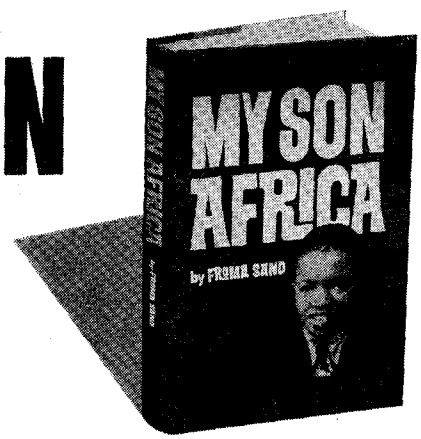
"What color is the face of God?"

MY SON AFRICA

by FROMA SAND



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ing was so pure that Professor Tom Burnam apologized for the use of the word when he told students he had "conceived" an idea for a poem. He bemoaned the fact that "poet" is a four-letter word when he introduced Mrs. Ella Litchfield of the English department, who rendered "Casabianca, or The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck."

When Professor Robert Tuttle read Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" he carefully censored offensive words as in "the earth's sweet flowing -----." Poems by Julia Moore, "The Sweet Singer of Michigan," and by Edgar Guest were also heard.

Back at the University of Oregon, they felt the needle. The head of the UO English department sent a one-word telegram to Portland State: "Ouch!" As of now, anyone who wants to can read "Howl" out loud in Oregon.

Sharps and Flats: At the Hotel Lee in San Juan the food is kosher. Puerto Ricans are learning to make kasha, borscht, strudel, and kreplach, in strict compliance with dietary laws, and it's all done in Spanish.

► March 14 to 20 is Poison Prevention Week. The slogan is "Keep poisons out of children's reach." And what do you do on March 21?

► In the Detroit office building where Janice Berkowitz is employed, automatic elevators were installed. Everyone was given a "Vest Pocket Pointers for Elevator Users" that said, among other things, "To go up, push the UP button—to go down, push DOWN."

► What if you have only one ten-foot pole and you don't want to touch it? What do you use?

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1613)

T. S. ELIOT (1888-1965):

ASH WEDNESDAY

Because I do not hope to turn again . . .
Desiring this man's gift and that man's scope,
I no longer strive to strive toward such things
(Why should the aged eagle stretch its wings?)
Why should I mourn
The vanished power of the usual reign?

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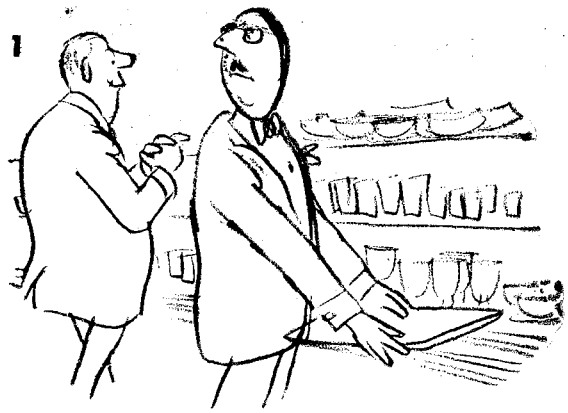

What's the special today, Ed?

I'm having a soft-boiled egg and a cup of tea.

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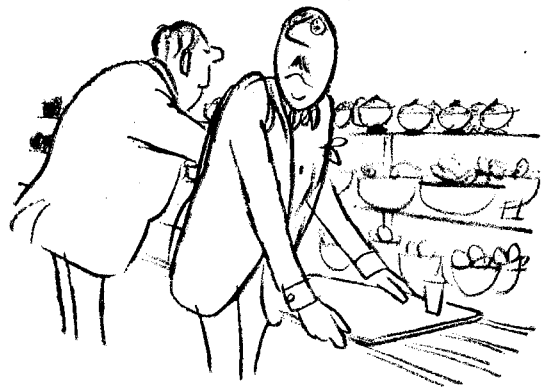
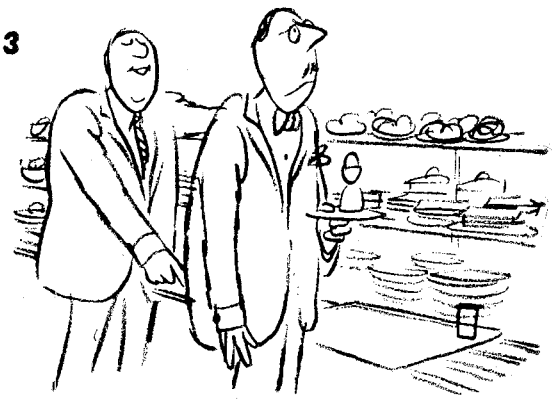


I thought you were a big chili man.

Please!

3



Off your feed, huh?

I was thinking about what happened to Fred in Accounting.

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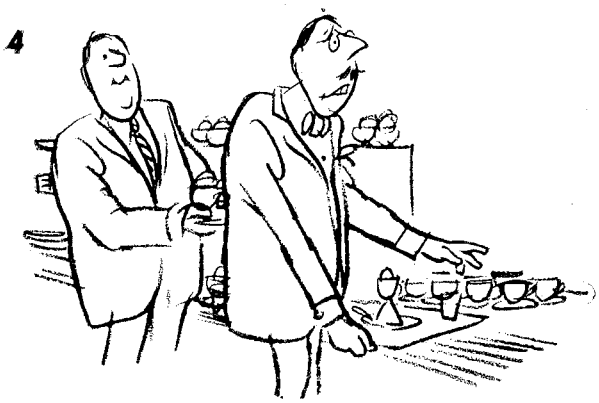
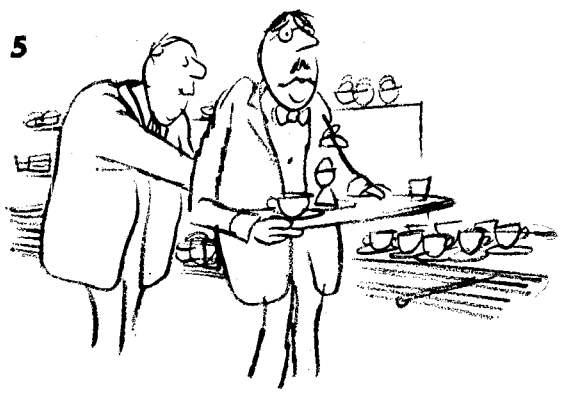


He's ok now. You could never tell he was laid up close to three months.

But how's he ever going to pay all those bills—doctors, nurses, hospital, medicine?

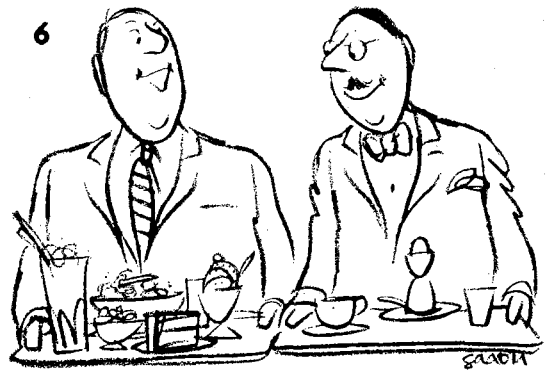
5



It doesn't seem to be worrying him.

It sure would worry me. I've got a family to think of—and I don't have that kind of dough.

6



Neither does Fred. But he has Equitable's Lifetime Major Medical Policy and it's taking care of most of the tab for him. His policy covers bills in the thousands caused by serious illness or accidents. And it covers eligible family members, just in case.

Say, I think I'll trade in this egg for a bowl of chili.

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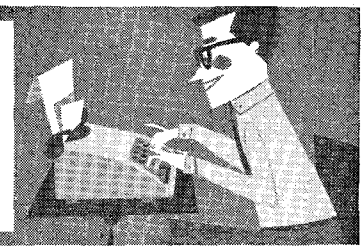
Top of My Head



And a Little Child Shall Control TV

THREE newspaper items recently appeared on the same day which, if not entirely in correlation, are at least consonant one with the other, and bespeak an ominous and puissant bearing, if not on a large segment of our American way of life, on at least a cantlet.

For some time now the anxious television viewer has been reading announcements from the networks that the television sets of our country are being taken over, and indeed have been taken over, by the teen-agers; ergo, television programs will be directed toward the taste of the teen-agers and their interests. The anxious viewer has been laughing this off as so much network propoganda, finding it difficult to fantasize a teen-ager saying to his parents: "OK, read a book, take a walk, go to bed. I'm taking over the set tonight. See?

I was one of the laugher-offers myself. Because I'm old enough to remember "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and my parents' running to cover when I put the record on the phonograph, which I had taken over in a day gone by. You hardly ever hear "Yes, We Have No Bananas" any more, do you? But you still hear "Stardust" and "Deep Purple" and "Where or When" and even Guy Lombardo. So I laughed it off as a passing thing and thought maturity would soon set in; with the networks, that is. Because the teen-agers they were talking about are a small minority—"the yeah yeah yeah" crowd, the tight pants group. And I have a theory that those tight pants are cutting off the circulation to the brain.

But then I read—and now I come to the first newspaper item—an interview with Mr. David L. Yunich, president of New York Macy's. He said that Mama is no longer the chief family purchasing agent. Her job has been taken over by the nation's teen-agers, who not only have $11 billion of their own money to spend every year but also influence an additional $30 billion of family buying.

"In our generation," he said, "you had to keep up with the Joneses. Today it's more important to keep up with the Joneses' kids."

Macy's man went on to say that the teen-ager is "the new consumer, a revolutionary force at work in the market place." By 1970, he stated, this $11 billion a year will expand to $21 billion. Teen-age girls, he says "make up only thirteen per cent of the female population but they buy twenty-seven per cent of the cosmetics, fifty per cent of the recordings, and twenty-five percent of the greeting cards."

And a Happy Day of Awakening to you, all you anxious TV viewers. Because Macy's may not tell Gimbel's but they're certainly telling us something. I don't know about you but I'm about to go down and stand in Macy's window and apologize, Macy style.

NOT convinced? OK, here's the second item—from the financial page of the *New York Times*, under a most un-Timesly headline: "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah." It says: "Whatever financiers may say about the London Stock Exchange, it is flying high as far as the Beatles are concerned. The heavily over-subscribed books were closed yesterday on an offering of 1.25 million shares in Northern Songs, Ltd., which publishes songs by two members of the quartet, Paul McCartney and John Lennon. . . . Northern Songs, Ltd., has no tangible assets and only a two-year profit record. However, the company predicts tax-earnings of 1.54 million dollars in the fiscal year ending in April. Shareholders are promised that Northern Songs will diversify."

That last sentence is the only gleam of hope in the picture. Which brings us to the third newspaper item. It concerns an educational station in New York that has graced our screens with some sensitive, thoughtful, erudite shows but which now finds its funds so depleted it has abandoned most of its local live programming. Mr. Newton Minow, former FCC chairman, made a speech in behalf of WNDT, appealing for help to keep the station going.

"I say to you," he said, "that a brother and sister station of yours is in need of help."

He was addressing the commercial TV interests.

Mr. Minow, I can only say to you that the commercial TV interests are helping WNDT immeasurably with the kind of programs they've been telecasting this past year. Channel 13 can become the most popular station in New York if the networks continue to cater to that "revolutionary force at work in the market place"—which is the line of thought laid down by the man from Macy's.

But I ask you, Mr. Minow, is that any line to run an airways?

—GOODMAN ACE.

Uncle George

By William Stafford

SOME catastrophes are better than others.
Wheat under the snow lived by blizzards
that massacred stock on Uncle George's farm.
Only telephone poles remember the place, and the wire
thrills a mile at a time into that intent blast
where the wind going by fascinated whole
millions of flakes and thousands of acres of tumbleweeds.

There in the spring birds will come measuring along
their nesting stream where I like to go hunt through the snow
for furred things that wait and survive. Trapper
of warm sight, I plow and belong, send breath
to be part of the day, and where it arrives
I spend on and on, fainter and fainter
toward ultimate identification, joining the air
a few breaths at a time. I test a bough
that held, last year, but this year may come down.

The cold of Uncle George's farm I carry home in my
overcoat, where I live reluctantly one life at a time;
like one driven on, I flutter, measure my stream
by many little calls: "Oh, Uncle George—where you
poured the chicken feed!—where you broke open
the window screen for the nesting swallow!—where the barn
held summer and winter against that slow blizzard, the sky!

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PEUGEOT 1958-63, any color, any model, state price & cond.....Y22.

Nobody answered this ad

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For years we've been telling anyone who would listen that Peugeot owners are a remarkably loyal group. To prove our point, we placed an ad in one of New York's major newspapers to see how many people we might entice into offering us their Peugeots. We didn't get a single reply.

One ad does not a survey make. But it's a pretty good indication that a Peugeot isn't traded in after a couple of years. Why should it be? A Peugeot is built to last years beyond ordinary cars. Ask John Bond, Publisher of Road & Track. He considers Peugeot one of the seven best made cars in the world—along with Rolls-Royce, Porsche, Lincoln, Lancia, Mercedes and Rover. Pretty good company. And please note that Peugeot is the most inexpensive car in that distinguished group.

But don't take our word, please. Test drive a Peugeot. It's remarkably swift, fantastically responsive. And you get $500 worth of "extras" that don't cost extra—like safety-proved steel sunroof, famous Michelin X tires, reclining seats and stainless steel trim. One word of warning. You'll become so attached to Peugeot you won't want to part with it—except for another Peugeot.

PEUGEOT

75 Years of Quality

For brochure or overseas delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Department SR-7
97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, N.Y., or see your local dealer.

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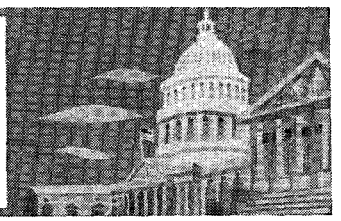
State of Affairs



The Prospect for Congress

NOT MUCH more than a year ago everyone was wringing his hands about the "sick," the "dilatory," the "do-nothing" Congress. A feeling of impotence had spread through the government, and Washington was in despair over the paralysis of the American democratic system. "We are daily witnesses to the frightening spectacle of a Congress that cannot act," the Washington *Post* lamented. And so did almost everybody else.

But by the time it adjourned the 88th Congress had chalked up a record of singular achievement. At least two of the bills it passed were revolutionary: the huge tax cut and the Civil Rights bill.

This year the challenge is not quite so spectacular, but the box score is sure to be impressive. Again, as in the past four years, some fifty major bills will be put forward for Congress to digest. The Johnson legislative strategy differs from that of Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy. He prefers to "pre-digest" or "pre-compromise" the bills because he doesn't believe in bitter, drawn-out blood-letting with Congress where it can be avoided without sacrificing progress. Four of the President's major bills are therefore drafted as if a compromise had been negotiated in advance, or at least careful soundings taken on what will and will not pass. They ensure solid progress based on what is practical and realistic, but they are not adventurous. This applies particularly to the education, farm, and foreign aid messages, and the request for lowering the gold backing for the dollar.

The education bill is a skilful compromise to break the deadlock over aid to public schools, an effort to get a foot in the door without pushing it wide open. The farm bill offers no miracles and does not attempt to wrestle with the baffling problems of commodity surpluses. The foreign aid bill has been cut to the bare-bone financial minimum and omits a request for authorizations over more than a year; the lowering of the gold backing was also based on a compromise proposal, as was the message on the balance of payments, which gave preference to voluntary discipline rather than government-imposed credit limitations.

BUT the President's strategy is in harmony with his promises during the election campaign: progress by consensus. Liberal Democrats criticize his approach, feeling that after such a thumping election victory he could afford to be venturesome, and the Republicans are hard pressed to find good reason for effective criticism.

In foreign policy, particularly where Vietnam is concerned, the President has more unanimous support on the Republican side than among Democrats. The majority leader, Senator Mansfield, has never been a conformist and his position is therefore confusing for many abroad who are not familiar with the freedoms in which even a majority leader can indulge himself in the United States Senate. Senator Dirksen, however, and Congressman Ford, the newly elected minority leader, have been bipartisan in their support of President Johnson's position.

Relations between the Executive and Congress have rarely been as congenial as they are today. President Johnson has a long memory. He remembers over his many years' experience in Congress what used to irk him about Presidential treatment of the Hill, and he is doing everything conceivable not to repeat those mistakes. Never has a President courted members of Congress as assiduously. He sees the leadership of each House separately every week and is currently giving a dozen receptions for Congress in place of the usual catch-all party, limiting the numbers at each so as to make the gatherings more intimate. But there are limitations. There are purposeful Constitutional differences that cannot and must not be lost, and no one is more aware of them than President Johnson. But when a President has majority support in the country it has its effect on Congress, too, and the lawmakers tend to be more cooperative. President Johnson hopes to preserve this cooperation by avoiding bitter feuds with Congress, by conceding more in advance in order to get what he thinks he needs. Some of his predecessors used the opposite technique: they deliberately asked for more than they thought they needed in order to get what they wanted. They assumed that it was the nature of the beast for Congress to want to prove to the country that it was doing a splendid job in defending the interests of the voters and restraining the central authority. President Johnson has left few margins—and narrow ones at that—for compromise, and it will be interesting to see whether his strategy pays off or whether Congress will cut deeper than he anticipated into his legislation. It will no doubt take its pound of flesh here and there; not all legislation therefore will come back to the White House in the form it was sent to Congress. It will also have its fits and starts, as it did over aid to the United Arab Republic, which involved the Administration in an unexpected ten-day fight. There is nonetheless little doubt that this will be a spirited and productive Congress and that the President will get virtually his entire program accepted—including Medicare, the toughest challenge of all.

His cautiously progressive approach, however, only veils the President's determination to use all the power and influence he has with Congress, if use it he must.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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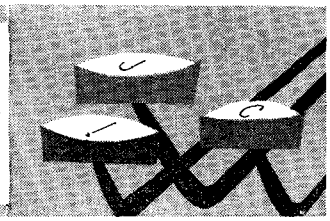
Manner of Speaking



Skin: Every major occasion of public ritual, I am now convinced, is a backward step in evolution. Show me a massive public observance and I will show you the patterns of the tribe below civilization.

Along with everyone I know, I recently watched the tribes of Albion perform the ritual of burying Winston Churchill. My own view, let me confess, has been limited. I don't own a TV set: ours quit working about a year ago and I chucked it out of the house. Nor, let me add, have I had any regrets: we even go so far as to read a book these days, sometimes we even talk to one another, and when we do, we turn and look at the person we are talking to instead of tossing the remark over one shoulder, our eyes riveted on the magic screen; and in general I find in us a better sense of house and family than I was able to feel in the days when the set was forever on and forever the center.

These are, of course, asides, and I make them primarily to explain that I have not watched the Churchill rites from start to finish, but only in glimpses, as I found myself near someone else's set for a while.

It is possible, therefore, that I missed the total cumulative impact of the ritual. Still, I am left with no doubt that wherever I sampled it, it gave off the same sense of parade, a sort of hypnosis of mass motion, an idea so ornately primitive that it never failed to leave me uneasy.

I have, let me say, no thought of dishonoring a great man. What word of mine could? The record of Winston Churchill's life is self-declaring and self-summing. I am simply recording—to one side of great occasion, and from half-known sources within myself—that parades dismay me. I find myself wondering if the idea of the human race can be expressed in any worse way than by columns of men marching.

I watch the wooden procession, and I am reminded of something Einstein once said, sharing some of my revulsion at the mechanism a man becomes when he takes his place in the ranks. "If the object of the individual is to march in a column"—I am approximating a remark I cannot quote exactly—"he need never have developed a brain: the spinal column would have been enough."

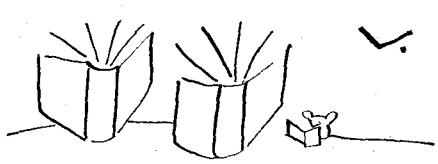
And I am reminded, with something of a shudder, of my own experience of hypnosis-in-ranks. Back in 1942 I signed on with the Aviation Cadets and was eventually delivered by slow freight to the Classification Center at Nashville, arriving with my fellow-cattle at about 2 A.M. of a full moon. In our various states of decay (we had been in our cattle-cars for over forty hours) we were lined up and marched into camp, an officer calling off a quiet and insistent cadence.

And suddenly it happened. It was the moon, it was the release from confinement, it was the cadence, it was the terrible fact that we were all so young, it was the hush of the night, it was the beginning of whatever unknown life we had signed on for. It was all those things together. And suddenly we were marching.

I don't mean simply that we were moving down the road. We were marching. A rhythm rose and fell. The heads and shoulders before me became part of a regular undulation. The tramp of our feet became a heartbeat. A tide set in and carried us. And I was appalled to find the hypnosis of it was as savagely joyous as it was mindless.

We were no longer men. We were a powerful rhythmic Thing full of lethal possibility. Had the command been given, I felt sure the Thing would have turned in any direction and tramped over and through anything, without a thought. It would do so by the particular hypnosis that detached every man from his own will and his own idea of himself. I sensed instantly what the professional soldier is after in his drill and discipline, and I knew instantly that we were all in danger of ourselves. From that instant I became a hopelessly bad soldier, forever concerned to rescue myself from the hypnosis of the mindless. My one idea was to save my skin—no, not necessarily to avoid danger: being young and a fool I was eager to see how I would react to it. I mean the skin of identity and idea.

For an idea has to be something with a skin around it. If you cannot accept the necessity for that binding, go read Emmanuel Kant. Then maybe when you are dead, your skinless ghost can sit around the hole in an atom and talk to its echo about Pure Reason.



In the meantime, however, you need to be inside a skin to make even that decision. And not only inside a skin, but in a given kind of skin. For there is no skin without intellectual characteristics. Suppose, for example, that your proto-grandfather half a million years ago had been a reptile instead of a monkey's cognate. Would a later cognate have had Oedipus to think about? That idea could never have made it through that kind of skin. He'd have had to write about something like yolk-fetishism instead. *Playboy* would be featuring tattoo patterns of the month. And Caligula would have gone down in history as a monster who organized egg-splattering orgies. These, of course, are only guesses. I don't have the right sort of skin to verify them in.

I have to go back—along with Confucius and Buddha and Aristotle—to the kind of skin we got from that monkey's cognate. Unless, of course, you live in Tennessee, in which case you got yours directly from the monkey.

SKIN, of course, comes with various attachments. Ears are the attachment that finally imagined Mozart. Eyes have been imagining all sorts of things. Noses have been smelling them out. Lips have been mouthing them. The inside flap that became a tongue has been tasting them and rattling on about them. And the whole shebang has been feeling its way to such ideas as hot and cold, rough and smooth, sexy and blah. Many of these ideas are still not far from where the monkey's cognate left them, but others have come a long way.

And other ideas have cropped up inside the skin, all up and down the nervous system—which looks a little like a Portuguese man-of-war and which knows less about what ocean it is floating on.

But the most lost, I turn away thinking, is an hours-long processional of mechanical soldiers who have peeled off their skins and glued on uniforms in order to become part of a tribal cadence. Mercifully, night and exhaustion will set in. They will fall out of ranks, loosen the uniform, and be men again, back in their own skins and concerned with the hollow inside and with the blisters outside. With self-measuring fact.

But keep them in those ranks and in that cadence for long, and they will certainly march all the way back to the tribal clearing behind civilization. I think the fear I feel in every parade is just the fear that the men and boys inside that rhythmic monster will never find their way back from that clearing, which is the darkest place under the skin. Every parade, alas, is toward it. The one hope is that all ranks will break soon enough to leave each man in his own skin again. —JOHN CIARDI.

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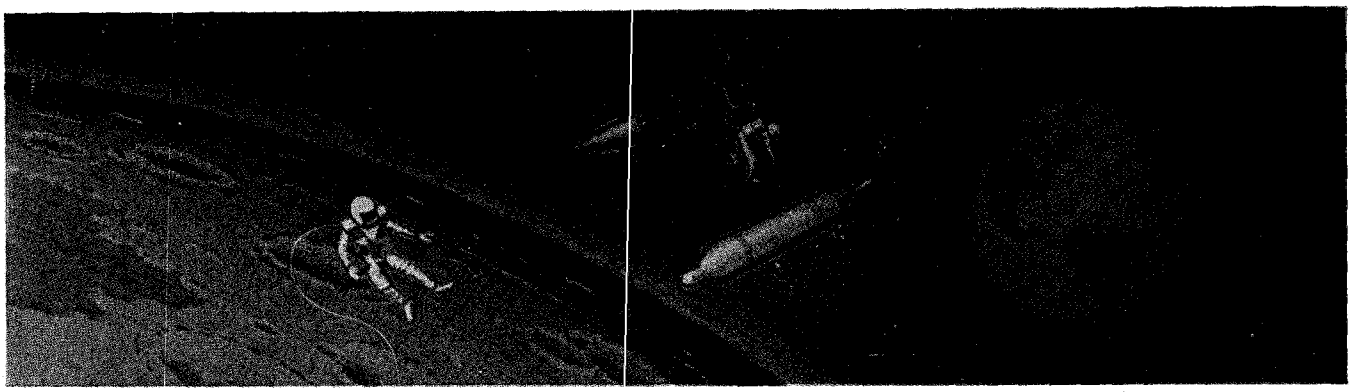

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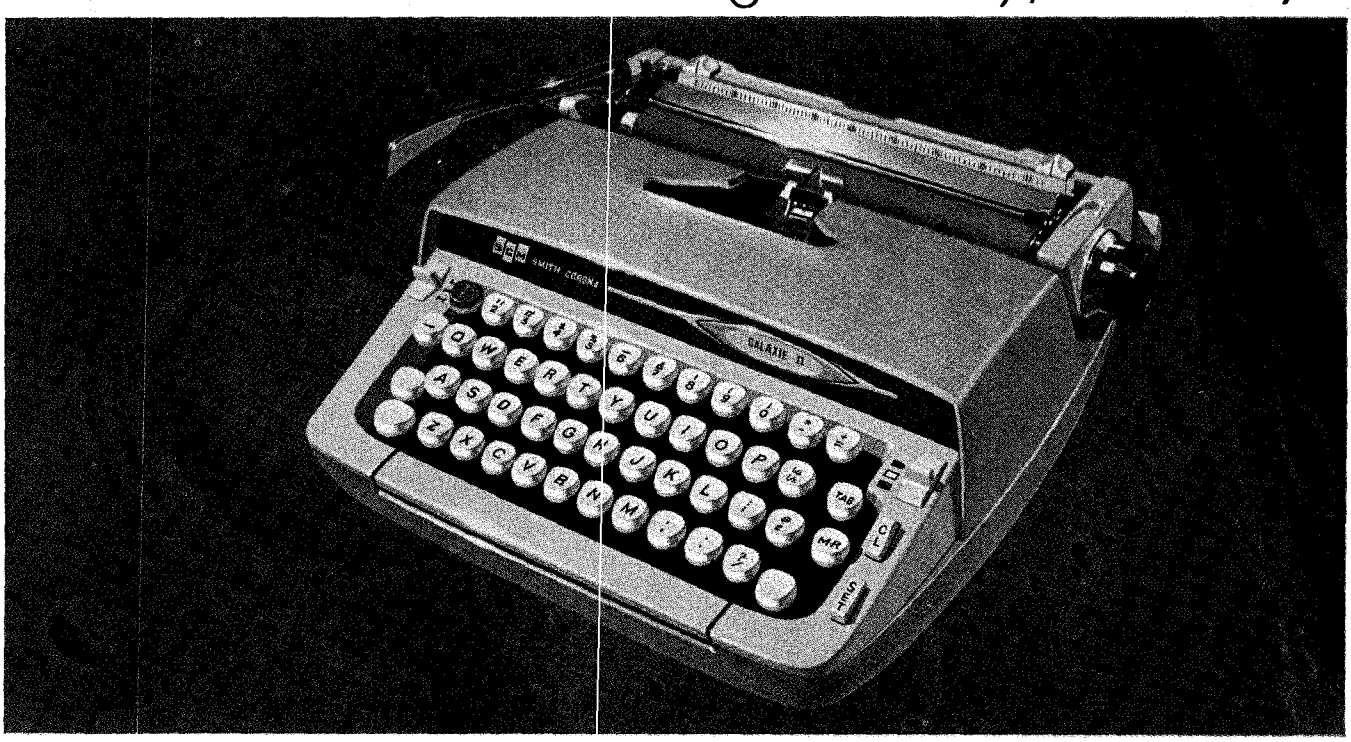

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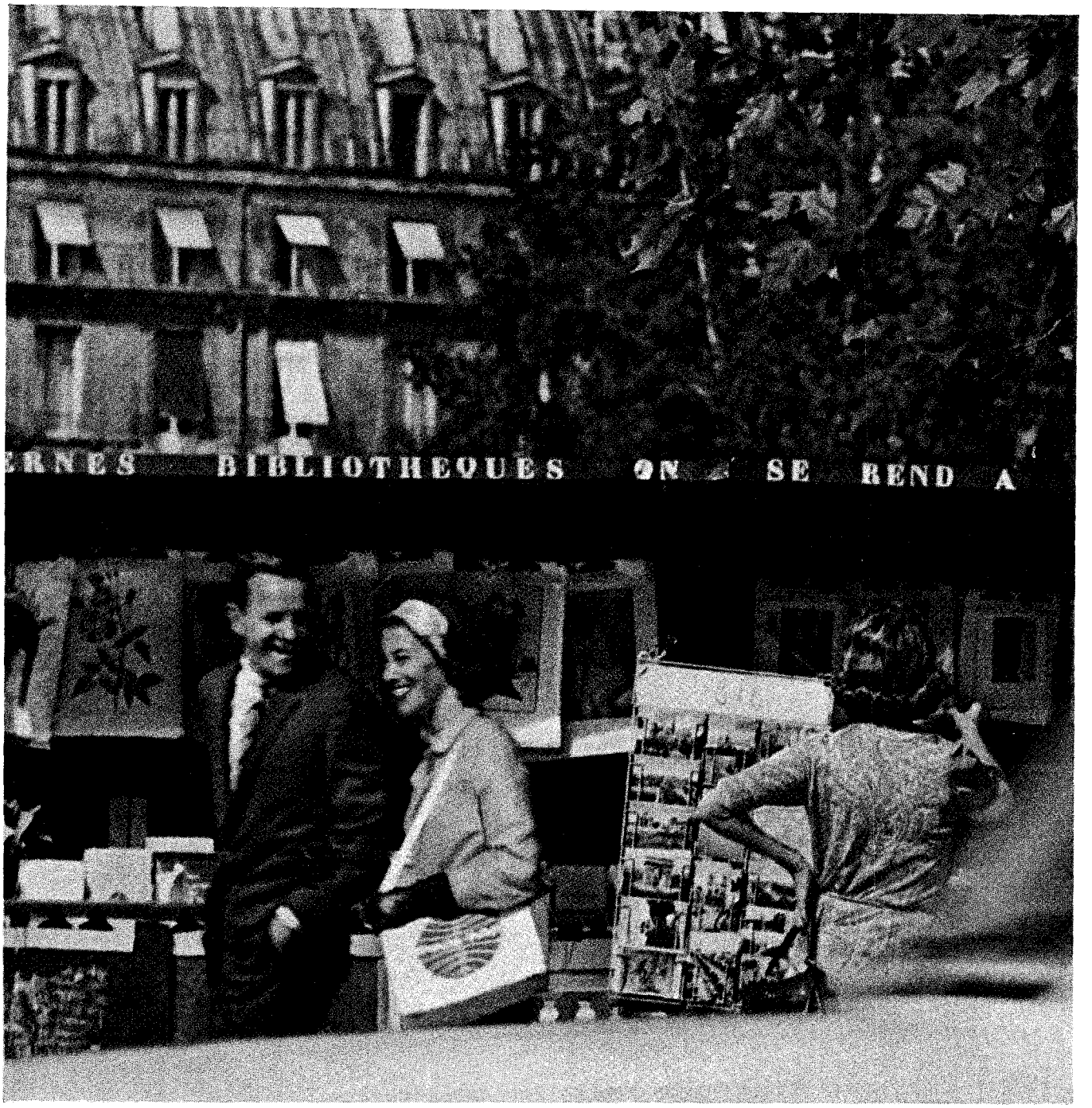

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Saturday Review
March 13, 1965

THE FUTURE OF THE PERFORMING ARTS

A major new report documents their troubles and weaknesses; in this and the following article a critic and a Congressman appraise the report

By IRVING KOLODIN

IT SHOULD be no part of a surprise for anyone moderately acquainted with the performing arts that the 250-page Rockefeller Panel Report on the subject, just published, concludes that many of their problems, and certainly the worst, relate to money. Like the individuals who make up the audience, as well as the participants, the performing arts suffer the common malady where money is concerned: not enough of it.

But it should be at least some part of a surprise that the report takes the optimistic view that this condition need be neither enduring nor permanent—that this society is rich enough to do much better than it has; that it has available resources that have scarcely been tapped; that an *increase of not much more than one hundredth of 1 per cent of the nation's present annual income* in the amount now spent on support of the performing arts could greatly extend their availability and substantially transform the economic conditions of those who devote their lives to them.

In the report many familiar facts are restated and some familiar conclusions adduced. What gives the report a particular and unique value is the ordering of a considerable amount of information that had hitherto been unordered, and the substitution of substantial data for what had been, in the main, inconclusive opinion.

It is perhaps the most-heard truism of the whole subject that death and taxes have drastically reduced the kind of patronage that prevailed in the past, when many major opera companies, symphony orchestras, ballet companies, and noncommercial theater groups were underwritten by individuals of means. But it is an interesting revelation of the report that "it is the individual—not the foundation nor the corporation—who shoulders by far the heaviest share of the responsibility for supporting American nonprofit institutions of all sorts." In the category of such nonprofit institutions are included religion, education, welfare, health, and foundations. Among them, these five receive 97 per cent of the charitable contributions made in this country. One must look to the bottom classification of "Civic and Cultural Institutions" to find the fraction of the fraction (3 per cent of the whole) allotted to the performing arts.

In 1963, individuals contributed 78.6 per cent of all the money expended on support of nonprofit institutions of all sorts. Lagging behind all others in their contributions were business corporations. These provided only 5.3 per cent of the total. Thus, for the support of civic and cultural institutions, which rate lowest among all "beneficiaries of charitable contributions," business corporations make the smallest proportionate contribution. The report recognizes that in the five-year period from 1958 to 1963 corporate contributions increased by 2 per cent. But in the same period "corporate income before taxes increased by approximately one-third."

Thus we have the odd paradox—or perhaps it is not so odd—that in a period marked by increasing demands for a share in the affluent society among those who play, sing, act, or dance, the principal beneficiaries of the affluence do least to redress the imbalance between income and outgo that threatens the standards and imperils the existence of every organization providing such employment. Significantly, it seems to me, the panel report endorses a phrase recently become familiar in contract negotiations between management and the bargaining agents for musicians, singers, dancers, etc: "These conditions [deficit operation and the like] will not be solved by an attitude that assumes the artist should *subsidize the arts* [italics added] by working for the lowest possible fee." In other words, it agrees that a musician of proper professional skills should be able to live decently, dress respectably, own the usual appurtenances of middle-class American life—car, television, modest home, perhaps. But, it appears, those who profit directly from such increased buying power are doing the least to make it possible.

TO be sure, the report does not point a finger of responsibility solely, or even primarily, at the business world. It puts particular weight on the need for each arts organization to broaden the base of financial support in its community, on the importance of "imaginative . . . programs" to make the public "fully aware of the significance of the work being done," on the necessity for support not only on the civic but also on the state and federal levels. But the fact remains that "the typical American corporation has so far shown very little enthusiasm for financial support of the performing arts. . . ." Out of "100 corporations of varying sizes" recently surveyed by the

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ONLY IN OUR TIME have we begun to recognize the arts as a community concern to be placed alongside our long-accepted responsibilities for libraries, museums, hospitals, and schools. In the two decades since World War II, our society has achieved material advances almost beyond belief. Yet man increasingly realizes that meeting basic physical needs falls far short of attaining the end objectives of life—the emotional, intellectual, and esthetic satisfactions that constitute his higher needs. . . .

If the arts are vital to a mature civilization, how do they best flourish? What organizations are needed to nourish them? How are they to be supported and maintained? Questions such as these are worthy of thoughtful inquiry and debate.

—*The Rockefeller Panel Report.*

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Rockefeller Brothers Fund, it was discovered that "55 per cent gave something to the arts. But about half of these gave less than 1 per cent of their total contributions to the arts."

What this means, of course, is that in a society that devotes so much of its energy and intelligence to making and selling, those who are concerned with other values are not only in a minority quantitatively but are also in a minority where interest is involved. A man who makes a lawnmower in Iowa that is bought by a man in Hollis, Long Island, may not much care whether the purchaser is a flute player or a financier, especially since there are relatively few flute players in Iowa to make him aware of their existence. But perhaps somebody ought to care whether the flute players and the second tenors and the character actors and the ballet dancers who make up the personnel of the performing arts organizations do qualify as consumers relative to the rarity of the skills they command and the time required to bring them to useful fruition, and whether they are employed in sufficient numbers to make up a respectable proportion of anything mentionable as a "Great Society."

What these numbers might be is set forth in the report itself (where, unless I have overlooked it, the Great Society is never mentioned). I refer not to the contents of page 13, which identify 1,401 symphony orchestras ("more than double the number existing in 1939") or 754 groups now presenting opera or the 40,000 theatrical enterprises or the 200 dance companies. This laughable nose count includes not only everything but practically anything. As the report acknowledges, "Next to this glowing picture must be placed another, more sobering one: *Almost all this expansion is amateur.*" Every one, even the humblest, may reflect credit on the participants—audience as well as performers—but they can hardly be counted among those whose place in the total society is the major concern of this study.

The focus should be, rather, on pages 54 and 55. These state, as the substance of the panel's recommendations, that "the artistic goal of the nation be the day when the performing arts are considered a permanent year-round contribution to communities throughout the country, and our artists are considered as necessary as our educators." Some prospective trainees at Juilliard or Curtis or Eastman may groan inwardly at a goal that assigns them to a social phylum that, of itself, is traditionally held to be undervalued as well as underpaid, but no matter; it is a handsome upgrading from the status to which they can, realistically, look forward now.

Failing the immediate accomplishment of this "long-term goal," the panel suggests, as a "worthy interim objective for the nation," the development and maintenance of the following high-quality nonprofit professional organizations operating on a year-round basis:

► "Fifty permanent theater companies—a number approximating the metropolitan areas with populations over 500,000, a size large enough to support a year-round resident theatre."

► "Fifty symphony orchestras—presenting concerts by the full orchestras as well as providing musicians for smaller orchestral and chamber music groups."

► "Six regional opera companies—offering short seasons in several metropolitan areas not yet ready to support year-round performances—in addition to the four major resident companies and two permanent national touring companies already established. . . ."

► "Six regional choral groups."

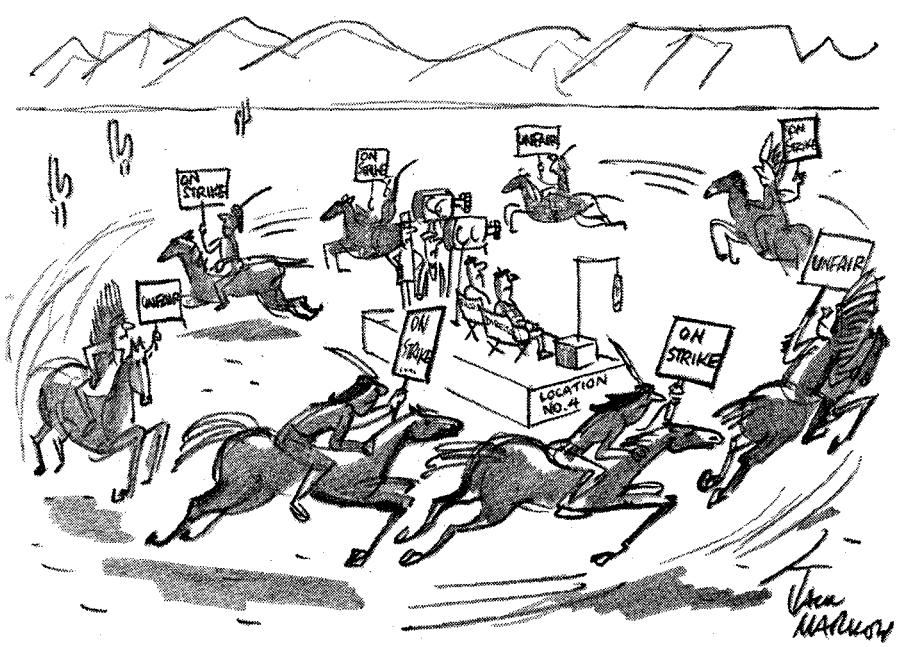
► "Six regional dance companies, in addition to the two major resident dance groups now in existence. . . ."

It is to such an "establishment" (to use the language of the report) that reference was made, some paragraphs back, as the means by which the availability of the performing arts could be greatly extended and the economic conditions of those who devote their lives to them substantially transformed. The estimate of cost is arrived at by the following assessment: Approximately $60,000,000 is expended annually in support of the existing institutions for the performing arts. To bring them to the conditions of year-round operation (a reality only recently in a few favored centers) and to add the numbers required to spread the program nationwide would cost between $150,000,000 and $200,000,000. It is estimated that the increased activity in itself would generate between $50,000,000 and $80,000,000 in box office income. This leaves a deficit of from $40,000,000 to $60,000,000. Even the "larger amount," says the report, is "not much over one-hundredth of 1 per cent of the nation's present annual income. . . ."

IF it is not to come from the lawnmower manufacturer in Iowa, or his counterparts in the other forty-nine states, who is it to come from? Individuals, says the report, though constituting the largest single source of charitable contributions, still "use only a small fraction of the 30 per cent deduction from their taxable incomes that the federal government now permits." It continues: "In 1962, the latest year for which figures are available, the average of itemized contributions by individuals constituted only 3.5 per cent of their adjusted gross income—not much more than a tenth of the income-tax-free deduction permitted." The report describes this as a "very large potential" source of individual contributions. Others, however, might be inclined to regard it less hopefully. If all or a substantial share of those who do *not* use their deductible privilege were ticket buyers or subscribers, the picture would already have a brighter look.

Citing the participation of such corporations as United States Steel, Bell Telephone, Texaco, Esso, and the American Export and Isbrandtsen Lines in support of the performing arts, the report nevertheless notes that "at present only a handful of firms use the full 5 per cent federal income tax exemption for contributions to philanthropic enterprises." It cites one (unidentified) president of a corporation that does utilize the full 5 per cent as saying: "We are in a world competition for survival, and if we

(*Continued on page* 152)



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A CONGRESSMAN LOOKS AT THE ARTS

By JOHN V. LINDSAY, *U.S. Representative, 17th District, New York.*

INCREASINGLY it seems to be an accepted fact that the arts, and especially the performing arts, are a "good thing" for the community and the country. Four years ago Congressman Frank Thompson and I were defeated on the floor of the House of Representatives in our attempt to put through a simple National Arts Council bill—a non-money bill that one would have thought generally noncontroversial. We were defeated on the grounds that the arts and their general condition is no business of any government. One powerful Congressman denounced the bill as the opening wedge toward subsidy of poker games.

Only three years later, however, in 1964, we put the National Arts Council bill through the House of Representatives by an astonishingly large majority. It must also have surprised the Administration, for it took the President six months to appoint the Council.

The Council's main job, of course, is to make a determination of where we go from here. What is the role of government in the arts? Is it possible to create a national goal to which the country will aspire? If organized society has an obligation to do something about the health of its people, or their education, cannot the same be said of the country's cultural resources? If the arts are one of the central elements of a good society and an important part of an individual's betterment, a source of strength to him, his family, and his community, is it not true that the health of the arts should be of concern to the elected and appointed representatives of that society?

The subject is considered important today where it was not four years ago. Something has happened to the politicians since that first unsuccessful foray. I suspect that they have been hearing from the housewives in their constituencies, who, happily, are beginning to become as excited about the condition of the local drama society as they are about the price of butter. More than 100 bills have been introduced in this 89th Congress for the purpose of supplying a small measure of federal financial support for the arts (unheard of!), on a matching basis, to states and localities.

At the recent Congressional hearings on the subject all kinds of testimony was presented in support of a federal foundation on the arts; even Congressmen who would have left the floor in dismay four years ago were now declaring themselves in favor of it. Then, too, there has been a spate of state arts councils modeled after the pioneers in the field—New York, North Carolina, and Louisiana.

I'm still wondering, however, exactly where we go from here. We are dealing with an area so highly personal and individual and unorganized (fortunately), so experimental (again fortunately) and sensitive, that one treads cautiously where government involvement is concerned. But granted the sensitive and personal nature of creativity, there are nevertheless some nasty unsolved problems of bricks and mortar and boiler plate that make creativity unnecessarily more difficult. In the performing arts especially, all kinds of problems of business and administration, taxes and real estate, wage scales and other union requirements, foreign competition and costs in general are involved. There is no reason why these problems cannot be lessened, but any progress will require a very exact knowledge of the industry.

I have discovered, in researching this subject, that knowledge is hard to come by, that the discovery of facts and full information is most difficult. That is one of the several reasons that I am excited by the new Rockefeller panel report, *The Performing Arts: Problems and Prospects.* This was a blue-ribbon panel, so good and so responsible that I could not mention some of its members without calamitous omission; let me only say that John D. Rockefeller III, who has given luster and strength to the performing arts in New York City, was its chairman.

Fascinating stuff in this report. Did you know, for example, that in 1963, of the $10 billion that was contributed by Americans to all charities, 78.6 per cent was contributed by individuals, as opposed to 8.2 per cent by foundations, 7.9 per cent by wills and last testaments, and 5.3 per cent by business corporations? I had begun to think that the foundations were the source of all nongovernmental beneficence in this area. "Nothing could be further from the truth," concludes the panel. "For arts organizations to turn to foundations, large or small, in hope that their needs will be swiftly satisfied, is almost certain to lead to disappointment." Many of my constituents who have come to me for an introduction to a foundation, hoping for financial support for a worthy artistic endeavor, will sadly bear out the point.

And did you know that of the $7.8 billion in individual contributions, more

(*Continued on page* 138)

"Battle stations!"

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Should Americans Travel?

THE United States Government is worried about its dollars. More of them are leaving the country than are coming back. In an effort to stem the outflow, the government is now trying to discourage Americans from traveling or investing abroad. The travel posters are coming down from the walls of our passport offices. Exemptions from taxes on foreign purchases are being cut by two-thirds.

It is difficult for us to get the news into focus. In fact, it makes us downright uncomfortable. Anti-travel pronouncements are strange sounds in a nation that became great because its ideas were pointed outward and because it looked to human resources rather than to the accumulation of currency as the true source of its wealth. The dent in the national pocketbook from a dollar deficit will be inconsequential compared to the dent in the national traditions if the notion should prevail that it is not in the national interest to travel in other lands. Nothing is *more* in the national interest than to have a well-educated citizenry, knowledgeable about what is happening abroad and capable of participating in the making of great decisions concerning America's relationship to the rest of the world.

For decades, one of the major issues in American life had to do with the readiness of this country to define and carry out its responsibilities in the community of nations. Ever since Woodrow Wilson, the men in the White House have been seriously concerned about preparing the American people for major foreign policy decisions. Accordingly, Americans have been urged by their government to take an active interest in world affairs. And foreign travel has been described as an important ingredient in the education of a twentieth-century man. Now, however, confronted by fiscal problems, the government has gone into reverse. Foreign travel and investment are to be shunned. But the basic outlook of the American people is not something to be turned off and on like a garden hose. If the ability and right to travel are among the highest attributes of a free society, then the principle is worth upholding even when economic expedients seem to suggest otherwise.

A Great Society becomes less great in direct proportion as it becomes less open. Far better to have an outflow of dollars abroad than a shrinkage of ideas at home. Moreover, it must seem strange to the world that the United States, which prides itself on having the highest prosperity and productivity on earth, should assert that it cannot afford to have its people travel to other countries or its businessmen put their money to work elsewhere.

What makes the entire matter most disturbing is that the government has been taking advice from the wrong experts. It has been listening to economists when it should have been listening to historians. Throughout history, one of the signs of an affluent society has been the mobility of its citizens. For more than a decade after the Second World War, for example, the depressed English economy looked to visitors from more prosperous countries as an important source of revenue. But with the advent of recovery and prosperity, Englishmen again are roaming the world. Hence Britain no longer enjoys a surplus in travel exchange. The same is true of West Germany, Canada, and the United States. In short, an excess of travel spending over travel income is a manifestation of prosperity and not a threat to it.

To be fair to the U.S. Government, it should be pointed out that officials have attempted to attract foreign visitors in large numbers. The increase was dramatic in itself, but it didn't offset the number of Americans who traveled abroad. The effort is going forward, of course, to encourage travel to the United States, but one wonders whether the impression of disorder and violence that outsiders have of the United States may not hinder that purpose. This country has given itself a black eye because of the epidemic of brutality and crime that has infected its cities and because of the upheaval caused by the delay in making the benefits and responsibilities of citizenship available to all its people. Beguiling travel posters are not enough, therefore, to give substance to the visit-America campaign. Far more productive would be an unremitting nationwide campaign against racial injustice and crime.

It is foolish to minimize the seriousness of a flight of capital. At the same time, it is pertinent to ask whether the elimination of obsolete or extravagant features of our military installations abroad might yield more dollar benefits than a reduction of travel. Many of these installations are of pre-missile vintage and are maintained more out of momentum and political pressure than stark military necessity. Some of them, indeed, have quite literally become luxurious country clubs, with superb golf courses and swimming pools. Not that there is anything wrong with recreation facilities for military personnel. What is wrong—and what accounts for a substantial drain of dollars abroad—is the maintenance of the kind of military establishment that has little relevance in an atomic-missile age.

Still another question that has to be asked is whether the government has taken fully into account the effects on the American economy if other countries should decide to retaliate. Already there have been threats of a costly cancellation of American aviation contracts by European airlines. One way or another, the United States has given a good example of how *not* to begin an International Cooperation Year.

No American need fear it is unpatriotic to see the world. The broader his outlook and interest, the better his qualifications to help build a Great Society.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Pacem in Terris

I AM DEEPLY GRATEFUL for your special section on "Pacem in Terris" [*SR*, Feb. 13]. What a great joy it was to see an issue of a great magazine devoted to the most crucial of world problems, peace. It is true that "the positions men take on the question of war and peace" are of "ultimate consequence," yet how rarely are these positions thoughtfully considered in a world where violent, selfish, and simplistic solutions are constantly extolled. . . .

W. P. ROBINSON III.

East Providence, R.I.

Politics and Power

I READ WITH INTEREST Arthur Larson's article "Can Science Prevent War?" [*SR*, Feb. 20]. However, as a proponent of political realism I am moved to make several comments. Mr. Larson states that "power politics is now out of date." His use of the term "power politics" seems to imply that an alternate kind of politics exists. Politics *is* a struggle for power; the term "power politics" is redundant. The fact that nuclear war is unusable as an instrument of national policy does not mean that the nature of politics has changed but that the struggle for power among nations is manifested in other ways —for example, in conventional military encounters and in economic and cultural competition. Mr. Larson may consider this Machiavellian, and well it may be, but let us remember that Machiavelli is generally considered to be the father of the value-free, scientific study of politics.

Furthermore, Mr. Larson gives our Constitution as an example of the application of a "genuine scientific approach," of a great intellectual achievement. It should be noted that our Constitution is based on the very concept of politics that Mr. Larson indicates is obsolete. In our government power is pitted against power, ambition against ambition, in order to make liberty secure.

JOHN J. AGRIA,
Department of Political Science,
Alma College.

Alma, Mich.

Mr. Nielsen and His Magic Wand

AS A READER, and as one who enjoys most of Goodman Ace's columns, I would like to suggest that a meeting be set up between Mr. Ace and Mr. A. C. Nielsen so that Mr. Ace can learn something about the Nielsen Company's rating service (although perhaps if he did, he'd lose a favorite target).

I find it as hard to accept Mr. Ace's opinion on research as I would to accept Mr. Nielsen's qualifications for comedy writing. Too much time has been spent by Mr. Ace trying to debunk and to debase the Nielsen service. The impression given to your readers is that Nielsen waves some magic wand which in some unfair, indiscriminate, and unscientific way obliterates all that is good in TV and enshrines all that is banal.

"Somehow, I'm just not myself today."

Nielsen's method of selecting a sample of TV viewers . . . has been evaluated by stations, advertising agencies, and advertisers. . . . All of TV's top advertisers find his methods satisfactory. . . .

Millions of viewers watch The *Beverly Hillbillies* and *The Addams Family*, and some of them watch *CBS Reports*. Mr. Ace is overestimating the viewers who watch the so-called cerebral program—suggesting that they're different from the other viewers. That there are some such viewers is indisputable, but it is equally indisputable that substantial numbers of these cerebral viewers also watch *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Dick Van Dyke*. . . .

If Mr. Ace does have his meeting with Mr. Nielsen he will discover that there are many measurements to confirm that Nielsen's sample conforms to a wide variety of measurable groups. . . .

Perhaps I've taken Mr. Ace too literally, but I'd like to see him get Nielsen out of the top of his head.

DAVID LEVY,
Executive Producer,
The Addams Family.

Hollywood, Calif.

Hoaxes on Film?

YOUR HOLLIS ALPERT is an interesting movie reviewer. He is one of the most ingenious of what might be called the "abstract" school of reviewers—those who are able to find much to say about nothing.

His review of *Red Desert* [*SR*, Feb. 20] is a fine example of this particular talent, and the Hollis Alpert who felt that in *Eclipse* Antonioni had a theme is a man with a superb imagination.

I cannot help wondering, however, if the Hollis Alperts of the movie reviewing world will survive should they ever find out that the Antonionis of the film world are merely practical jokesters, perpetrating monstrous hoaxes.

EUGENE FRIEDMAN.

Granada Hills, Calif.

An Assistant President?

R.L.T.'s CONVINCING editorial on the Presidential succession [*SR*, Feb. 20] failed to mention one strong argument for his plan. Our President is, perhaps, the most consistently overworked executive in the world. A trained and trusted Assistant President would probably help him to do a better job, and add years to his life—perhaps years to his life as President.

GERALD BARNES.

Denver, Col.

THROUGHOUT THE years, the Vice Presidency has been the butt of many jokes. With that heritage in mind, the public today would never tolerate two of them.

LEWIS F. FERGUSON.

Elmira, N.Y.

No Help Wanted

THE DAY AFTER *SR*'s February 20 issue arrived, a secretary who knows what I go through each June called to tell me not to miss John Ciardi's letter to would-be summer editors. Uncle George makes a deep bow to Uncle John. That letter should be required reading for all college girls who ever expect to look for a job. It should also be required reading for faculty advisors.

GEORGE MUEDEN,
Cornell University Placement Service.

New York, N.Y.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Wozzeck, but Not Berg—*Walküre*, Munch

THE METROPOLITAN is treating Berg's *Wozzeck* like a repertory opera this season, a fact that may be flattering to its patrons and to the memory of its composer, but not to the work itself. The problem of putting it on after a three-season lapse has been handed over to Karl Böhm, whose familiarity with the score has been established beyond question. But the lack of suitable personnel, as well as insufficient rehearsal time to deal with the personnel provided, tends to make the most of what is least in Berg—its sometimes bruising clashes of instruments and voices—while leaving unrevealed the subtleties and refinements that are its special distinction. The first-time listeners who may have decided that *Wozzeck* is not for them are not alone; in this kind of performance, *Wozzeck* is not for anybody, especially its fervent admirers.

To a degree this treatment of Berg recalls the early days of Wagner, when many singers were tried and most were found wanting. Such key performers as William Dooley, who is taking the title role, Donald Gramm, in the important part of the Doctor, and Charles Anthony, as Andres, are sufficiently professional to adjust themselves to a wide range of repertory. But they have neither the vocal precision nor the technical skill to jump their voices over and around Berg's intervals and still make anything intelligible of the English text. Berg had no thought of writing *bel canto*, but what he described as "*bel parlare*" takes as much artistry to do it justice.

Dooley's effort had shortcomings beyond its sound. He was too square-shouldered and upright to suggest a beaten, humiliated man prone to fantasies and delusions. Now and then he remembered to introduce a mechanical movement suggestive of a doltish mentality, but it came and went unpredictably. Doubtless the makeup was intended to make him look sickly, but it was pasty and clownlike. Dooley worked hard at his performance and obviously expended a serious effort, but he didn't get the kind of assistance he needed from Henry Butler, who was identified as the stage director.

As for Helga Pilarczyk, who had been scheduled to join the Metropolitan three years ago and was a victim of the "canceled" season, her Marie (in place of the absent Teresa Stich-Randall) accorded little with her European reputation, the recording she has made of *Wozzeck* excerpts, or her concert performance with the Philharmonic last season. The English text was, of course, an added hazard, but she was too often around rather than on the pitch with a sound that was strident rather than merely harsh. She tended also to glamorize the part of the tawdry, drab character imagined by Büchner and recreated by Berg. At the second performance, the Marie was Brenda Lewis, who speaks the lines well but has familiar limitations of power for a theater as large as the Metropolitan.

Not too much could be expected from Gabor Carelli as an emergency replacement for Paul Franke as the Captain; his good will and professional resourcefulness at least made the first performance possible. In the circumstances, it was even commendable, but the circumstances were not helpful to Berg. Nor was the downgrading, from prior Metropolitan performances of *Wozzeck*, of standards set by such artists as Hermann Uhde (Wozzeck) and Karl Dönch (the Doctor). Margret, as played by Janis Martin, was first cousin to Sadie Thompson. Kurt Baum is now, physically, hardly the "tree" of a Drum Major described in the text, and his voice has attenuated too much for proper service to the score.

The catalogue of deficiencies might go further to include the performance of the third scene of Act II in the wrong locale. It was properly described in the program as "outside Marie's room," but it was so far outside that it played in the same town plaza surroundings as the preceding scene. The net of it all was simple: most operagoers can distinguish a good from a bad performance of *Bohème* or *Pagliacci* and apportion credit or blame accordingly. Here too much of what was wrong with the performance was unfairly attributed to a work whose style is still difficult. The record will read that the Metropolitan is giving *Wozzeck* this season, but the audience isn't hearing Berg's score at anything like fair value.

William Steinberg's first venture as a Wagner conductor at the Metropolitan coincided with the first performance of *Die Walküre* in three seasons. Presumably this should have provided him with more opportunity to evolve a personal treatment of the work than was the case with *Aïda*, in which he made his debut there several weeks ago. If the understated, rather anemic sound that emerged from the pit was truly representative of his desires, the estimate of his capacities as an opera conductor will have to be revised.

By comparison with some conductors who have found a pace and momentum for the first act that leads it in an uninterrupted surge from curtain rise to curtain fall, Steinberg's treatment rendered it episodic and nonconsecutive. Such purpose and momentum might have swept aside some momentary shortcomings of his Sieglinde (Leonie Rysanek) and Siegmund (Jon Vickers), but what Steinberg had to offer was slowed and impeded by every obstacle, such as Miss Rysanek's inability to sustain the pitch or Vicker's incapacity to mold his powerful sound into an instrument of ardor or tenderness. Least Wagnerian of the trio was David Ward, whose Hunding had neither the darkness of voice nor the intensity of purpose to make this character properly intimidating. Indeed, so broad-shouldered a Siegmund as Vickers could have taken him on in hand-to-hand combat without the desperate clamor he raised about being "weaponless."

By comparison, George London's first Wotan in this work (he has performed here previously in both *Rheingold* and *Siegfried*) was a model of authority, purpose, and dramatic understanding. He not only had the stature for the part, but also a command of the suitable posture and stance for each episode as it presented itself. Playing the role with a lock over one eye and without the traditional helmet left London looking more than a little youthful for his status as the father of virtually everybody in the cast but Hunding and Fricka, but he doubtless believes in accelerated development. He did convey a decision at variance with the youthful appearance and a compassion beyond his visible years.

Vocally London was more at ease with the declamation and drama of the role than he was with its lyricism. It is rare to hear the text delivered with so much clarity, or the colloquy with Fricka so well sustained. The monologue of Act II is a little low for him, as some of the Es and Fs of the third act are high, but I found the dramatic line impressively sustained to a proper climax in the farewell. In the aggregate, as a first-time effort, this was not merely full-fashioned to the needs of the character, but a testimonial to thoroughgoing preparation at the source (Bayreuth).

IN the half-dozen years since Birgit Nilsson sang her first Metropolitan Brünnhilde she has grown from a performer of quality to an artist of the first quality. As of 1959, she was very much the youthful daughter dependent on her godfather for strength and guidance. Now, it is clear, she is portraying a Brünnhilde with her own sense of destiny, imbued with a life force that will

(*Continued on page* 153)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Death Would Not Wait on Feeling

MANY novels by South American writers are published in this country, so many that I cannot keep up with them, but I do like to try a sample now and then. José Donoso, author of *Coronation* (Knopf, $4.95), after spending three years at the University of Chile, was awarded a scholarship for study at Princeton, from which he received his A.B. degree in 1951. Since that time he has taught English language and literature, and has written for various South American literary journals. He was awarded the William Faulkner Foundation Prize for Chile for *Coronation,* which appears to be his first novel.

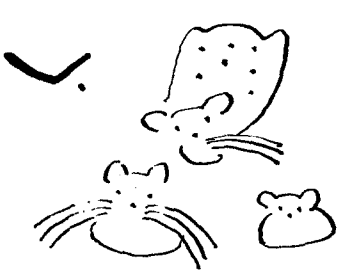
The book describes the last months in the life of Misiá Elisa Grey de Abalas, a woman of ninety-four, once a great beauty, now a bedridden skeleton attended by two aging but faithful servants, Rosario and Lourdes. She claims to be descended from royalty, and insists that she is a saint as well as a queen. Her saintliness, however, is intermittent, for she has terrible fits of temper in which her language becomes "obscene, virulent, desperate." These spells began while her husband was still alive, and he wondered where she could have learned such words. "Her imagination defiled everything it touched on, and she charged the whole world with disgusting immorality and the most abominable sexual excesses." Her madness so affected her husband that he deteriorated in mind and body, dying when she was about sixty, so that she has had more than thirty years of widowhood.

Almost the only person to share with the devoted servants the responsibility for looking after Misiá Elisa is her grandson, Don Andrés, who was brought up by her and her husband. Now in his fifties, Don Andrés has his own apartment, but from time to time, however reluctantly, he visits the old lady. Largely because of her influence, he has grown up to be afraid of life and has withdrawn himself from it as far as possible. As a way of escape, he occupies himself with reading letters, memoirs, and biographical sketches, mostly French, relishing "the minutiae of *la petite histoire.*" One of his few friends, Dr. Carlos Gros, says to him: "*Lived?* You? Forgive my laughter. . . . You haven't lived, old man, you never dared to begin! You dropped out of the race years ago."

Another character, who is drawn into the story only because Rosario, the cook, befriends him, is Mario, a boy of nineteen, working in a grocery store. Mario lives in grievous poverty with his half-brother, René, and René's hideous wife and half-starved children. René is a brute and, Mario suspects, a criminal as well.

Finally there is Estela, a young girl from the country, niece of the servant Lourdes, who brings her to Santiago to nurse the old lady. For a time Estela works wonders with Misiá Elisa, but in time she, too, is denounced and abused. Meanwhile she has fallen in love with Mario, and Don Andrés has, or thinks he has, fallen in love with her.

The affair between Estela and Mario is all tenderness on her part, and he has his tender moments, though he is quickly ashamed of them. "Estela had reduced him to the level of a man in love! He was shocked by the sudden wave of hatred for her which swept through him. *He* wasn't going to fall into that trap!" He continues to be drawn to her, but he always pulls back, most violently when he learns she is pregnant.



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As for Andrés, he tells himself that he feels a grand passion and is facing a tragic situation, but his friend Dr. Gros laughs at him. "What you are doing is taking revenge on yourself—a phony revenge, of course—for having lived so little. To convince yourself of your capacity to feel, you've dreamed up this imaginary tragedy." The situation may not be quite so simple as the doctor thinks, but basically he is right. Although he seems for a time to have a new hold on life, Andrés is brought to realize in the end that death, of which he is horribly afraid, will come upon him without his ever having known what life is.

The book might be regarded as an account of the decay of the upper class. Misiá Elisa, so old, so useless, so given to self-deception, so quick to inflict pain on others, could be taken as a symbol,

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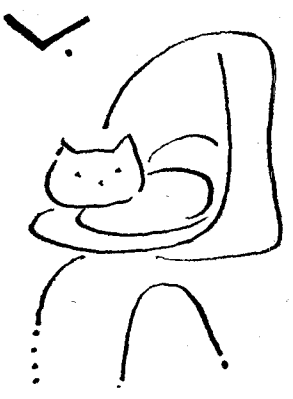
with Andrés displaying the impotence of his class. But the representatives of the working class are no better. René is cruel and greedy, almost a personification of evil. Mario shows some decent impulses at the outset, but he is corrupted by circumstances and his brother, and there is little doubt that he will come to a bad end.

In fact, almost everyone ends badly. Poor Estela, the only character for whom the reader can feel either sympathy or compassion, seems destined to live in squalor and misery with Mario if she lives at all. Misiá Elisa is an exception of sorts, an ironic exception, for at least she dies happy. No one has come to visit her on her saint's day, but Lourdes and Rosario, a little tipsy, dress her in antiquated finery. "Then the two maids, the one tiny and rotund, the other tall and square, picked up the silver crown and went up to the old woman." "Long live the nicest, prettiest little queen in the world," they cry, and she dies in the belief that she has gone straight to heaven.

Donoso, it is clear, takes a dark view of the human condition, and yet the book does not succeed in giving the reader a tragic sense of life. This is in part because the author relies so heavily on direct analysis of psychological states. The portrayal of Don Andrés, in particular, is close to a case history of regression. Despite the fact that the author has studied in America and teaches English literature, he seems to be under the influence of the French psychological novel.

In part, however, he is quite successful. Misiá Elisa in her bad mood is the incarnation of malice. The affair of Mario and Estela has its idyllic moments, though they are brief. The old servants provide an effective sort of chorus, and one can only be amused by their high jinks at the end.

The translation, by Jocasta Goodwin, is adequate, I would guess, or perhaps better than that. The only difficulty lies in the attempts to translate what I suppose to be the Chilean Spanish vernacular into the American English vernacular: the tough guys just don't sound right. —Granville Hicks.



LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Twin Demurs

Allow me two short remarks to Robert J. Clements's informative report in The European Literary Scene [*SR*, Jan. 30]. If the reader is informed about Dr. Oppenheimer's objection to the "scenic report" (not "drama," as Mr. Clements says) *In Sachen J. Robert Oppenheimer* by Heinar Kipphardt, it seems only fair to quote also from the author's statement at the end of his work, qualified by him as "a literary text, not a document. However, the author feels himself expressly bound by the facts which result from the documents and reports on the subject matter."

My second point is Mr. Clements's statement that the anthology of opinion *Summa iniuria . . .*? was "just published by Rowohlt." Actually, the first 60,000 copies of this paperback were published as early as September 1963, only seven months after Hochhuth's *The Deputy*.

Wolf Franck.

New York, N.Y.

Robert J. Clements's column, The European Literary Scene, is interesting; why not make it a weekly feature? Or at least, every other week?

William H. Archer.

Athens, Tenn.

Experience of Deity

The parallel between "religious cognition" and the perception of the physical world, introduced by John Hick in his review of *The Existence of God*, by W. I. Matson [*SR*, Feb. 6], is itself suggestive of the real problem: the physical world is public, the claimed experience of deity private. Mr. Hick, as so many other modern theologians, seems too ready to limit theism to what goes on in the individual's skull. It is not surprising, then, that theological arguments begin to look "irrelevant." But if the theist is going to claim that when he speaks of God he is talking about the public universe, then he must come up with more than reports of his own feelings. Mr. Matson's point, to my mind, is that what the theist has come up with is simply not enough. If it is now pointed out that theological arguments are moreover irrelevant, then so much the worse for theism.

C. Gonzalez.

Berkeley, Calif.

Mr. Hick is unable to see that his own ideas are also defunct.

. . . Modern atheism is consistent with wonder at the world, with a sense of "contingency," and with all the noble sentiments that are ever harbored within the human breast. It maintains that statements that affirm or deny the existence of an "unseen presence," with which no connection is in principle possible, are cognitively meaningless. Religious feelings are still emotively significant, and always will be, but theistic presuppositions based on "faith" are inadequate for the state of affairs characterizing the twentieth century.

The genesis of belief in a higher being can be explained on the basis of infantile experience. The work of Piaget in the language and thought of children shows what order of "rationality" can be attached to theistic utterances.

Gerald Gross.

Kenmore, N.Y.

Mr. Hick seems to believe that a subjective *awareness* of God is in some strange way a substitute for rational proof of God's existence. He even claims that his approach is empirical, and yet all that Mr. Hick establishes empirically is the existence of *faith* in God.

Arthur N. Gilbert.

Denver, Colo.

Mr. Hick refers to his group as apologists but I have yet to meet a single atheist who needs apologia as an argument. Every atheist I have known has been tolerant, not just patronizing toward the theist. Unlike the theists, the atheists are not evangelists. Where atheism is a part of the political structure, a different picture prevails, of course. But then, isn't that true also of those places where State and Church are one?

A. Koppelman.

Miami Beach, Fla.

No Rebuff

I must respectfully object to the statement of Carl Hermann Voss in his review of Cardinal Bea's *Unity in Freedom: Reflections on the Human Family* [*SR*, Feb. 6] that the conclusion of the third session of Vatican Council II last November saw several of Cardinal Bea's views rebuffed by Pope Paul VI. On the contrary, I am quite certain that the Pope and Cardinal Bea see eye to eye on more issues that Mr. Voss realizes. Firstly, with regard to the Religious Liberty schema, Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., would appear to agree that Pope Paul could really hardly have cleared up the whole matter by merely permitting the Council Fathers to vote on this schema. The issue was more complex than a last-minute scramble with the monkey wrench by the Roman Curia, and involved a cleavage between the liberals themselves.

Richard Werkheiser.

Flint, Mich.

Wrong Handle

In the first paragraph of my quarterly poetry round-up [*SR*, Feb. 13], Cleanth Brooks is referred to as Van Wyck Brooks. The *Van Wyck* was not a part of my review.

Robert D. Spector.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

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An Unforeseen Development On Mount Parnassus

(or, The Laurel Wreaths Are Cut Down to Size)

SOMETHING just short of revolutionary took place recently when the Poetry Society of America awarded its Dante Prize for 1965 to Miss Barbara Overmyer and Mr. Paul Roche, who will share the grant of $3,500. What's so remarkable about this? The combined ages of the two winners (sixty-five years) equal the usual age of one. Perhaps this is why the Poetry Society was so generous: by dividing the age of an old poet it could afford to endow two young ones.

Actually, as these fringe benefits go, sixty-five is not really old for a modern versifier. John Masefield was recently given a $7,000 award from the National Book League in England. He is eighty-six. "I am still writing and hope to be able to write better some day," he told bookmen. (Masefield's twenty-sixth volume of verse, *Old Raiger*, has just been published.) Old soldiers fade away, headmasters lose their faculties, but poets go right on getting prizes.

Once a writer gets through the romantic crisis of youth, there is something about the air on Mount Parnassus that prolongs life. Poets don't die young, although there was a time when they did. Chatterton took arsenic at eighteen; Keats, as we know, died of tuberculosis at twenty-five; and Shelley drowned at thirty. Byron lived on to thirty-six, finally succumbing to a fever. Modern psychotherapy, goof balls, isoniazid, and streptomycin have changed all this. The disturbed psyche is calmed, the fevered brow made cool. A general lack of adventurousness among literary men reduces the chance of accidental death. In the process the poet himself sometimes vanishes, although the man lives on. The late Dylan Thomas was an exception, of course, but we must remember that he was not one to pay attention to doctors.

The trouble began with Wordsworth, who insisted on living to eighty, exemplifying La Rochefoucauld's dictum that old men give good advice because they are no longer able to set a bad example. In crowning the bald pate with laurel wreaths we render homage to the advice, when, alas, it is the examples that usually make the bard. Hence the delay. There is really not much to do with an elderly poet except to honor him.

But things are improving. The eight "leading contenders" for the National Book Award in poetry for 1965 averaged out at 45.6 years. (The oldest, Ben Belitt, was fifty-four; Galway Kinnell, the youngest, a mere thirty-eight.) Two years ago, NBA winners over the previous fourteen years averaged out to fifty-four years of age. At that time I did a little homework on poets and prizes, and came up with results that should reassure the actuaries of all the life insurance companies in the land. For example, to win the Bollingen Prize your chances increase as you pass sixty. The American Academy of Arts and Letters does even better by our senior citizens. The average age of all Academy fellows in poetry at the time of their appointment has been not quite seventy-two years. Edgar Lee Masters got his $5,000 fellowship at seventy-seven, and Edwin Markham at eighty-five—thirty-eight years after he had written "The Man with the Hoe."

ONE explanation for this is that the scrolls which accompany prizes usually refer to "distinguished service," as though the recipient were being tendered a farewell dinner after fifty years with a large corporation. It is as a functionary of letters that the poet is rewarded, although hardly as such that he is remembered.

The awards accumulate in geometric ratio to the square of the man. Ezra Pound, who isn't very square, is virtually unscrolled (things don't look too good for Ferlinghetti or Ginsburg, either). Robert Frost, on the other hand, could hardly keep up with all the dinners he was compelled to attend in order to claim his share of the plaques, medals, and outright cash. This is not to deny Frost's greatness. It *is* to question the apparatus—more accurately, the politics of prize-giving—by which honor is bestowed only after it is safe to do so.

Thus Frost died with seventeen major awards in his trophy room, including four Pulitzers. Archibald MacLeish, who got a later start, has won eleven to date; Marianne Moore follows with ten, and Carl Sandburg with nine. ("It's his banjo playing that has mitigated against Carl," one officer of a well-known literary society maintains. "Most poetry dinners just don't want to be turned into a hootenanny.")

The private survey I conducted two years ago turned up another fact: if you take any group of respectable, moderately well-known poets and put them on prize committees, sooner or later they will give the prizes to each other. The NBA poetry juries, for example, have skipped their own members only three times in fourteen years. They aren't, of course, so blatant as to give awards to themselves at the time they are serving. By no means. A decent lapse of three or four years is indicated. In this respect, too, things are improving: none of the three 1965 judges has won the award previously, although there is a better than even chance that this year's winner will soon become a judge.

The charmed circle, when one starts to square it, intersects nearly all the official prize-giving bodies in the field: The National Institute of Arts and Letters, The Poetry Society of America, the Pulitzer Prize Committee, the Academy of American Poets, the Bollingen, and so on. There is certainly nothing venal about this, and one cannot even claim that there is anything like an Establishment, let alone a conspiracy. What does exist is a happy convenience of peers. There is a limited number of practicing poets to begin with, and an even smaller number who are willing to take on the chores (usually unpaid) of sorting out the contenders. These are the ones who end up on juries. Can they be blamed for rewarding each other? Besides, there's always the chance that the work they choose really *is* good poetry.

Do prizes help to sell books of verse? This is like asking, "When did you stop beating your wife?" With a few spectacular exceptions, poetry does not "sell" at all. It is usually bought by other poets. A book of verse is a publisher's votive offering to his conscience; it looks good in the catalogue and helps justify the trash he puts out to stay in business. Prizes take the curse off the situation—or at least try to. They give poetry a status denied it by the general public. What we propose are more awards for the young and unreputable. A crown of thorns will do—something to remind the poet how barbarous the rewards of his profession can be as he gets older.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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Journey in Misery

Documents Illustrative of the Slave Trade to America, *edited by Elizabeth Donnan (Octagon. 4 vols., 2,598 pp. $75), and* ***The Negro's Civil War: How American Negroes Felt and Acted During the War for the Union,*** *by James M. McPherson (Pantheon. 358 pp. $6.95), chronicle 400 years of human bondage. Dwight L. Dumond's books include "Antislavery: The Crusade for Freedom in America."*

By DWIGHT L. DUMOND

THESE five volumes of documents provide a partial guide to the journey from freedom in Africa to freedom in the United States for people of African origin. It was a long journey, 400 years if measured in time, a million years in misery.

The story of the origin, expansion, and close of the African slave trade is important to an understanding of the early economic and social history of the United States. The four volumes of documents edited by Elizabeth Donnan in the early 1930s and reissued this week were compiled with that end in view. They cover the period 1441 to 1807 and illuminate the history of the trade from the penetration of Africa for labor by European nations to its prohibition by the laws of England and the United States. They illustrate many phases of the trade: slave hunts and purchases in Africa, friction between European nations there, the growth of commercial companies, the evolution of administration and regulation, the sale of cargoes in the West Indies and the American South, the involvement of the colonies, particularly Rhode Island and South Carolina.

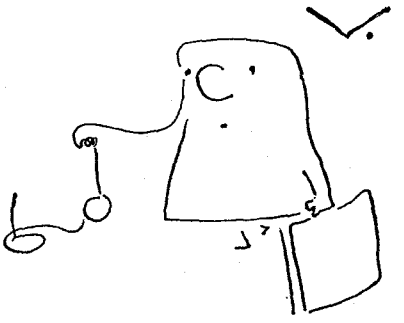
Emphasis is almost completely upon the economics of the trade, revealing the unity of the British colonial empire, the power of the Royal African Company, the importance of the traffic in slaves to the general economy of the market areas and to the English cities of Bristol, Liverpool, and Birmingham.

The trade provided a labor supply for the Americas and greatly influenced international relations; but it spread death and destruction in Africa and gave to those colonies that became the United States a powerful counterbalance to the development of democratic institutions.

The emphasis on economy and politics does not exclude all reference to food, diseases, mutinies, brandings, suicides, and cruelty in the slave compounds on the African Coast and in the slave ships. It was an unsavory business, gruesome in all its parts. One needs a strong stomach to watch men and women facing capture, fleeing in disorder, drowning themselves, hiding their children in seaweed, while the man-hunters counting the dead and the captives—men, women, girls, and boys—thank God for his help in their Christian enterprise. We read of the separation of loved ones, and of the sophistry of the Church fathers, of the exchange of pepper, liquor, and guns for slaves, elephants' teeth, and ostrich feathers.

YET it is only occasionally and incidentally that one finds among these documents any reference to the exploitation of human beings, and there is nothing about the tribal and personal traits of the victims. Nor is there much mention of the opposition to slavery expressed by priests and preachers on the grounds of humanity, or protests by Wilberforce, Clarkson, Wesley, Sharp, Ramsay, Benezet, and the humanitarians in New York, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New England. One does find incontrovertible proof that every essential item in the "positive good" defense of slavery came from the rationalizations of the slave traders. Later American apologists for slavery contributed little if anything to the classic defense.

What the documents of the slave trade lack in pathos is richly supplied by James M. McPherson's collection of speeches, letters, articles, and official documents written by and about Negroes during the Civil War. When the free man of color spoke in 1860, the year of the Secession, he was speaking for the African fugitive, the American slave, and the citizen of the world. The story of his emotions as he sought, under tremendous handicaps, to maintain dignity and participate fully in the early anti-slavery movements is a matter of record. By that time 400 years of agonizing struggle were behind him. When the Civil War broke out in 1861, it was a conflict both of armies and of ideas.



The people of color were in the middle of the contest, whether as slaves in a system already shattered beyond repair, as fugitives escaping from slavery, or as cultivated gentlemen and highly respected citizens of the free states. They had to make decisions. They were of as many minds as were the white people, and they spoke out, sometimes with bitterness and impatience, but with amazing unanimity on fundamental principles. They were not fleeing like their ancestors from the minions of a Portuguese monarch, or committing suicide by starvation in the holds of British, Dutch, or Spanish ships, or pleading for justice from men who neither spoke their language nor noticed their sorrows. They were speaking as members of a democratic society, under a government of law, and in a language that free men understood.

WHAT were the issues that aroused the Negro during these years? In brief, the failure of the Republicans to take a stronger stand against slavery during the 1860 Presidential campaign; the initial reluctance to enroll persons of color in the armed forces; obedience to the law by field commanders in returning fugitive slaves to their claimants; Lincoln's disallowance of Fremont's and Hunter's emancipation pronouncements; the old issue of colonization; prejudice and mob violence in Northern cities; injustices at the hands of prejudiced white officers and men; failure of the government to support Sherman's land policy.

McPherson's book also contains brilliant expositions by Negroes of their determination to support the U.S. government in a manner befitting free men and accounts of the Southern Negroes' aid to Union soldiers, their desperate efforts to reach the Union lines, their service as spies and informers, their courage and sacrifices as soldiers and sailors, their education in the army on a man-to-man basis, and their efforts to repeal discriminatory laws in the free states.

We have in the thousands of documents contained in these five volumes a record of the beginning and the end of human bondage in the U.S. There are gaps in the records, but they will rapidly be filled. Here is glorious proof that although fulfillment of hope, to the man of color, may always have seemed to be a day away, that fact has never tarnished his soul.

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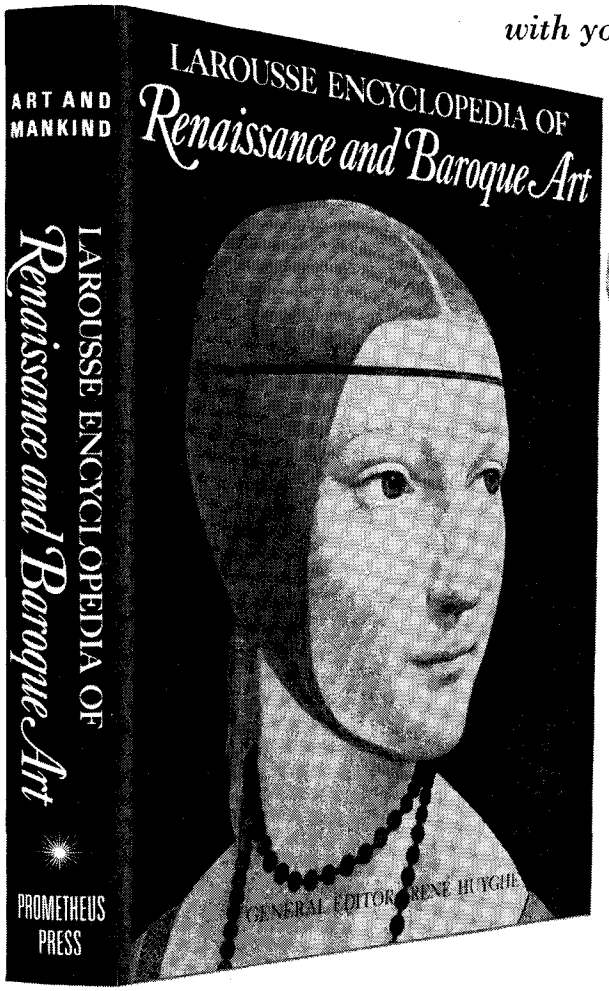

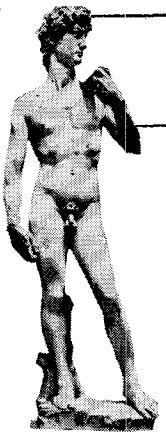

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European vacation bargain: 2 extra weeks for only $10 a week

A dollar-wise traveller reveals a bargain in enjoyment on the Holland-America Line for those with the leisure to make use of it

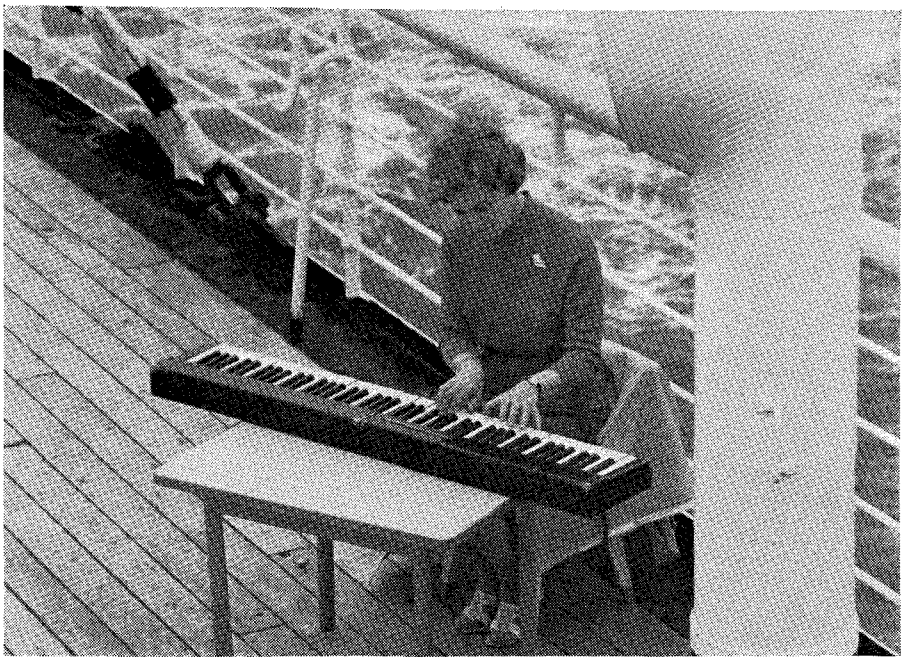
by LLOYD ROBERTS *Photos by Bob Swenson*

I don't think I'm any different from any other traveller who has decided—for the first or the sixteenth time—to vacation in Europe. Because of the rather sizable sum involved, I leave no travel folder unturned to see how I can get most out of every last dollar I shall have to spend.

In doing so, I have made a number of remarkable discoveries—perhaps the most enlightening of which is that anybody with the time can extend his vacation a full two weeks for as little as $10 a week.

Here's how this works. Let's take jet economy fare for basic transportation to Europe as our base. During Holland-America Line's thrift season, the months August to May, jet economy fare one-way to London is $210. This sum buys you a seat on a plane, six hours more or less in the air, and two meals en route.

Meanwhile, during this period, a number of comfortable staterooms for two on the top ships of the Holland-America Line—by which I mean the wonderfully gracious *Nieuw Amsterdam* or the ultra-modern *Statendam*—are available to Southampton for only $10 more than one-way jet economy fare. (During the busy summer months, June and July, some double cabins actually cost $5 less than one-way jet economy fare.) If you want to sail Holland-America's stately flagship, the *Rotterdam*, you can get such a cabin for $20 more—still a fantastic bargain when you consider what this tiny sum buys.



Dr. Florence Mercur, South Orange, New Jersey—concert pianist on her way to Europe, practicing on her keyboard out on deck—"This is my first trip with Holland-America, and it won't be my last. Everyone has been just wonderful."

Mrs. Hanne Ventillius, North Miami Beach, Florida—in the main dining room . . ."It was enjoyable and relaxing to sail the Atlantic with Holland-America. My son, too, has found so many things to do. I've especially enjoyed the continental menu and the attentive service."

It buys, first of all, six relaxing full days at sea between New York and Southampton. During those six days it also buys eighteen chef-prepared meals, regular mid-morning and mid-afternoon snacks, plus a midnight buffet. You couldn't eat that inexpensively (or well) even at home!

But that's not all. Included in this $10 difference you'll enjoy, without charge, 24-hour cabin service, both an indoor and an outdoor swimming pool (cross out the latter during the winter months—but not the former), attendance at first-run movies in a spacious theater, a choice of dazzling bars at which drinks cost ½ to ⅓ the price you'd pay on land, musical concerts, nightly dancing, deck sports, steam baths, a gymnasium, a library and reading room, a card room, even a nursery if you take along the small fry . . . and the joy of just relaxing and meeting fellow passengers.

I cite specifically the ships of the Holland-America Line because, if you have never been aboard a ship like the *Rotterdam*, the *Nieuw Amsterdam* or the *Statendam*, you've missed one of the great experiences of life. I find *all* ships magnificent. Where they differ chiefly is in their particular personality—and a Dutch ship has a personality that is easy, friendly and superbly informal. In fact, the Dutch have a word for this—*gezelligheid*. It's pronounced by speaking both *g*'s like an *h* and sort of clearing your throat when you do. *Gezelligheid* is part, and a most important part, of the total bargain—even if you can't put it down on paper in a dollar figure.

If you like smaller ships, you can extend your vacation to Europe for even less on Holland-America's thrift-liners—the *Ryndam* and the *Maasdam*—and enjoy the fine food, facilities, service and *gezelligheid* Holland-America is famous for. If my discovery has whetted your appetite for a similar adventure, let me point out that you can work out such a bargain in enjoyment for yourself by getting appropriate literature from a nearby travel agent—or, if you wish, by writing the Holland-America Line at Pier 40, North River, New York, N.Y.

Happy sailing!

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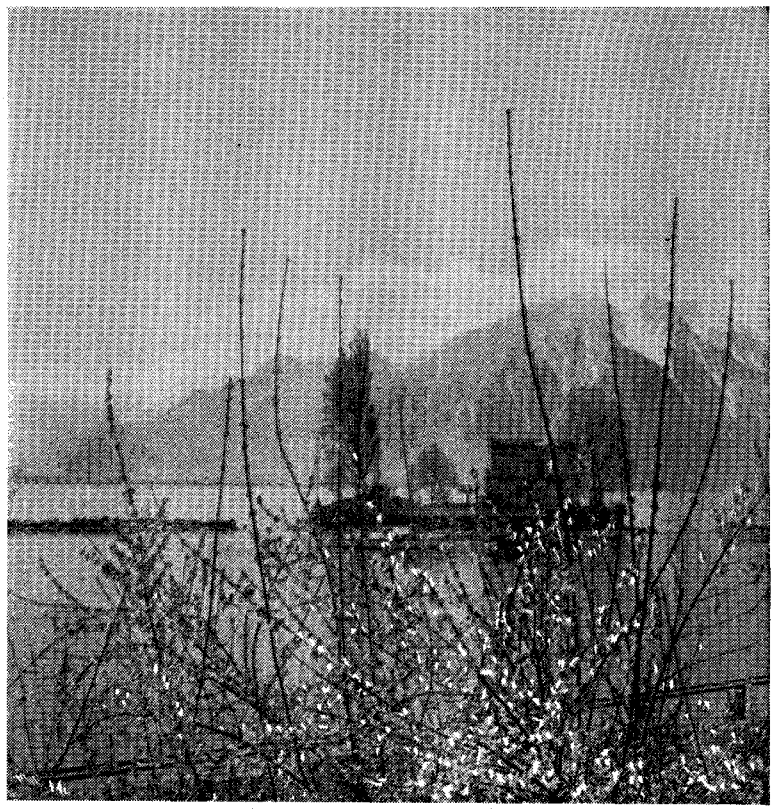
The Traveler in Spring



—*Stockpile.*

THOUGHTS OF EUROPE

FORSYTHIA floods the flatlands that rim the Italian lakes. In France the fields of mustard have turned shocking yellow and there is a promise in the chestnut trees along the Champs. The snowdrops have sprouted in the London parks, and soon the crocuses will come and then the daffodils and then it will all explode with seasonal fortissimo. In the racks at the travel agencies the bright folders will blossom, too. For those whose thoughts, like ours, turn to Europe and other shores, there follows a folio of unprecedented size—some ninety pages that riffle the pleasures of a literary cafe, look into the madness of Munich, find a hidden seacoast in Italy, roam the backlands of Britain, reproduce the splendors of the isles of Greece, unravel the dark mysteries of Spanish Catalonia. Other thoughts and other ideas stretch from here to page 121. Among them, beginning overleaf, lies the summer's adventure.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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—*Dennis Stock (Magnum).*

"Today young writers are still encouraged to sit inside to write their manuscripts. Outside, the clientele is made up of those who can better afford Flore's prices."

SPLENDORS AND MISERIES OF THE LITERARY CAFE

By HERBERT R. LOTTMAN

IF YOU'RE left in peace, you are sitting in a literary café. No other definition holds up as well, alas, and the city is fortunate that can sustain more than one café where you may sit for hours over coffee or an apéritif, without the pressure of bullying waiters or waiting customers. New York can't have a genuine literary café; if the bill isn't served with the drink, the intention is clear enough, and out of the corner of your eye you can see the line of patient clients behind a cord barrier, waiting for a crack at your table. Rome can't have one; in a city where happiness is equated with speed, even the palatial opera house has an illuminated clock over the stage. I time the arias. "The people go into the cafés only to drink their drinks, standing up, and leave immediately. The rare cafés where one can sit down are

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deserted," notes the mischievous philosopher Jean-François Revel in *Pour l'Italie*. (Deserted for cause, as sitting down in Rome brings a fine: the price of your coffee is doubled.) My generation in New York frequented the all-night cafeterias; we spent hours over rice pudding, moving across the room when the floor had to be washed down. We were left alone, except by drunks, but it was obvious that we weren't loved.

Above all, then, the literary café—the most satisfactory literary salon—is a place to sit down, without too much bother or out-of-pocket expense. If this is kept in mind, we can immediately identify the genuine article and separate it from all the expensive and unpleasant imposters. The early eighteenth-century coffeehouses mentioned by Joseph Addison in *The Spectator*—Will's, the St. James, the Grecian, and the Cocoa-Tree—were congenial places for meeting friends. If there was pressure from a branch manager for turnover, nasty looks at Richard Steele for lingering, the news has not come down to us. Dickens sat so long at the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street that one now finds a plaque with his name on it at his favorite table. One sits, one watches the coagulating grounds of a small coffee, perhaps stale when served, tepid when drunk. One waves a friend over, or makes a new one, not necessarily a pick-up (this is only the American office girl's dream of the European café). Above all, one talks, or reads a newspaper through, or fills folio pages with tiny handwriting. The pile of numbered pages grows: 18, 19, 20. . . . The coffee grounds become gluey. The passing waiters ignore you, and you don't budge.

In a fast-moving world, it is a marvel that the literary café still exists. In fact it is probably disappearing; it is unlikely that new ones, lacking the consecration of literary history, will be considered economically advantageous by later generations of entrepreneurs; some that have retained their names have undergone expensive renovations and raised their prices. If the trend continues, a new emigration will take place toward damp Chelsea or burning Mykonos. That friendly environment where a kindly proprietor actually beams with approval at immovable customers—can it last?

When we talk of the great Paris cafés, then, we know we are watching a calendar, perhaps making notes for a time capsule, and time's winged chariot hurries near. The names we name may become a roll of honor.

Coffeehouses existed in Paris contemporary with those of Addison and Steele. Indeed, Le Café Procope, then and now at 13, rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, near St.-Germain-des-Prés, was opened in 1675. Here the Encyclopedists, Diderot, Voltaire, Rousseau, were customers; Beaumarchais sat at a table while his *Marriage of Figaro* opened at the nearby Odéon Theater. Danton and Marat, later Théophile Gautier, Musset, George Sand, and Balzac, then Zola, Huysmans, and Maupassant came here. Procope is still with us, its freshened décor gracing a low-priced restaurant, where one is encouraged to eat quickly (Beaumarchais would not be invited to wait.) A few blocks away, on the Place de l'Odéon opposite the theater, Le Café Voltaire (Mallarmé, Verlaine, Courteline, Barrès, Jules Laforgue) gave way in 1957 to the USIA American library. One can still sit down, even if talk is not encouraged. A remarkable new volume in the Hachette *Guide Bleu* series, *Guide Littéraire de la France*, covers these Paris landmarks street by street, and we are indebted to it. The contribution of the café to literary history is a continuing one (see the final volume of Simone de Beauvoir's memoirs, *La Force des Choses*, where Le Café de Flore, Lipp, Deux Magots, Le Montana on rue St.-Benoît and the bar of the Pont Royal Hotel are landmarks in the history of the existentialist movement around Sartre).

WHEN Parisians speak of the literary cafés, they are often referring to fewer than a dozen establishments, all within a few blocks of each other on or near the Place St.-Germain-des-Prés. Most venerable is Le Café de Flore, founded at the end of the Second Empire, frequented by Rémy de Gourmont and Huysmans. The first manifestos of L'Action Française were written here in 1899; Charles Maurras called one of his books *Au Signe de Flore*. Apollinaire, who lived two streets away, met his friends here, and with them founded the magazine *Les Soirées de Paris*. Today young writers are still encouraged to sit inside to write their manuscripts, bringing in little cash to owner Paul Boubal (or to most of the writers themselves). Outside, the clientele is made up of those who can better afford Flore's prices; we have seen Françoise Sagan there, and Maurice Chevalier. It is also the preferred café of the Capri set, those whom Boubal calls *mes mignons*, chased from the Champs-Elysées by the morals squad. The postwar fame of the Café de Flore is due to two causes. The Nazi occupying forces in wartime France preferred Montparnasse; consequently French patriots migrated from Le Dôme. In the dismal Occupation winters Boubal, who had taken over Le Flore in 1938, possessed a stove that burned sawdust, and at the tables surrounding it Sartre and others who were to mold postwar thinking wrote their important works. During alerts, Boubal closed the front door and sent his intellectuals upstairs to talk. Today he watches over affairs from his balcony apartment across the square. Jacques Prévert was quoted to the effect that when a glass breaks at Le Flore, Boubal hears it from his bed.

Practically next door, Le Café des Deux Magots, which took over the name of a hat shop on the same site, has solid advantages: a terrace view of the St.-Germain church, nine centuries old; and occasional sun. But the cash register prints "Rendez-vous of the intellectual élite" on the check; the check also demands forty cents for tea, plus tip. The latter explains why the former is no longer quite true; only *visiting* intellectual élites from Geneva, Frankfurt, or New York can afford to sit here, together with the Frenchman who has just won a prize, wants to impress his editor, or soften his girl. Even in 1939 the poet Léon-Paul Fargue in his celebrated *Le Piéton de Paris* noted that Deux Magots' prices were the highest in Paris. "The café des Deux Magots," he said, "is much admired by snobs who find that Dubonnet at 100 sous is not an exaggerated expenditure for one who wishes to be present at the modern writers' cocktail hour." He found the establishment "rather pretentious and solemn," a place where "each customer represents for his neighbor a litterateur." But Giraudoux breakfasted here each morning and saw those friends he would not be able to

(*Continued on page* 119)

—*Ian Berry (Magnum).*

"Above all, one talks, or reads a newspaper through, or fills folio pages with tiny handwriting."

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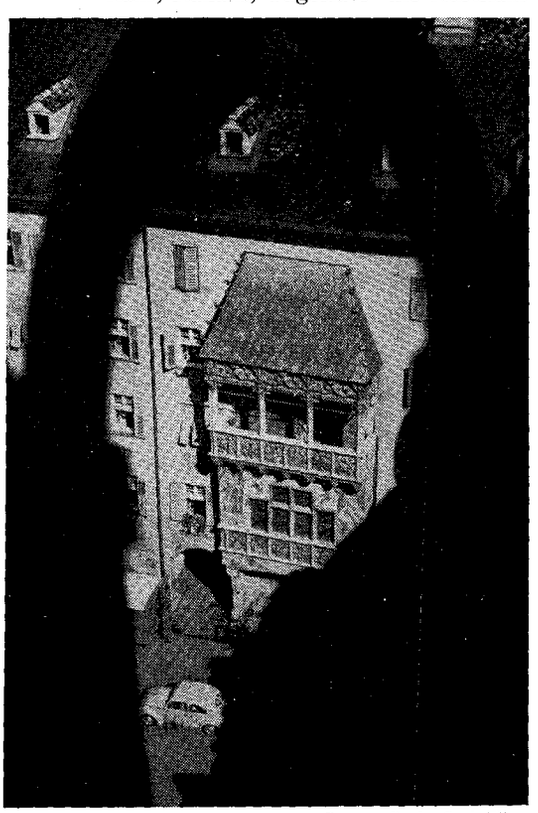
TALL TALES OF THE VIENNA WOODS

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

TOURISM is a modern form of sorcery. The sorcerer's apprentices build certain prerequisites—mountains, lakes, ski runs, old ruins and young girls, exotic dishes and erotic night clubs, the feel of sunshine and the sound of music—into salable illusions. Many countries own some of the prerequisites but their people fail to create the illusion. Both Switzerland and Austria have great scenery, beautiful mountains, lovely inns. But Austria is said to be "fun," while the Swiss are known to be "dull." Such generalizations don't have to be true—but they hurt, or help.

Among their neighbors—Swiss, Bavarians, Italians, Yugoslavs—the Austrians stand out as master conjurors. They add that certain intangible quality to their performance that makes their worldwide audience almost believe that the magic is real. Last year Austria's income from tourism exceeded the previous year's figure by 18 per cent; tourism is now the country's second largest industry (after steel). The props haven't changed—same mountains, same lakes, same whipped cream, same summer festivals. Obviously, the Austrians have attained great skill in making friends and influencing people.



—*Pressestelle der Stadt Wien.*

"Same mountains, same lakes, same whipped cream . . ."

The country is populated by fully licensed tourist magicians. (Even Herbert von Karajan, whom his countrymen last year voted "the most famous living Austrian," is called "magician conductor" by impressionable music critics.) Everybody knows that tourism is a party game whose aim is the painless extraction of hard cash from the pockets of innocents abroad. The Austrians have simply learned that the loser should be made to enjoy the game. They succeeded admirably. Few countries on earth make it so pleasant for so many to get rid of their travelers' checks so fast.

Travel books age faster than wine, women, and song. Some authors still mention "high mountains and low prices" as the main reasons for Austria's popularity. If they would bother to revisit the banks of the Danube, they might be in for a shock. Vienna's luxury hotels are as expensive as those in Rome or London or Brussels (though not quite as expensive as those in Paris.) But why not? The best of them are very good. Within easy walking distance are some first-rate attractions—music, pastry, museums, the Spanish riding school. The view from the window has been enjoyed by kings and emperors who stayed in these very hotels in the great, not-so-distant past. No signs saying "Yankee Go Home" are visible; no cheerless faces such as one sees nowadays in France and other countries.

And the service includes that certain something that explains Austria's tourist magnetism. It is wheeled in with the "Viennese breakfast" (which offers both Melba toast and "emperor rolls"). It appears out of the air as soon as the visitor crosses the border (Baedeker reports that "58 international express trains daily cross the country's frontiers") and is greeted by a polite Austrian customs guard who all but kisses a lady's hand. It appears even in the outstretched palms of assorted tip-seeking characters. This highly elusive element, whose production is Austria's greatest trade secret and biggest asset, is not mentioned in the country's balance of payments. It is the so-called Austrian charm.

There's charm wherever you go. In the mountain villages with their tall steeples and the backdrop of glaciers. In the mysterious, cobblestoned streets of the old towns with a faint flavor of garlic and Third Man atmosphere. In the red-and-gold auditorium of Vienna's State Opera, and between the chocolate scenery of Demel's sweet landscape. In the baroque opulence of the slightly run-down palaces that keep up an elegant front, like an attractive lady with an interesting if somewhat doubtful past. In the Vienna woods where you can hear some pretty tall tales. (Where else but in this waltz republic would the Minister of the Interior be forced to resign by his own party colleagues, whereupon thousands of secret files seem to have "disappeared" from the Ministry, many of them containing material about prominent citizens? Where else would a member of government be mentioned in connection with bombings in a neighboring country, and another member of government in connection with a "ten-year-old mystery"? Never a dull moment in this charming *Sachertorte* empire.)

Even in the melancholy, flat fields of the "puszta," from which one sees the

(*Continued on page* 114)

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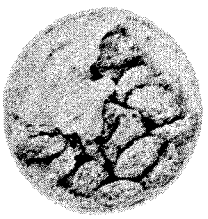
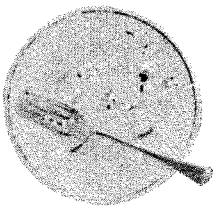
Don't come to Holland if you're just a nibbler.

If you love good food—and plenty of it—you'll have a ball in Holland. Land is so precious the Dutch are absolute wizards about keeping it extra-rich. As a result, carrots are tiny and candy-sweet, asparagus snow-white and remarkably tender, and the peaches and pears and grapes are huge and just bursting with juiciness. What's more, the milk is as rich as cream, the cream as heavy as butter, and the butter famous throughout the world. As for the beef, it's fine-grained, flavorful and always cut thick.

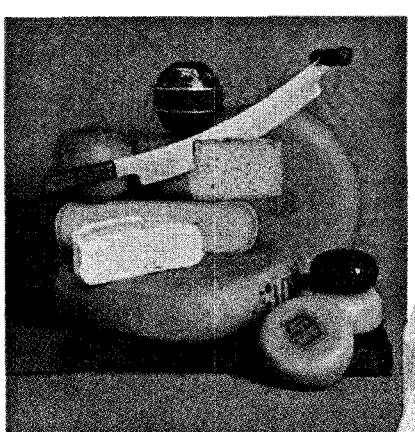


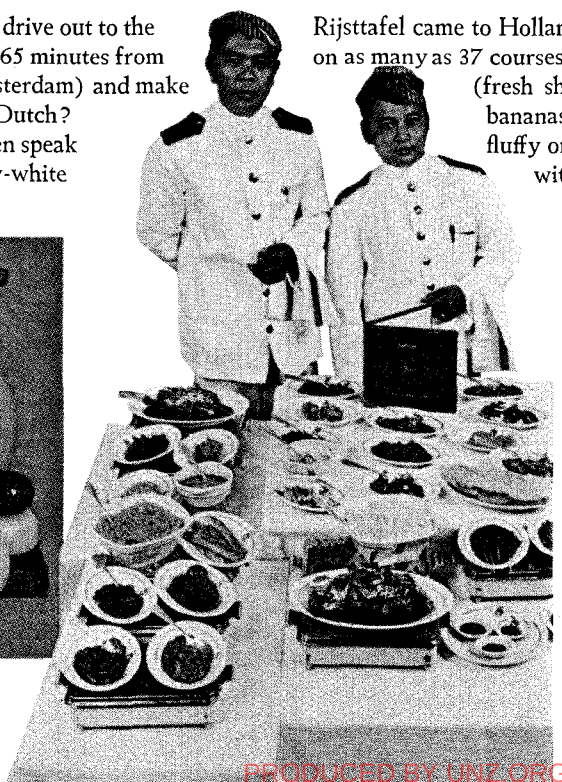


These are poffertjes, the delicious thing that happens when the Dutch make pancakes. Feather-light and rich with loads of butter and clouds of powdered sugar, they're still made on the same type of dimpled black griddle used 600 years ago. No waiting for seconds—the chef can turn over as many as 200 poffertjes a minute.

And that's a lot faster than you can make them disappear.

Rent a car for about $3.60 a day, drive out to the cheese auction at Alkmaar (only 65 minutes from Rotterdam, 30 minutes from Amsterdam) and make a few bids yourself. Don't speak Dutch? No problem—3 out of 4 Dutchmen speak English. Hint: ask for the creamy-white farmer's cheese from Friesland.





Rijsttafel came to Holland from Indonesia. For as little as $3.50 you can feast on as many as 37 courses including sates (skewer-broiled bits of meat), krupuk (fresh shrimp chips), chicken sauteed with rare herbs, fried bananas and coconut, chicken livers bathed in spicy sauce, fluffy omelets, fresh fruit in soy and honey, asparagus topped with peanuts and spices, pears baked with ginger and on and on and on. Planning to make Holland your first stop in Europe? You should. It's delicious.

Find out how a punctual, reliable KLM jet or luxurious Holland-America Line flagship can start you off on a better European Holiday by starting you in Holland, Europe's most hospitable entrance. Clip this coupon for a free, colorful copy of "Welcome To Holland."

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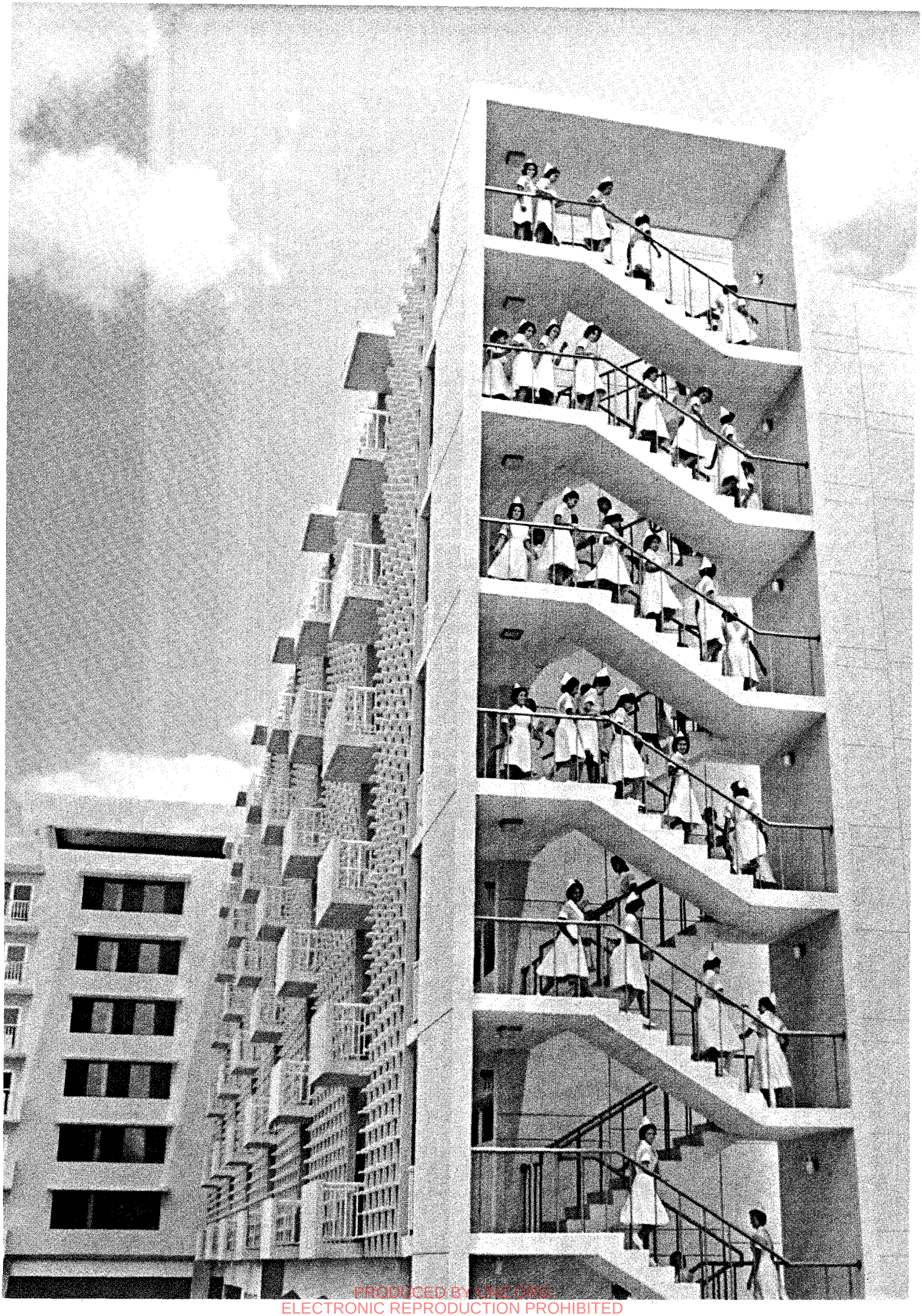

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Puerto Rico is now one of the healthiest countries on earth

Projects like this new $62 million medical center have helped raise average life expectancy to *seventy years*

WHEN those spruce young nurses in the picture were born, medical facilities in Puerto Rico were second-rate.

The average Puerto Rican existed on 31 cents a day, and was lucky if he lived to celebrate a 50th birthday.

Today, no other people in the Western Hemisphere have better health care—*or a higher life expectancy*. Incomes have soared, too. Average is now $830 per person per year, highest in Latin America.

The miracles of "Operation Bootstrap"

In the 1940's, the people of Puerto Rico launched a massive program of self-help, "Operation Bootstrap." Its major objective: to put an end to poverty, the root cause of ill health on the island.

Factories were built, and handsome incentives were offered to attract new industries. Slums were torn down, and fine modern houses went up in their place. As the country began to prosper, hospitals, schools and parks mushroomed throughout the island.

This new medical center is a proud example of the miracles worked under the impetus of "Operation Bootstrap."

Six hospitals in one

Facilities here are equal to any medical center in the world. On its 227 acres of grounds are three general hospitals, a long-term treatment clinic, a psychiatric hospital, and a nursing home.

Among them, they have more than three thousand beds, and are equipped to handle 16,000 operations and 87,000 emergency cases a year.

There are laboratories for research of every kind; an institute for advanced medical study; a rehabilitation center.

Nuclear age equipment

One building houses the most sophisticated equipment known today for treatment and diagnosis of cancer. It uses *cobalt energy*—and few other hospitals in the world are known to have it.

One of the finest medical schools

The Puerto Ricans have reason to be proud of one other feature of the new center: its School of Preventive Medicine and Public Health. This is one of the finest built in any country since the last war.

The school is staffed by specialists in almost every field of the profession. It will serve as a training ground for doctors and nurses throughout South America.

Remember when Puerto Rico was called "the poorhouse of the Caribbean"? Things have changed.

This is one of a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: send for illustrated report on productivity, profits and special incentives. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. C8N, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019.

← *The Nurses Dormitory of the new Medical Center of Puerto Rico.*

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"It seems likely that Turkey may be next in line for discovery . . ."

HOW TO BE OUTLANDISH

By PATRICIA BROOKS

Illustrations by Susan Perl

COMMUNICATION today being what it is, "in" places are telegraphed so fast that before you know it (or rather, right *after* you know it), they become so overcrowded, overpriced, and underserviced that they cease to be fun. (Classic case study: Capri some years back when you couldn't see the Blue Grotto for the other tourists photographing other tourists seeing the Blue Grotto.) If someone tells you about the most charming Mediterranean island where the inhabitants still wear their embroidered peasant blouses and dance the *tarantella* and pay homage to some ancient moon goddess on the 22nd of each month, and the prices are as unspoiled as the servants who think tips belong only to asparagus, *then* is the time to think seriously about going there yourself. If a second person within a month mentions the same idyllic island, then is the time to *stop thinking* and start making your plane reservations. If you don't act immediately, magazine articles in twenty different journals will appear before you know it and gossip columnists will be reporting it as the place where Elizabeth Burton and Richard Taylor go to get-away-from-it-all (taking it-all with them). But the final *coup de* country is when the Sunday paper's travel section features full-page ads inviting you to "discover Idyllic Island, mysterious, secluded island paradise, just half an hour by jet from all the capitals of Europe." So long, New Unspoiled Place, we've had you.

Finding places of interest in Europe that are still delightfully "out" gets harder and harder. Of course, it depends on your definition of "out." If you just want to be contrary, you can always spend the summer in St. Moritz and the winter in St. Tropez. But in a way you are missing the best of what each place has to offer. Of course, if you don't ski or swim, perhaps it doesn't matter all that much. Still, I can recall a dreary November day or two in Rimini on the Adriatic coast of Italy. In mid-July this resort town really jumps. But come autumn, most of the hotels close; those that remain open are, through some perverse Italian logic, the ones that are unheated. The better restaurants, bars, and other divertissements are long closed. It is reminiscent of Washington's Birthday on Nantucket.

The trick then, if you *really* seek attractive places that have not yet been overrun, is to find those that have somehow escaped detection. Considering the size of Europe in relation to the flood of American tourists there in recent years, this isn't so easy.

But despair not. Take, for instance, certain parts of Spain. Admittedly La Costa del Sol has been overrun by leggy Norwegians in bikinis (this is something to *avoid*?), but there is *another* coast. (You can, of course, go further south to Gibraltar, for there is little danger of The Rock ever being "in." It doesn't take long for the sight of the monkeys scampering over the rocks to pall—say ten minutes?—and then what

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have you? Well, to be precise, you have the playground of Her Majesty's Colonial Service, Retired, where everybody looks like apprentice Margaret Rutherfords or a casting call at Boulting Brothers Studio, and where the hit song of the year—pick a year—is "In a Little Spanish Town dum dum de dum dum . . . ")

No, the coast I had in mind is Spain's northern coast, where spectacular scenery combines with great swimming, charming villages tucked into emerald hills, the greatest cuisine in the country (dependent on all kinds of exotic and delicious sea creatures unknown to Americans), and an unhurried (shall we be candid and say pokey?) atmosphere. From Santiago de Compostela, that medieval masterpiece on the northwest coast over to the Victorian resort of Santander, it is a terrain full of surprises.

It is, of course, no surprise to Spaniards, who spend their summers on the splendid beaches and in the coastal fishing villages. But they have done a fine job of keeping the coast a secret from tourists. Frenchmen appear now and then (the Spanish say that French tourists have a nose for inexpensive, attractive digs), following the medieval pilgrims' route from France to St. James's shrine at Santiago. Even so, the area is relatively unexplored and all but unexploited.

Rich as Spain is in undetected treasures, there *are* other "out" places elsewhere, too. As well combed as France has become in the past fifteen years, there are still certain regions that are not as fully enjoyed as they might be by foreigners (for which the French, of course, are everlastingly grateful). One such is Provence. Though known far and wide, thanks to that painter with the missing ear, it is still a glorious area for autumn roaming, when the colors of the changing leaves seem to burst right out of the countryside at you (stand back). It is possible to "discover" twelfth-century monasteries turned into twentieth-century inns-*cum*-swimming pools, good restaurants by the score, seemingly in the middle of nowhere, and a landscape salted with châteaux and beautiful old manor-type farmhouses.

As far as French cities go, none is probably as underappreciated as Marseilles. Its reputation as a rough, tough, Bogartian sailors' haven has probably scared off many Americans. Yet it is quite a magnificent city in its 2,500-year-old way. The beaches are good and are trafficked only by the French, the sweep of the *corniche* as viewed from a distance is breathtaking, and the city skyline itself has the excitement of modernity blended with antiquity. But the real base of Marseilles is the famed fish stew, bouillabaisse. This succulent French

(*Continued on page* 111)

Marseilles—"Its reputation as a rough, tough, Bogartian sailors' haven has probably scared off many Americans. . . ."

Genoa—"The city has a unique cuisine worthy of wider recognition. . . ."

"If you just want to be contrary, you can always spend the summer in St. Moritz and the winter in St. Tropez. . . ."

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—*James Egan.*

A PRIVATE SEACOAST IN ITALY

An Explorer in the Cinque Terre

By JAMES EGAN

NOT LONG AGO a tall Italian shipping executive leaned toward me across a restaurant table in New York and dropped his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "Tell me just one thing," he said. "Where did you find out about the Cinque Terre?"

It was a fair question. The Italians are still in firm possession of the Cinque Terre, the Five Lands—a ten-mile stretch of precipitous coast at the lower end of the Italian Riviera. And although a handful of French, British, and German vacationers have established a beachhead, Americans are almost as scarce as when Columbus first left Genoa, about sixty miles up the coast. I found out about the Cinque Terre, in fact, by way of an artist from Milan, who told a knowledgeable woman traveler from London, who wrote me: "If you are looking for a reasonably empty rock beside the Mediterranean where you can sit in peace on your balcony, go to the Cinque Terre now—before the region turns into a string of Portofinos."

The five villages of the Cinque Terre cling like barnacles to the rocky coast: from northwest to southeast, Monterosso, Vernazza, Corniglia, Manarola, and Riomaggiore. They are as different as one can imagine from the somewhat honky-tonk neighboring Italian Riviera resorts. In the Cinque Terre, the bleat of tourist-bus horns is unknown; no Fiats squeal around corners; not even a Vespa

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pollutes the rosemary-scented air of the mountain paths. For although Italy's Chamber of Deputies has squabbled twenty years over putting a coastal road through the Cinque Terre, the road is not yet built. "The rock is *saponaria*—soapy—and that makes road building difficult," a hotelman at the nearby resort of Lévanto told me. "Only the first link is finished—from La Spezia to Riomaggiore. But in five years the road will come through. The *milanesi* capitalists have already bought up the land. One day we will have here what you call a boom." He seemed torn between avarice and cupidity.

In the meantime, the motorist must leave his car behind and penetrate the Cinque Terre by excursion boat, footpath, or local train. The main Rome-Genoa railway line bores through a series of tunnels in the mountains along the coast. At each of the five towns the train pops out of a tunnel only long enough for passengers to blink in the sun and catch a glimpse of thirteenth-century houses tumbling down to the sea.

On my first visit to the Cinque Terre, in late summer, I descended from the local train at Vernazza, which was to be my base. It is the most picturesque of the villages—a finger of rock thrust into the sea. On one side of the fingertip lies a tiny harbor with a mole and a waterfront piazza; on the other lies a black shale beach. The village houses are piled up helter-skelter on the rock like a child's building blocks. A single street runs down through the middle to the piazza, and one reaches the houses by a rabbit's warren of steps and alleys hewn out of the rock itself. Above the town loom mountains terraced with vineyards.

There were then no *pensione* in Vernazza—Monterosso is the only one of the five towns with regular hotel accommodations—so I had rented an apartment from a plump, bespectacled Genoese intellectual, an engineer by training, a play director by profession, and unofficial mayor of Vernazza by avocation. "Everyone here calls me the *Ingegnere*," he said in Italianate French. "But I am a bad engineer. I do better with Brecht." He showed me the apartment, one of four he had converted from medieval stone houses perched high on the sheer rock face overlooking the beach and the sea. "If you want anything, run down to the Piazza and ask for the *Ingegnere*." I had just climbed sixty-seven steps to the apartment. I wanted nothing. The *Ingegnere* had done up the one-room balcony-and-bath apartment in great style: whitewashed walls and a fireplace, Italian antiques, including a carved sixteenth-century pew, a four-foot wooden angel, and Venetian gondola lamps. Up through the brick floor came an outcropping of native rock supporting a three-inch slab of pine for a table, flanked by a working propane-gas stove and a marble sink. The performance of the plumbing was, in theater terms, adequate.

Vernazza—population 1,000—provides two *trattorie*, a *pizzeria* up an alley, an al fresco bar atop the rock, two grocery stores, two fruit-and-vegetable stores, a milk-and-cheese store, a butcher shop, a bakery, a pharmacy, one barber, one doctor, one studio with resident sculptor, and a stationery store that sells tobacco, salt, souvenirs, and Italian newspapers of the Left, Right, and in between. There is one telephone in town, in the baker's shop. The baker closes up once he sells his fresh-baked bread in the morning. After that I had to rouse him out of his upstairs apartment when I wanted to telephone. It took approximately three hours to put a call through to Rome. Telegrams took considerably longer. I commented to the baker that twenty-four hours seemed excessive for a telegram to arrive from La Spézia, twenty minutes away by train. (It had been marked *Urgentissimo*.) He rolled up his eyes. "*La grand' Italia*," he said.

Life in Vernazza moves in a slow swirl about the piazza. Surrounding the square on three sides are five-story houses painted terra cotta, pink, buff; from the windows women shout to Sera-*fee*-na or Angio-*lee*-na as they hang out an astounding collection of pop-art laundry. In the middle of the piazza stand fishing boats drawn up in rows. Children dart between them like minnows. Along the waterfront, idlers sit on benches beneath feathery green sea pines; but one tree is sere and brown. "The old men always sit under that tree," a buxom young Vernazzesa told me solemnly. "They spit and destroy its life."

From the Romanesque-Gothic church at one end of the piazza, old women in rusty black emerge gossiping after vespers. Unhappily, the medieval stonework of the church's campanile was cemented over through the beneficence of a native son returned from America. "But now there is a bill in the Chamber to make Vernazza a national monument," the *Ingegnere* said to me one day, "and the church will be restored." He has done some restoring around town himself. "Whenever I get a little money, I persuade the house owners to let me scratch off the cement. We find the old stone underneath." He showed me two fine thirteenth-century arched façades he had uncovered on the piazza, and, in a back alley, old shop fronts with huge stone lintels and stone counters like those in Pompeii. "When I found my first Gothic arch my heart beat in double time. In the Middle Ages, Vernazza must have been a black town—the natural basalt rock. A good color for the stronghold of Genoese pirates." (From the twelfth century on, the Genoese Republic held all the Cinque Terre.)

Vernazza's secular center, at the opposite end of the piazza from the church, is the *Trattoria Franzi*. It is housed in a thirteenth-century wine cellar, and its open-air café spills over the square. Franzi, a man with a quick step and a lively eye, is something of a village entrepreneur: if you want a room he finds it; if you need a typewriter he rents it in La Spézia; and his restaurant serves as an exchange bureau and mail drop for foreigners. Franzi's mother is the town mail carrier—a spry woman with iron legs who climbs hundreds of steps a day

(*Continued on page* 104)

—*James Egan.*

Vernazza—"A single street runs through the middle down to the piazza, and one reaches the houses by a rabbit's warren of steps. . . ."

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A MICHELIN FOR MUSEUMS

By GEORGE R. MAREK

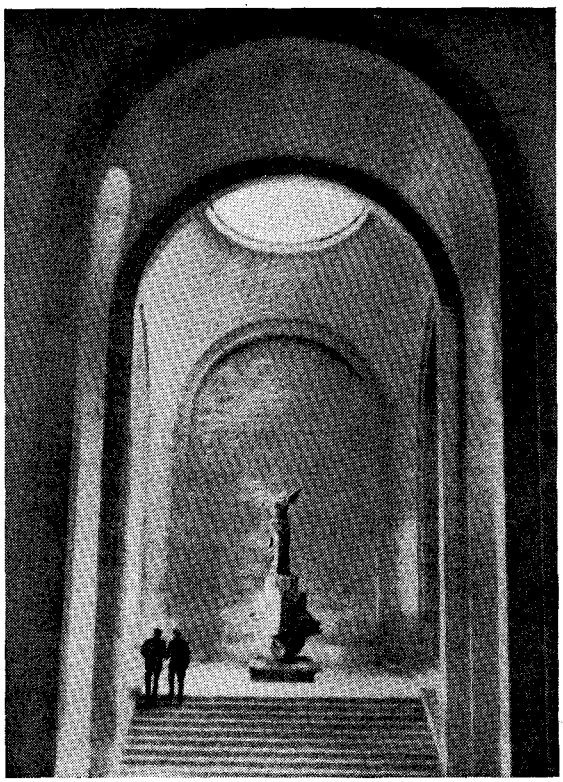
ALL THANKS to the crossed forks of the *Guide Michelin*! With this bit of heraldry one finds the good, better, and best meal (are there any bad ones in France?), the *prix raisonable*, and the restaurant *trés cher*. One can in short, unfold one's napkin with confidence. Thanks as well to the star-system of old Baedeker and *The Blue Guide*. Though occasionally confusing and as full of illegible print as a government contract, these books help the tourist steer his course toward the stellar works of art.

But something else is needed if we are really to enjoy ourselves in the museum or benefit by a visit to a church. What we need is a guide for museums and galleries that grades them according to how well or badly they display their treasures. The scholar needs to see everything in his field, the "passionate sightseer" (as Berenson described himself) wants to snoop everywhere. But the more or less casual tourist? What good is it to him to be told that in Room 12 there is a famous Raphael, if Room 12 is dark, if the Raphael is hung so that only by climbing a ladder (which isn't there) could he manage to see it at all; and if in addition the picture is obscured by the dust of decades and by layers of barbarous varnish? Of what avail is a walk to Santa Maria sopra Minerva in Rome (other than seeing the enchanting square in front of the church) if once arrived one must cope with the Michelangelo Christ so plunged in obscurity that one needs cat's eyes to descry its shape?

The rating system we need would take into account not only the quality of a museum's art but also the skill and sense used in showing its art and the thought given to the comfort of the traveler. How is the ventilation? Is there elevator service? Is there light and at what hours is the light best? Are palatable refreshments served? Are the guards courteous or surly and do they speak at least a little "museum English"? What kind of catalogue or guidebook is available?

Under this rating system, the Prado of Madrid, which contains possibly the most exciting, aristocratic, and variegated collection of masterpieces of any large museum in Europe, would barely get a passing grade. For the Prado is so miserably lighted that even those of us with 20-20 vision can hardly squint through the gloom. The pictures are only half visible; only in the morning is the light even possible. And that in a country where sunlight is the most abundant commodity! The little guidebook published by the Prado, though well-intentioned, is an example of fatuous pedantry, written in an English we might call "ministrese." (Somebody writes it who knows somebody in the ministry. He must know somebody—it's a sure bet he doesn't know English.) Thus we are informed, in reading about eighteenth-century art, that "Art, which had reached such a high level in earlier periods, was not sunk in veritable prostration, owing to preciosity . . .," etc., etc.

To be sure, the large European museums have their problems. They are housed in palaces that were not built for serving as a public gallery, and they often have to operate on miserly state budgets. The larger the museum, the more severe the problem, particularly when it tries to show all of its treasures, treasures which have accumulated over the centuries. Still, there is no reason why the Louvre, for example, should be as bad as it is.



—Jean Mounicq (Pix).

The Louvre is dirty, carelessly run, and uncomfortable. Moreover, many of the pictures are in a shocking state of neglect. Paris has done wonders in cleaning up its buildings and presenting to the astonished eyes of Parisians and visitors the warm, rich ochre stone of the original façades. It has done wonders in highlighting the most beautiful buildings of the *Marais* district; a walk at night there is a marvelously rewarding experience. Next, the clean-up brigade and the lighting experts ought to enter the Louvre. Yet—and here is the contradiction—the Jeu de Paume, which is a department of the Louvre housing the impressionists, is superb. It is one of the most exciting museums in

(*Continued on page* 98)

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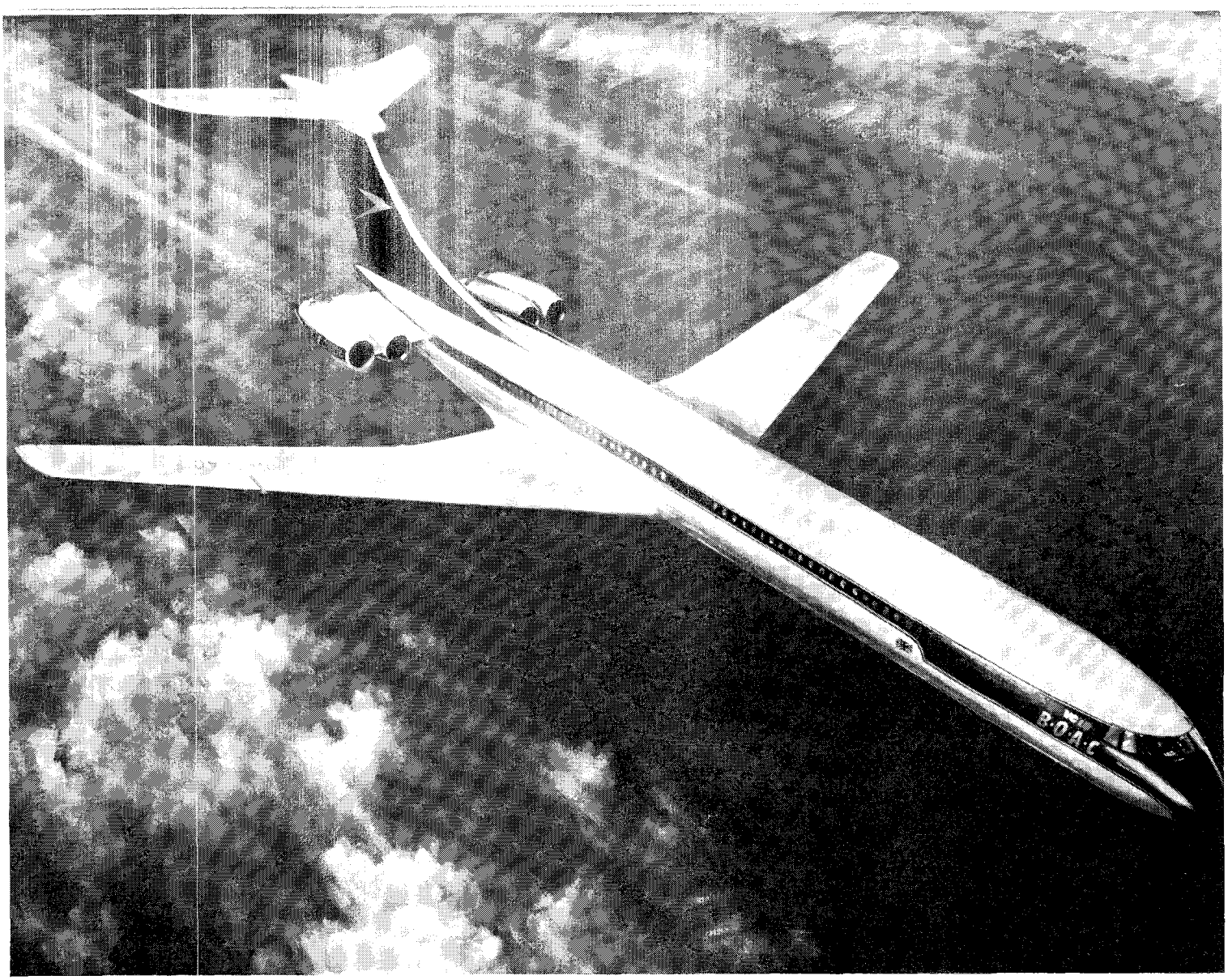

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Fly the BOAC Super VC 10 to London and Bermuda from New York. Or, if you live in San Francisco, you can take it direct to London via New York. It starts flying from both places on April 2 and costs you no more than on ordinary jets. And don't forget: the nicest thing about flying BOAC is still our people. Our warm, friendly, incredibly courteous people. Once you fly with us, you'll know what we mean.

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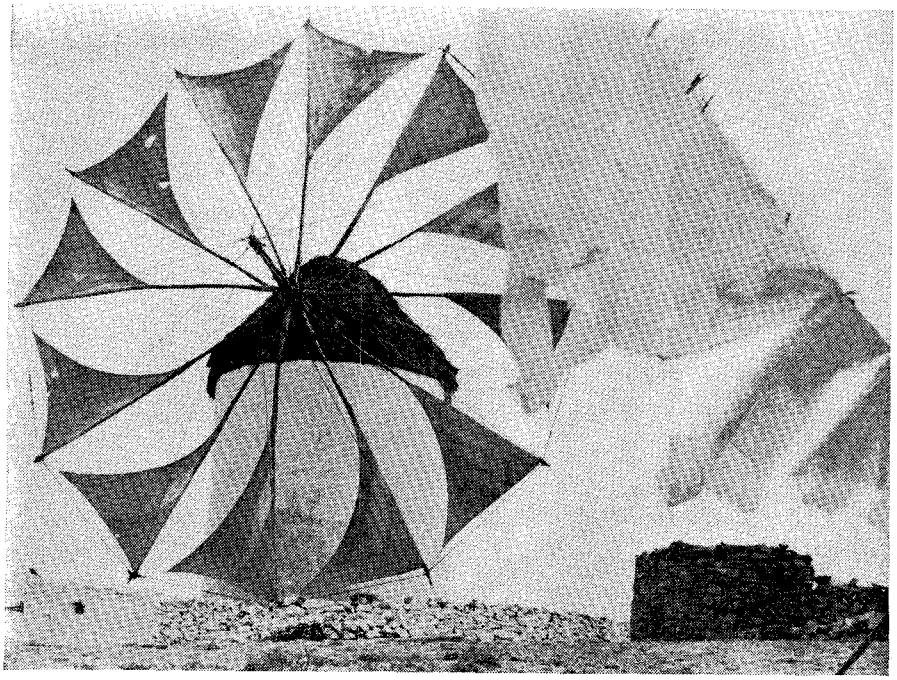
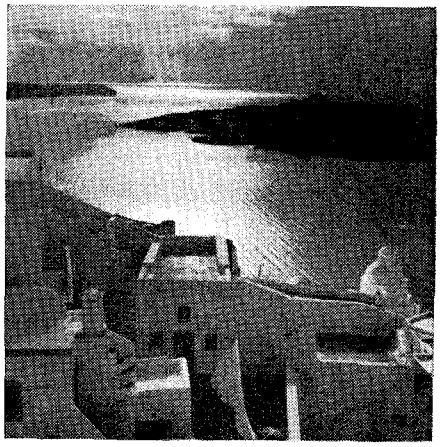


—Hanig.

—Hanig.

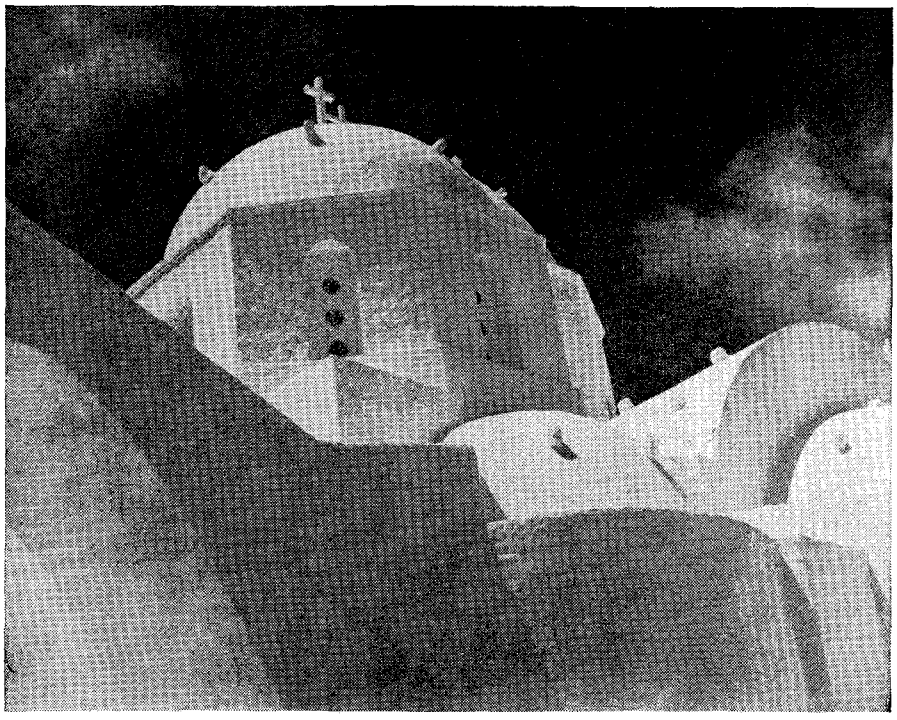
THE GREEK ISLANDS

NO STRING of islands in recent times has so captured the fancy of travelers as the isles of Greece. And few books have so successfully captured their mystique as a thin picture book called *The Greek Islands* recently published by Hill and Wang. "Each island is more beautiful than the last," says Johannes Gaitanides in the brief text. "There are so many temptations everywhere it would be an unforgivable sin to pass one by merely because it was not part of an original itinerary." Visited here are the windmills of Mykonos, above; a narrow street on the same island, upper right; Santorin and its crater, right; a man of the Cyclades, left corner; and Santorin's Church of the Holy Cross, lower right.



—Gollwitzer.

—Boubat (Réalités).



—Viollon.

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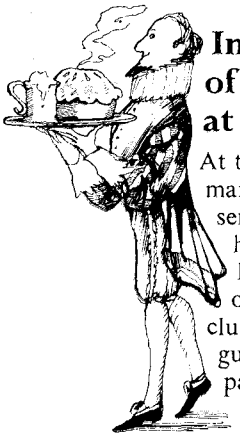
Some of Europe's most European hotels are called Hilton



In London, have a tankard of ale with steak & kidney pie at a famous English tavern.

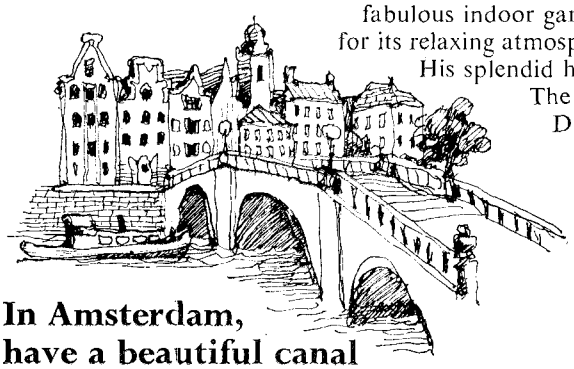
At the London Hilton in Park Lane, manager Louis Blouet will have his chef serve you this traditional British dish in his famous London Tavern. Louis also has a superb *international* restaurant overlooking Hyde Park, a roof-top supper club with a 30-mile view . . . and sumptuous guest rooms a few minutes from London's parks, palaces, theatres and tailors.

London Hilton

In Rotterdam, dine in a winter garden filled with flowers.

At the Rotterdam Hilton, manager Willem Sprokkreeff's fabulous indoor garden restaurant, Le Jardin, is famous for its relaxing atmosphere . . . for its gourmet dishes, too. His splendid hotel is right at the heart of the city. The decor and atmosphere are typically Dutch; the comforts typically Hilton.

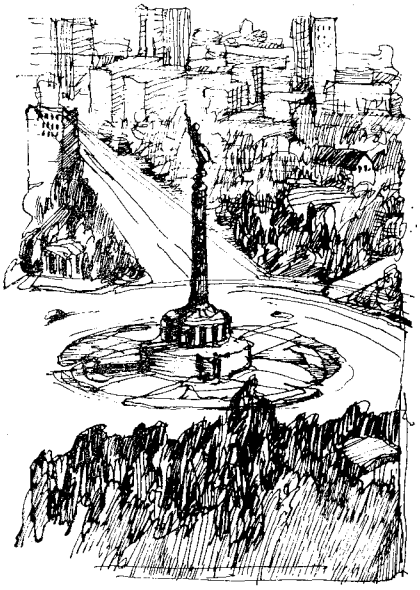
Rotterdam Hilton



In Amsterdam, have a beautiful canal right on your doorstep.

At the Amsterdam Hilton, manager Ralph Starke has one of the city's sparkling canals right outside the hotel door. Inside, he has delicious Dutch seafood in the New Amsterdam Grill, French cuisine and dance music in the Diamond Room . . . and charming accommodations near everything the city has to offer.

Amsterdam Hilton



In Berlin, have a view of the city like no other in town.

At the Berlin Hilton, manager Klaus Winkler likes to be in the thick of things. So a lot of what happens in Berlin happens right there. You'll find cosmopolitan excitement in his Golden City Bar, in his excellent restaurants . . . in his roof-top terrace, too. And you'll be a few steps from the Tiergarten, two blocks from the Kurfuerstendamm.

Berlin Hilton

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—Silberstein (Monkmeyer).

Dancing the Sardana—"so complex that the participants in the circle count as they dance."

The Curious Catalonians

By ROBERT JAY MISCH

I WAS SITTING in the Guria, one of Barcelona's smartest restaurants, on my first night in town when, long before the snails arrived, my young Catalán friend turned to me and said, "At least we've gotten rid of the vermin! The only filth we get here now is what is brought in by your Paris *Herald* and the *New York Times*."

It reminded me of that tired wheeze about the bridegroom who spanks his wife on their honeymoon and says, "That's just a warning. That's for doing nothing."

I hadn't been in Barcelona six hours and I found myself caught up in the ancient ferment of Catalonia. "Certainly we'll have a monarchy once Franco is gone," my friend continued. "It will probably be one of the Dons, but what I'd like to know is why Franco can't found his own dynasty. Why not? Kings all had to start somewhere, didn't they? Why not let Franco's descendants be our new royal family?" He had me there. Why not?

The next day I had lunch with another man at a marvelous fish restaurant on Las Ramblas, Barcelona's old crooked boulevard. It was the *angulas* season and one could feast on unborn eels, served like spaghetti, a dish not for the squeamish but delicious.

"Don't you believe it! Catalonia is republican," said a new friend as the eels arrived. "Certainly some of the very wealthy might welcome a monarchy because they like titles, and hate to pay taxes to use them, and because they want power against the strong unions here in Barcelona."

"How about the old Catalonian irredentist movement—any of that still going on?" I asked.

"Certainly," he said, "and there always will be. Catalonia will never forget its independent past, its French and continental orientation, its language and culture, its hatred of Madrid and the kings of Castile, its comparative wealth and modernity compared to Spain proper's poverty, drought, and feudalism. But if there is one thing a Catalán likes even above independence, it is money."

The average Spaniard is supposed to disdain money (though I've never exactly noticed it), but in Catalonia one finds that God and mammon are rolled into one. And as long as Spain is Catalonia's prime market, and economic ties really bind, just so long the *mariage de convenance* will continue in effect.

Catalonia stretches from the French border, along the Mediterranean, the Costa Brava, to the great city of Barcelona and a little beyond, and westward to the Ebro River. It includes the four provinces of Barcelona—Tarragona, Lérida, and Gerona—and until 1714, when it was forcefully incorporated into the Spanish unitarian state, it also included part of France, the Pyrénées to Perpignan, and as far at Toulouse; the Balearic Islands, Valencia to Alicante, Andorra and Alghero in Sardinia. At its height Catalonia represented a fourth of all the territory of Spain and nearly a third of its people. Originally called Marca Hispanica, Catalonia was the buffer between the Franks and Moslems and became great in the twelfth century under Ramon Berenguer IV when he united Catalonia and Aragon.

The Catalán language is a separate and distinct tongue, not a dialect. It is Latin in its roots and derives from the French province of Languedoc. It is short and clipped. There is no "o." "Perro" in Spanish becomes "Perr."

Catalonia had, and still has, its own culture, composing its music, art, literature, traditions. It was a wealthy trading and maritime nation when southern and central Spain including Madrid, were poor, parched, and agricultural. Catalán ships sailed the Mediterranean as far as Greece, Asia Minor, North Africa.

The downfall began with Fernando I of Antiquera, who succeeded Martin the Humane, the last Catalonia monarch, in 1410. It was Fernando's son, Fernando of Aragon, who married Isabel de Castilla, an event that was fatal for Catalonia but splendid for the discovery of a new world. Columbus, the mariner whom Isabella grub-staked, is believed by some to have been a Catalán Jew.

From the fifteenth century, Catalonia had its recessions and expansions, wars and feuds, primarily with the Castilian kings of Madrid. Finally, in 1931, Francisco Macia, fiery Catalán leader, signed a sort of "home rule" agreement with the recently constituted Spanish Republic, at San Sebastian. Catalonia accepted local autonomy as a symbol, to be followed by complete freedom within an Iberian union. This was never achieved. The rest of Spain found the loss of its plum province unsupportable. While a plebiscite went overwhelmingly for total independence and the Cortes in Madrid approved 100 per cent, a second Cortes rescinded the vote and made Catalonia a state of the federal Spanish Republic.

The years of the Spanish Civil War are bloody, confused, misunderstood. They were neither years of embattled workers bravely fighting Fascist legions, nor of Communists pillaging and murdering, but perhaps a little of both.

At first the Civil War was a military mutiny, backed by the aristocracy and

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lie. It is worth a little effort to run down villages dubbed Totterdown, Land of Nod, Wendens Ambo, Christmas Pie, Tom's-by-the-Woods, Helion Bumstead, and Lurking Hope.

Among the notches on our steering wheel are Great Snoring in East Anglia, and in the Cotswolds the lovely hamlets of Slaughter—Upper and Lower—and the three Swells—Upper, Lower, and Nether. (Upper is the beauty; Nether is only a manor house; Lower has the homelike Farm House Hotel, where an English matron conjures up a good home-cooked meal.) Weary-All Hill was another achievement, but in much-touristed Glastonbury it hardly counts as a triumph.

The curious appellation is only half, and the lesser half, of the pleasure of discovery. The more delicious part is the way the English pronounce their home-sweet-homes.

In the Cotswolds we asked a shepherd if we were on the right road for Snowshill. He had nur earn o't. But we found it. It is called Snozzle. The map shows that the nearby hill is Snowshill Hill. Pursuing this clue, we learned that the natives call it Snozzle'l. You see what happened in remote unlettered days, and lives on? Snow's Hill got eroded to Snozzle. A new generation asked itself why it wasn't called Snozzle Hill, the mound being its outstanding feature. So they renamed it Snozzle Hill. In time this got worn down to Snozzle'l. A newer generation will call it Snozzle'l Hill, which will crumble to Snozzle'l'l. One hesitates to peer further into the future.

Shakespeare probably knew the place as Snozzle. In *King Henry IV*, Part 2, he mentions Woncot village in Gloucestershire. You won't find it on the map, but you will find Woodmancote.

Cornwall is far from the Cotswolds, and different, and it even refuses to consider itself English. There they have the cutest place with the cutest name—Mousehole. You'd think no one would tamper with that. But half the population calls it Moozle, and the other half Mewzle. In Sussex, Bosham is Bos'm. Olney, the famous pancake-race town, is Ooney.

In London the taxi drivers subject names to the same wear and tear. Your man, pointing out objects of tourist interest, will show you Mobblotch, Spaws, the Ahzes of Pahment, and the Tah. It is as if New Yorkers had reduced Brooklyn Heights to Blintz. And, after all, why not?

On the Welsh border we crossed the breadloaf hill called The Longmynd (Minned), and passing the Stiperstones found ourselves in a village proclaiming itself to be Ratlinghope. Innocently we climbed out for a stretch, a breath of Shropshire (Salops) air, and bumpers of Welsh ale. To break the awkward silence the advent of strangers produces in remote country parts I said to the tavern keeper, "Pleasant village, this. How are things in Ratlinghope?"

"Rattling what?"

"Ratlinghope." I indicated the road sign.

"Nur ear o't place," he muttered, polishing a spigot. "Any o' you lads?"

Chorus of negative grunts from two elderly lads and a kibitzer bent over shove ha'penny.

"What be name o't village then?" asked Sylvia, who is quick at catching on to dialects.

"Rattrup, ur be."

Later, on that run to Dollywaggon Pike, we found ourselves in a lush green valley by a tumbling stream under romantic Pendragon Castle. Legend, that engaging liar, says it was build by King Arthur's father, Uther Pendragon. Here nestles the village of Mallerstang. A name with a fine ring, you say—steel clashing on steel! Wary by now, we asked the Oldest Inhabitant—there's usually one lurk-hoping about—what the place was called.

"Iz be Mors'n."

"Be Mors'n? "Mallerstang be Mors'n?"

"Aye, be Mors'n."

"Where be they bury rest o' name?"

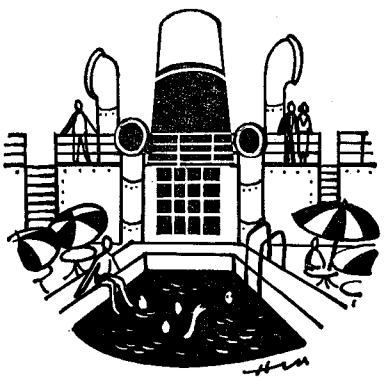
"Bury? Churchyard be—"

Churchyard be blowed.

The scene changes to Norfolk, where, in the lavender country, Snettisham village lies not far from Sandringham Hall, country home of the royal family. Have you ever heard that the lady who is now Elizabeth II was a giggler? I will lay you what you like (and let the royal equerry hold the stakes) that when as a girl she first learned that Snettisham is pronounced Sneez'm, she—giggled.

And there's Sevenoaks, a sturdy yeomanish name. About thirty-five years ago, when I first visited it, it was a royal-oaky village. It has since grown and degenerated into a London suburban dormitory town, an English Westport, Connecticut. Those yeomen had run the name down to Sennocks. Far from being able to restore the name as spelt, the dormitory element is fighting to keep it from becoming Snooks.

The denizens of Slaithwaite, Yoiks—poddon, Yorks—in the Colne Valley on the edge of the moors and the Brontë country, call their huddle of cottages Slowitt. Hard by is the Den of the Dragon of Wharncliffe. The dragon is no more. He died when Wharncliffe became Wantley. In the same Riding the Duke of Rutland's Belvoir Castle, a visitable Stately Home known as "the lordliest place in England after Windsor Castle" is pronounced "Beaver."



As for Windsor Castle, it hasn't yet become Winkle. And to be fair it must be admitted that the people of Wiltshire who call Hardenhuish Harnish or Harnsh have a case.

But to return to Barton-in-the-Beans. Research suggests that thirty or so years ago it was called Barton-le-Beans. The *le* points toward the Norman Conquest. What happened to provoke this late reform? Did the villeins revolt against the bad grammar of singular article tied to plural noun? The 160 villagers must have split into factions. "Why not Barton-*les*-Beans?" cried the Liberals. The Radicals staged a sit-down on the village green, waving signs: "Go the whole hog and call it Barton-les-Haricots-Verts!"

A compromise was reached.

Can you imagine living without strain in a place called Barton-in-the-Beans? A brash American tourist is bound to come by, and leaning out of his car, bawl at a commorant in the ingratiating way some of us have: "Hey, doc, what's-a-name-a-this-place?"

"Barton-in-the-Beans."

"Barton-in-the-what?"

Defiantly: "In-the-Beans!"

"Beans? You sure? Hear that, Molly? Boy, is that one for the book!"

"Looks like Barton-in-the-Soup to me," says Molly in a deep contralto.

From the yokel—no, local—point of view, an uncomfortable situation. Here's a people eternally on the defensive against the expected guffaw, the ribald comment, the curled lip, the overt sneer; brought to despise their ancestors for fastening such a label on their Barton. The children pleading with Dad and Mum to tell them *Why?* The villagers unable to shuck the moss-grown 900-years'-old name—equally unable to move to a locality with a comelier cognomen, such as Furtherfits, Jollyboys, Pratt's Bottom, Elmer's End, Bachelor's Bump. . . .

The man who knows the why and wherefore must surely be the parish vicar. He is a mild, abstracted, silver-haired old gentleman with the washed-out blue eyes of one who has spent them on the fine print of antiquarian studies more than on the message of the heavens. He has written a monograph: "The Brasses of St. Cuthbert's and St. Jude's Parish Church, Barton-in-the-Beans, Leics. Privately Printed."

I must get to him. For when I find out the why of Barton-in-the-Beans, then at last I will know England.

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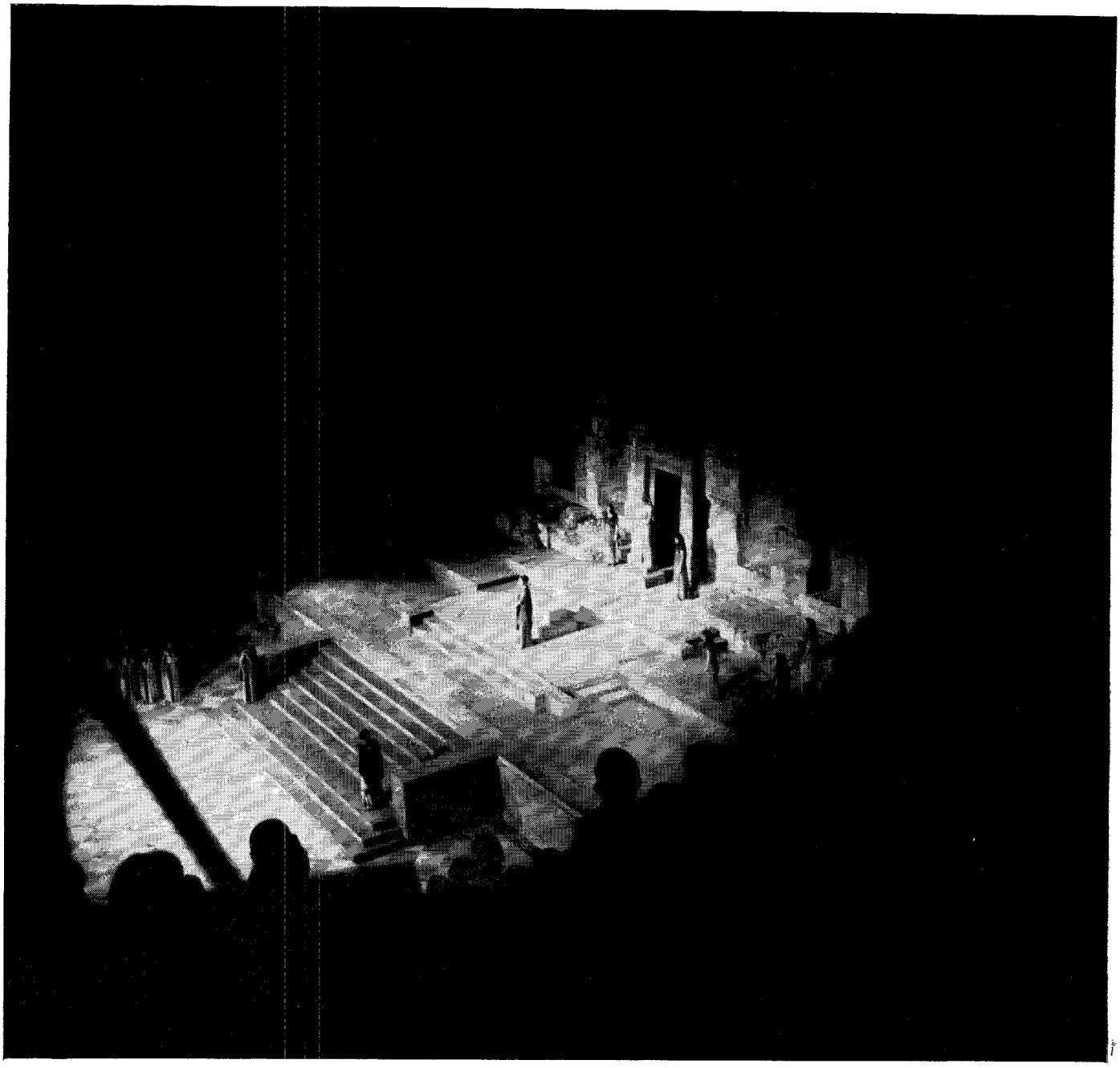

Life in Greece is lots of fun, but on stage it can get pretty dramatic.

Especially if your name is Oedipus. And you're up against some whim of the gods. Or even if your name's Agamemnon. And you're simply up against the whims of your wife.

When you come to Athens this year, expect drama. Lots of drama. Sophocles. Aeschylus, Euripides. You can watch everything unfold at the Epidavros, Dodoni or Philippi Festivals or the Athens Herodes Atticus Theatre. (Incidentally these famed, open-air theatres offer unforgettable views. Go to the theatre on a summer evening. You can see the Parthenon and the Temple of Athena Nike floating on the very summit of the Acropolis.)

What else can you do in Greece? Plenty. Swim in the radiant blue Aegean. Explore lush, green islands in the Ionian. You can play roulette with millionaires in Corfu. Or simply sit down and enjoy the least expensive and some of the most original and tasty food in all Europe.

For more information on the many pleasures of Greece, write: National Tourist Organization of Greece, 601 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10017. Or just see your Travel Agent.

GREECE

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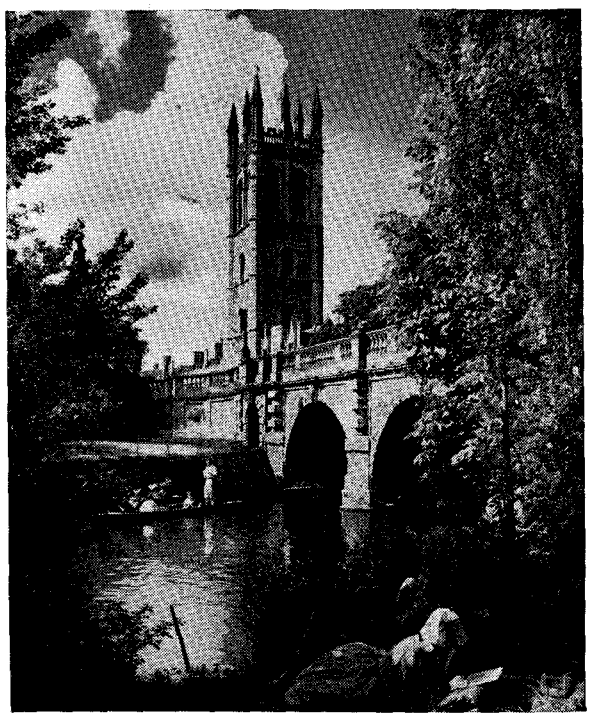
FROM GUZZLE DOWN



—*British Travel Association.*

TO THE TAH

By LAWRENCE MARTIN

A VILLAGE my wife and I have marked down for our next trip to England is Barton-in-the-Beans. It's in Leicester, surrounded by history if not, as the name promises, by beans. Two miles from it is Market Bosworth and that Bosworth Field where, in the second period of the Wars of the Roses, Richard III was so anxious to trade his kingdom for a horse and died of failure to find a buyer.

Young Sam Johnson taught school in Market Bosworth. His home was a few miles away, in Lichfield where the "Lady of English Cathedrals" asks to be seen. On another side is Nuneaton and the George Eliot country—but who reads her any more? Nearby, too, is Birmingham, a kind of Detroit, and Arnold Bennett's Five Towns. More appealing is the nearness of Ashby de la Zouch, a name railway conductors aspire to shout.

Ashby de la Zouch! It reminds me that I want to write about the curious names and more curious pronunciations with which "every shires end of Engelonde" (to borrow a phrase from the fourteenth century) is embellished. The English language, U and non-U, and the place names, are not the least fun of gadding about the sceptered isle.

In the U.S., to counter the boredom of the ruler-straight road and the prairie ahead and on both sides, the motorist and his back-seat drivers invent license-plate games. England has fewer such roads and landscapes than a three-toed sloth has toes. If your ambition is to see England you meander with the rural lanes. You round the shoulder of a hill, and there is a finger-sign pointing to—what's it say?—Careless End. A few miles farther on, or the next day, you encounter Buttertubs or Pity Me. And you begin the English game: collecting odd names.

My vivid recollections of the Lake District are not of Wordsworth and the morals he discovered under every stone, but of such signs and the places they enticed me to. "This Is the Wettest Spot in All England!" one proclaimed with pride, and another: "Dollywaggon Pike." That one I pursued. No dollywagon is there, but a Pike with a panorama fit to make baby sit up and gurgle.

Such names are a delight and a provocation. Another such is Guzzle Down.

In Exeter, Sylvia and I and two English friends saw a sign in the window of Watty's Delicatessen: "Box Lunches Put Up." We went in and ordered. Mr. Watty cried: "Stop! Put up lunches? Such things I don't do!" We took him by the arm, propelled him outside, and pointed his nose signward. "Dear me!" he said. "I meant to take that down years ago." We threatened the police for breach of contract.

So now as we motored toward Torquay along the south Devon coast with four Watty lunches we debated where to picnic. Reggie looked up from the road map: "There's a Guzzle Down ahead! The fated spot!" But we never found it. We went through it, circled it, parked on it, but were totally unable to identify it.

This will happen; it should not dishearten. It only lends zest to the sport of pursuing the cockeyed name and its garbled pronunciation. These tiny hamlets—and they are the ones with the fantastic monickers—are shy, well tucked away. But they *must* be there. The guidebooks may know them not, but Her Majesty's Ordnance Maps do not

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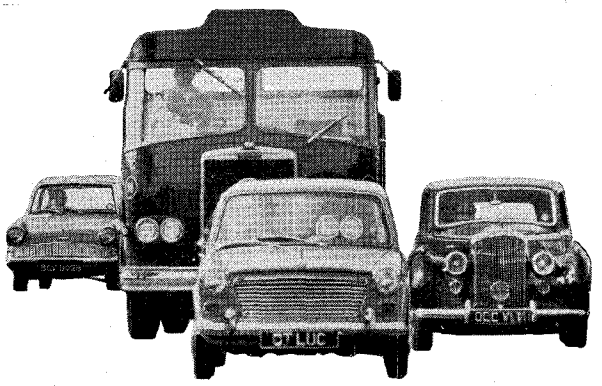
Two came to Britain...
how far did they get for $30?

J.J. hired a car. Just for a couple of days. Cost $8.40 down, plus 10 cents a mile.



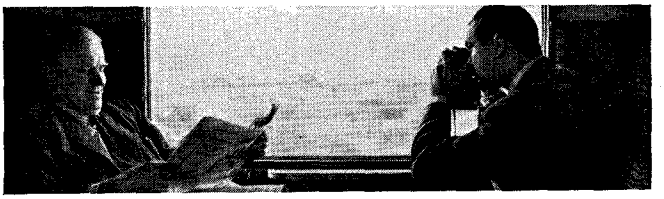
It was a very *small* car. Un-American. With strange shift gears and right-hand drive. And the English roads didn't help much, either! Narrow things, most of them . . . all meandering and quaint. His progress was solemn.

Still, he eventually made it to Stratford-upon-Avon. And back. A modest 220 miles all told. And his $30 was up!

T.T. spent his $30 before he left home.

He spent them with his travel agent . . . on ThriftRail Coupons. And when he got to Britain, he traded his ThriftRails for train tickets. That way, he saved a lot of money.

And *he* went to Stratford-upon-Avon (Shakespeare) and to Oxford (dreaming spires). To the Lake District (Wordsworth land) and Perth (for the Scottish Highlands). Edinburgh (Scotland's capital) and York (cathedral country). And back to London again. All for $30!



And did he travel in style! Sitting back in armchair comfort, in an airy compartment with plenty of room . . . watching through picture windows as the green hills and hedgerows slipped by. He could even get all his meals en route — sound British fare at low charges. Like being in a traveling hotel!

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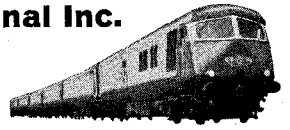

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church, not to impose Fascism but to restore feudalism. However, to the trade unions, especially in Catalonia, this was a *revolucion* in the literal sense—not, as in Madrid, just a suppression of a military coup. In Barcelona land, churches, factories, and government were seized by the workers.

George Orwell, in his *Homage to Catalonia*, says, "The Revolution went further in Catalonia than elsewhere. The Anarcho-Syndicalists controlled Barcelona, its industries, and the state. It was the beginning of a true revolution—not a war of Christian patriots fighting bloody Bolsheviks, as often reported. . . ."

The Catalonia army fought bravely and well. It cleared Barcelona of Franco supporters in seventy-two hours and sent its army to help the Loyalist forces in Aragon and in the defense of Madrid.

Later, when the outcome was clear, it took Franco and his Moors, Italians and Germans (three to one stronger in manpower and fifty to one in planes and tanks), three months to take Catalonia. Certainly this doesn't sound like a Trotskyist plot or a Quisling giveaway, although the accusation has sometimes been made.

But what of today?

Franco, a true reactionary, a former tool of Hitler, a man whom the *New York Times* recently characterized as the acme of "immobility," knows where his enemies lurk. Some lurk in Catalonia. Hence they are forbidden to publish a newspaper in the Catalán tongue. Catalán cultural expressions are prohibited. Franco has razed patriotic monuments and statues and obliterated names. He has moved industries, attempted to strangle others. Cataláns are today recalcitrant again in their own country, as they have been down the ages.

Probably nothing is to be done about it, but there are always doubts. Catalán nationalists meet in secret and talk, talk, talk in Catalán. They were meeting when I was there. They are young intellectuals, teachers, editors, students, a few of the nobility (who laugh at their hereditary titles); one is even a priest—a fiery priest who delivered his eulogy of President Kennedy from the pulpit in Catalán.

The Abbot of Montserrat, a Catalán patriot, is one of the leading worshippers at the altar of the Black Virgin of Montserrat, patron saint of Catalonia. He said Mass in Catalán even before Rome permitted a Mass in the native tongue.

A Catalán magazine is published, the only one. *Serra D'Or* is a monthly —rather longhair, very "educational." At the start, issue by issue, it became more and more irredentist. It was summarily slapped down by Madrid.

Does all of this sound like revolution? I don't think so. The reasons are many, and the most important is what was said by my friend in the restaurant my first night in Barcelona: money.

Catalonia is rich—comparatively—despite Franco's efforts. Catalonia is thriving. Her industries are going full blast. The majestic avenues of Barcelona are teeming with cars and well-dressed people. The shops along the central fountain square show Dior and Balenciaga. Spanish suede coats from Barcelona are in the finest shops of the world. All this Franco needs; he won't push *too* hard.

The Catalonians look on Spain as a market to exploit. They haven't the problems of the rest of feudal Spain. Farms are adequate in size, not chopped up and parceled out, for the firstborn son inherits the whole farm or domain. Rainfall is adequate, vegetation lush—not like the fewer than ten inches a year of much of arid Spain. While taxes are heavy, it's better to prosper and pay them than to go into government in Madrid or join the army or enter the church.

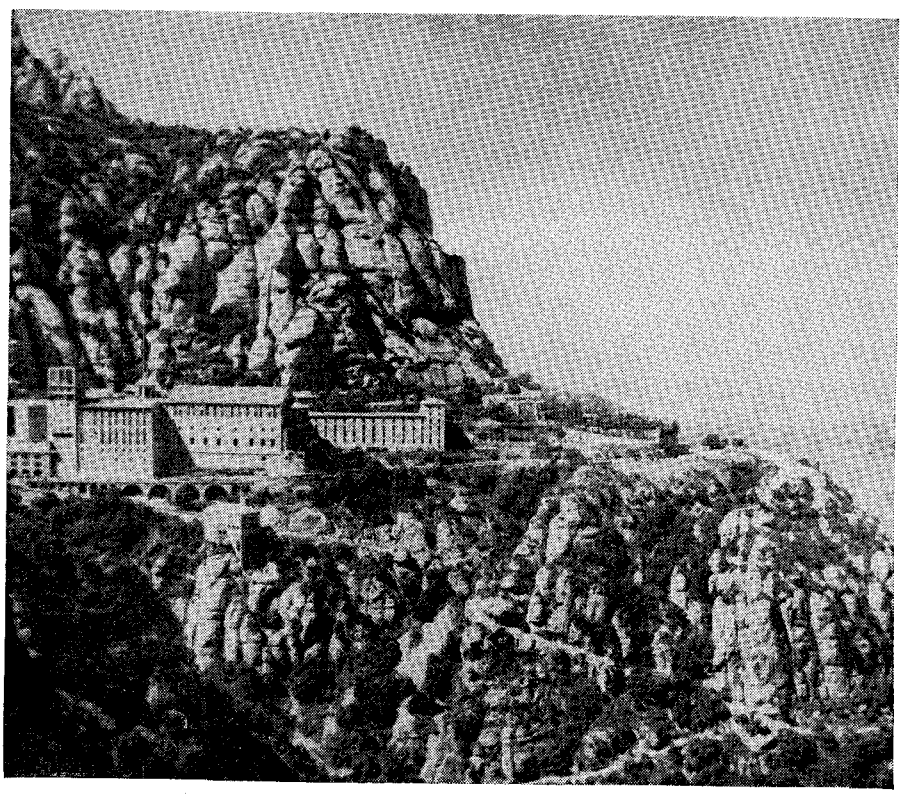
THE Catalán is canny. He is called the Scot of Iberia. He is not going to cut off an emotional nose to spite a well-fed face.

They tell the story of a group of Cataláns doing the *Sardana*, a popular folk dance. It is an intricate dance, rhythmic, with complex patterns for the feet—so complex that the participants in the circle count as they dance. A band of fleeing Polish Jews, who had escaped from Hitler's France over the Pyrénées, came upon the dancers. They watched a few moments and then said, "Better we move on. We'll never do business here—not with people who *count* even while they *dance*!"

There is little monarchist feeling. Certainly our friend of the Guria Restaurant is for it (a King Franco II!), but in general there is apathy. A succession to Don Carlos or Don Juan will cause no revolution. The Catalán has learned to live with Madrid, no matter who is in residence at the moment.

Even the workers are unlikely to revolt. While they're forbidden to strike, while the syndicalist, horizontal unions are giving way to vertical craft types, the workers are still so much better off than others that there's little likelihood of trouble. There is a saying in Barcelona that there are only two monarchists —the *Vanguardia* (a newspaper) and Baron di Vivre, Privy Councilor to Don Juan.

Outside the country, where there is no repression, as is often the case, the irredentist feeling is stronger. Some half-million fled from Franco after the fall. Many are in France, 80,000 are in the U.S., others are in South and Central America. Yet I notice that the name "Free Catalonia Committee" is gone from the New York telephone book, and no mass meetings (once common in New York) have been held in recent years. So long as Cataláns prosper and are inextricably woven into the fabric of the Spanish economy, there is little likelihood of thunder on, or from, the left. Just talk and an air of wistfulness.



—*Spanish National Tourist Office.*

Montserrat—"The Catalán . . . is not going to cut off an emotional nose to spite a well-fed face . . ."

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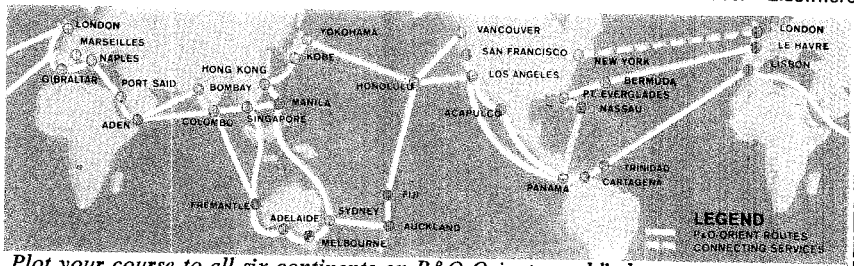

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—Deutschen Zentrale fur Fremdenverkehr.

THE MAD METROPOLIS

Luncheon in München and Other Stories

By ARTURO and GLORIA GONZALEZ

TO THE uninitiated, the mention of Munich conjures up images of swastika-wearing Storm Troopers and Beer Hall Putsches, a furled umbrella and a piece of paper that said peace but spelled war.

However, this 800-year-old city has been badly maligned by history. It's the gayest metropolis in Europe and certainly the most rollicking in all the dour, businesslike Fatherland. After Munich, the rest of Germany is Prussia.

Geography book readers know Munich as the third largest city in Germany (after Berlin and Hamburg), a bustling community of 1,100,000 people camped on the banks of the Isar River just north of the Alps and south of the Danube, the capital of Bavaria and Germany's gateway to the south. Travelers insist that Munich is a state of mind—or, more correctly, a state of madness.

Madmen were certainly required even to consider rebuilding this city after World War II when sixty-six Allied heavy bomber raids reduced the metropolis to 11,000,000 tons of junk. Munich was 70 per cent destroyed, more than half its inhabitants were homeless, and there was serious talk among the elders of deserting the rubble heap and moving the city completely downriver. But those who loved Munich refused to listen to facts and painstakingly began to rebuild. Today the Karlsplatz is said to be the most heavily traveled city square in all of Europe, and if you don't believe it just try crossing at the noon rush hour without being knocked over by a passing Volkswagen, or two or three of them.

Madmen have been an integral part of the history of Munich ever since the city was founded eight centuries ago as a village alongside a monastery on the Isar. King Ludwig I was a goutish and goatish eccentric who ruled the city in the early nineteenth century, taking as his mistress the equally bizarre Lola Montez, a Scottish dancer posing as a Spaniard. A subsequent revolt drove Ludwig from the throne and Montez out of town; she eventually reappeared in a New Orleans circus side show ("one silver dollar to kiss the lips that kissed a king"), ending her days in poverty in an East Side New York tenement.

Another Munich Ludwig—Mad King Ludwig II—ruled in the late nineteenth century, incurred gigantic debts, neglected the throne, and was finally

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hustled off to the prisonlike Schloss Berg near Starnberg Lake, where he drowned the next day; whether accidentally or at the hands of an indignant Cabinet is still being argued. Even today a buoy marks the spot of his demise.

Other madmen figuring prominently in Munich's history include an Italian socialist named Benito Mussolini, who labored as a Munich stonemason for a number of months, the Russian publisher of a magazine called *Spark*, bearing the name of Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov (otherwise called Lenin), and a mad Austrian in a raincoat named Adolf Hitler, who announced his Nazi Party program on Munich's streetcorners.

The citizens of Munich blame the *Föhn*, a warm Alpine wind swooping up from the south, for all this madness in their midst; when the *Föhn* blows, all of Munich becomes allergic, jumpy, short-tempered. The wind acts as a depressant but visitors don't feel it; you have to live in Munich six months, local lore says, before you're affected.

To counter the ill effects of the *Föhn*, the people of Munich engage in what appears to outsiders to be a year-round carnival of special events. The lusty calendar begins promptly on January 6, Twelfth Night, when a seven-week beer blast called Fasching gets under way. The orgiastic rites of Fasching indicate quite clearly that Munich owes its heritage much more to the Druid Celts than to the stern barons of Prussia. During Fasching all married couples are advised to leave their wedding rings at home, and a German judge recently ruled that adultery during Fasching was not sufficient grounds for divorce. Each year German preachers thunder against the tradition of taking "Fasching wives," but to no avail; the revelry goes on unabated right through Shrove Tuesday.

ALL manner of parties and balls are the order of the day during the fifty-five frantic Fasching nights with guests wearing the elaborate costumes and masks that allow all sorts of carnal indecencies to go on without community fingers being pointed at the guilty parties. The city during Fasching gets politely smashed and business grinds to a halt. Girls show up at parties in bikinis, considered perfect for an evening's date. Cowboy hats and sheiks' robes are *de rigueur* for the males. Much revelry comes to a climax on Fasching Sunday, which is devoted to a huge parade through the center of town with gala floats mocking everything sacred in German political, economic, and religious life.

On Shrove Tuesday, in the afternoon, the market women dance in the Viktualienmarkt; then everyone heads for a final giant party. The only rule observed by married couples during Fasching is that they try to eat breakfast together each morning.

The relative quiet of Lent is then broken by the strong-beer season. *Marzenbier* (March beer) drinking time ends on Josefi—March 19—the name day for everyone named Josef, Sepp, or Bepperl. Lest drinkers despair, just a few weeks later it's *Maibock* time, the second strong-beer season, and everyone boils into the city's beer gardens for spring. It's important to note that Munich regards beer as food, and it is taxed as such. Müncheners manage to pour down 230 liters of beer a year against 108 for the average German; that's a belting record of which the locals are extremely proud. But it takes working at it: you drink light or dark, *Märzen, Stark, Bock,* or *Weiss* with everything from your morning Krispies to the last snack of the night.

A word about Munich's snacktimes. The morning sausage delicacy is invariably *Weisswurst* consumed with sweet mustard, rolls, pretzels, and of course beer, as the *Rathaus Glockenspiel* chimes 11. Pork sausages with kraut, boiled beef with horseradish, liver cheese that's not really liver cheese, and salted radishes that have had enough time to absorb the salt are all tossed down at every equivalent of a coffee break.

IN October, the city goes dotty once again for a huge country fair held on the Theresienwise just inside city limits. Oktoberfest dates back to 1810 when the marriage of King Ludwig I was the best excuse for a beer blast, the party grounds being named after his bride, Therese. Farmers pour in from the Bavarian countryside; whole oxen, suckling pigs and thousands of chickens—a specialty called *Brathendl*—are roasted on spits over coals. Strong beer (naturally) is specially brewed and tossed down by the huge steinful. You have to struggle for a seat at the long tables; the best bet is to smile, say "*Bitte*," and squeeze in.

This sixteen-day drunk begins each year on a Saturday with a parade starring the principal Munich breweries, each of which sends a barrel-laden wagon, drawn by the fanciest-clad horses in

equinedom and chauffeured by brewmasters dolled up in the traditional German regalia of *Lederhosen,* velvet vests, and high boots. Since Munich boasts one-third of the world's breweries, it's quite a parade.

When Oktoberfest visitors are not chugging down beer, gobbling roast chickens, or gorging themselves on hot ox, they're watching Punch-and-Judy shows, banging away at shooting galleries, riding loop-the-loops, and in general acting like fairgoers anywhere.

Just about the only inhabitants of Munich who don't get drunk during Oktoberfest are the sole teetotalers in town —the animals in the City's fine Hellabrunn zoo. Everyone else pours the brew down.

EVEN when there's no carnival going on, Munich night life is lively. You can find all of the luxury of the Latin Quarter, or the seamy charms of Greenwich Village inside Munich's borders. Wherever you go, the main form of amusement is almost inevitably a quart-sized stein. The biggest bar in town is the Hofbräuhaus, its brewery built in 1583 as the court brewery, now run as a public service by the City of Munich itself; and called the seat of Bavarian *Gemütlichkeit.*

It's about as intimate as Grand Central Station, but the beer flows and one soon forgets about the décor. At the long wooden tables, you'll find every strata of Munich life, from top executives to laborers, to housewives rocking baby carriages alongside—everyone but the babies tossing down the brew. "Thirst Is Stronger Than Homesickness to the Troth," says a huge carving overhead, and the *oompa oompa* of the German band in the corner and the thumping of steins on the oaken tables can quickly make you believe this is true.

One hundred and sixty busty, blonde waitresses are the chief performers at the Hofbräuhaus, the gals in blue being veterans and those wearing red aprons apprentices. A *fräulein* moves from red to blue when she can hoist thirteen steins at a time. The house record is sixteen, held by a gal with the arms and hands of Sam Huff.

The beer served at the Hofbräuhaus is tested in a rather unusual way. Six stout German *burghers* enter the establishment and pour some of the house beer over an oaken bench. They then sit on the wet bench and consume several rounds of brew. At a given signal, the tasters rise together after having tossed down the last stein. If the bench rises with them, firmly adhered to their *Lederhosen,* the beer is a good beer. If it sticks to their seats as far as the doorway, it's a great brew.

Among the more sophisticated spots

(*Continued on page* 112)

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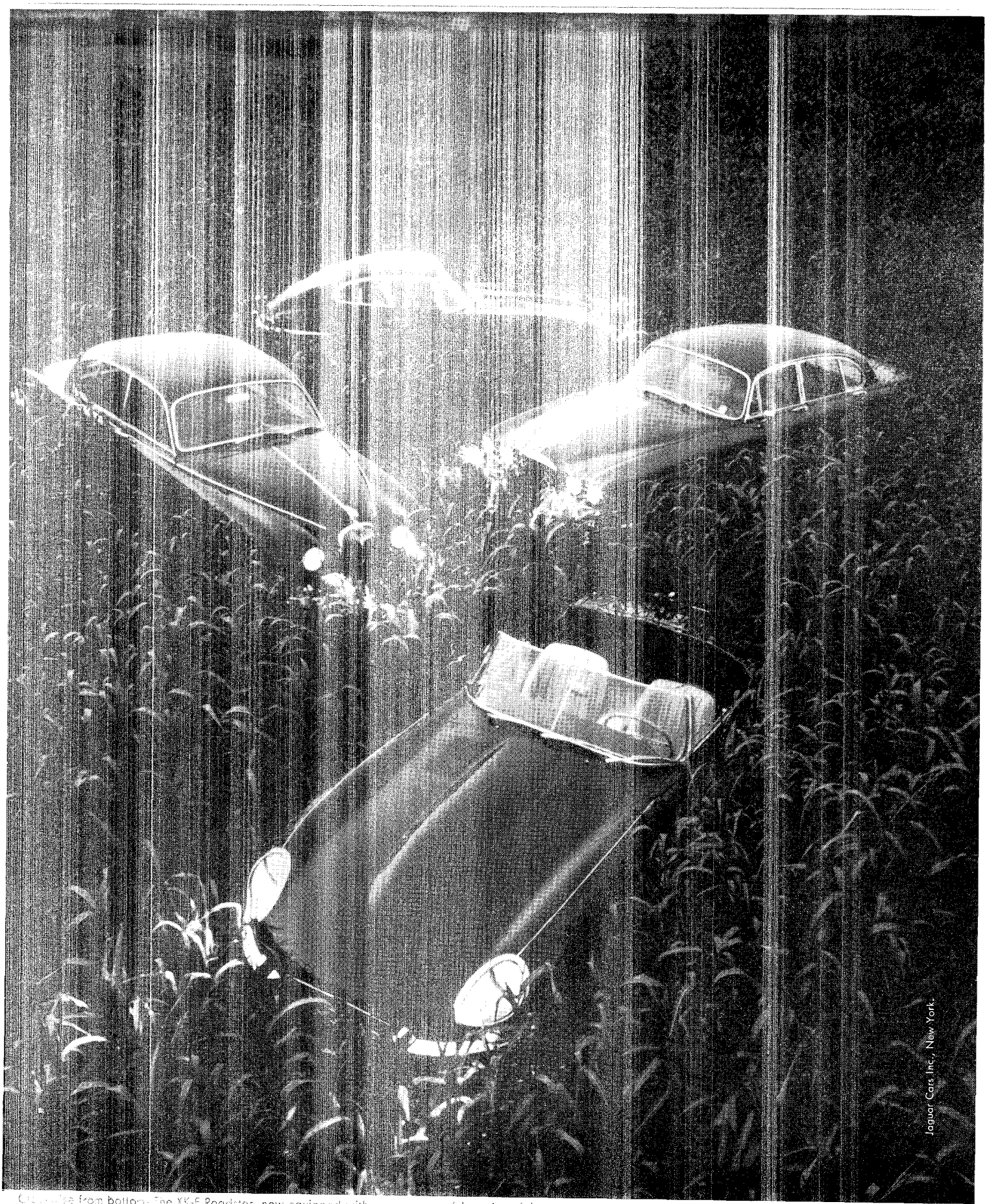

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Jaguar 1965:
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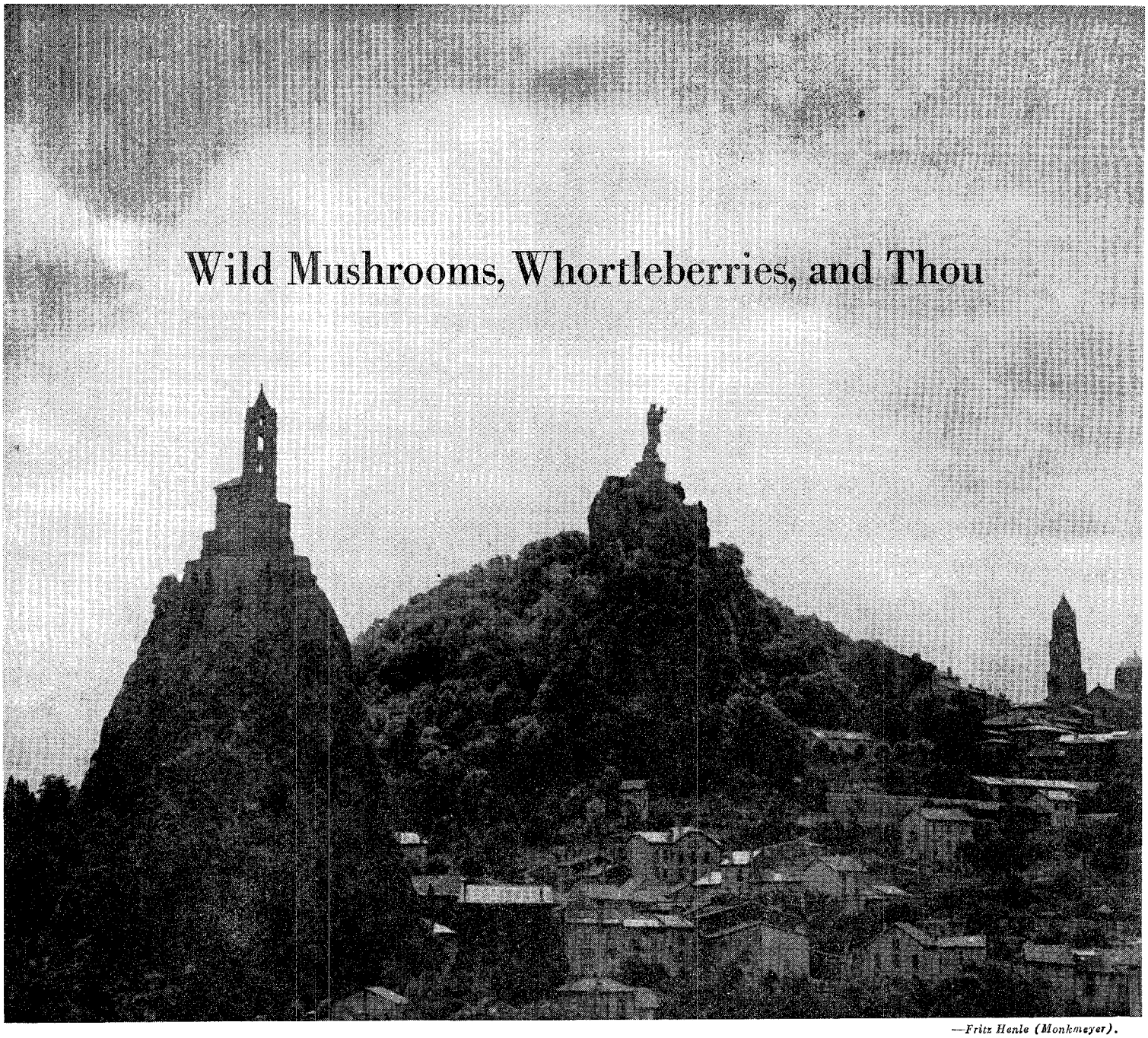

—*Fritz Henle (Monkmeyer).*

An Adventure in Auvergne

By NAOMI BARRY

"OH! ABOVE ALL don't go to Auvergne!" This, believe it or not, was the final line of an article in the French weekly *Candide*, advising the French on where to take their vacations in 1965. The writer lyrically vaunted the attractions of this province of swift trout streams, crystaline lakes nestling in extinct volcanic craters, upland meadows as rich with flowers as a *mille fleurs* tapestry, cathedrals built on the summit of rock pinnacles. Then, at the sudden thought of what tourism might do to so much natural loveliness, he let loose his cry: "Don't go to Auvergne. Where will liberty go, once you have forced her to flee?"

This hitherto bypassed heartland of France is on the threshold of discovery. It is not really off the beaten path, for it is a natural gateway into the Dordogne Valley. Furthermore, the area can easily be traversed if you are going from Paris to the Riviera or Geneva to Bordeaux.

The first notable Auvergnat was Vercingétorix, chief of a Celtic tribe known as the Arverni. He was only twenty years old when he stopped Caesar on the plateau of Gergovie, not far from the present city of Clermont-Ferrand.

Historically, Auvergne was Druid country. In their oak forests, they studied astrology, geography, and medicine. Caesar described them as the nobles of Gaul. The Druids contemplated the wisdom of the heart and taught that the soul was immortal. They were poets who bequeathed their influence without leaving a written word.

Lafayette was born in Auvergne, in the Château of Chavaniac, which may be visited from Easter to October. The

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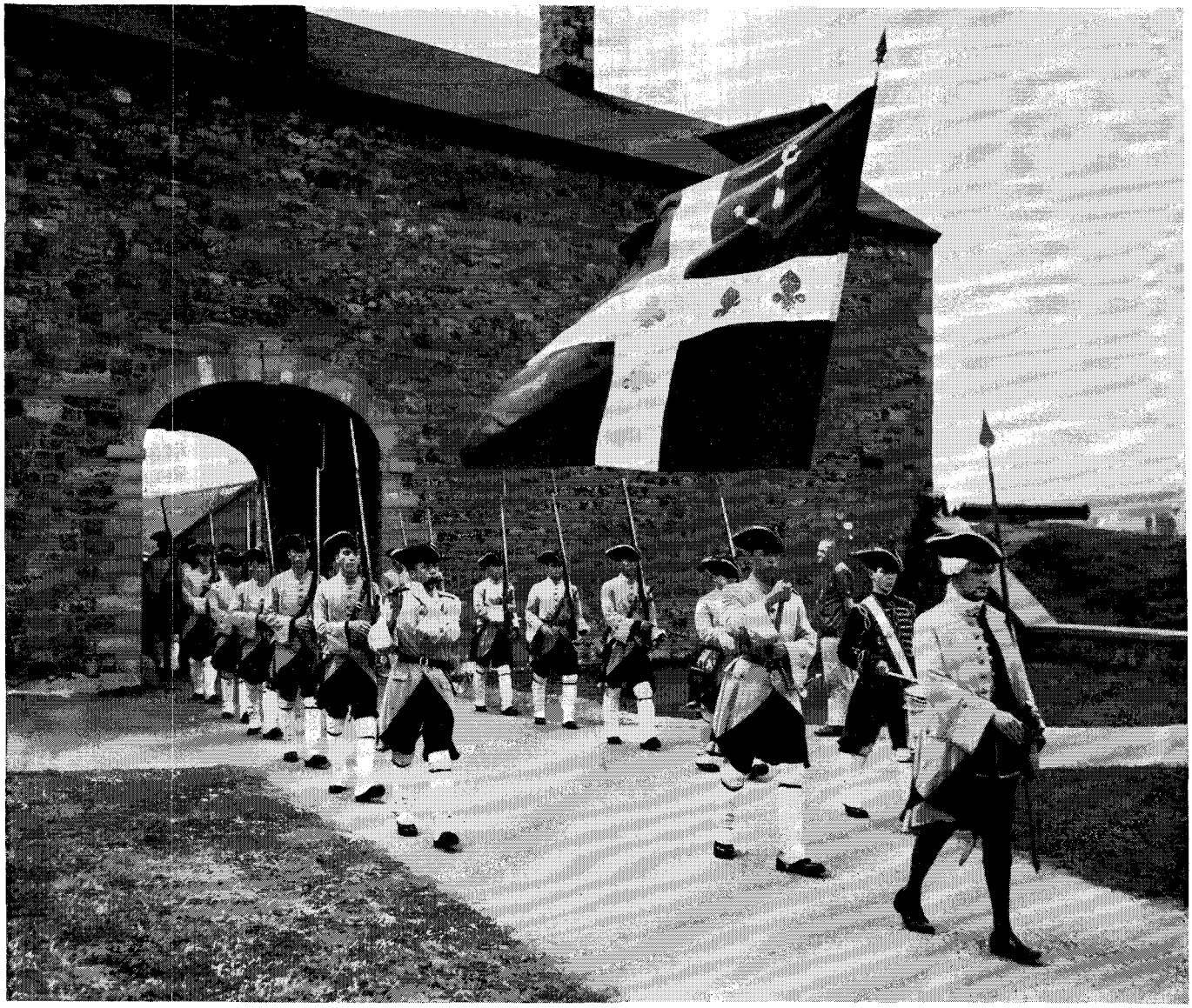
A page from history at Ile Sainte-Hélène, Québec, site of Expo '67, the 1967 World's Fair



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province is studded with dozens of châteaux and châteaux-forts, vestiges of the ferocious rivalries of a feudal past that lasted until Louis XIV. Within the thick protective walls often blaze the flamboyant decorations of the Renaissance.

THE roads are capricious but driving is pleasant, for traffic is minimal. A paved highway has a disconcerting way of abruptly turning into a dirt track. Keep going.

The dirt track is almost a sure sign of the approach to a village. At the exit, the state highway resumes again, winding through green hills splashed with brilliant patches of yellow gorse. The landscape is "pure country," a privilege to be snatched before development devours all nature.

At all times, be prepared to have your passage blocked by cows or sheep and be patient about it. In one village I found myself completely encircled. For a full ten minutes, the herdswoman, who was wearing a most admirable large yellow straw hat, inspected me and examined my car. She then turned to her lead cow and said, "All right, Marquise, let's go now."

The village population may be poor but the cows are all titled. Auvergne has no lack of princesses, countesses, and duchesses. This bovine aristocracy—a long-horned, mahogany-red breed called Salers—is distinguished by its dainty walk. Many an adolescent girl in Auvergne is advised by her elders to pick up her feet and imitate its nimble neatness.

Marcel Tilloy, president of the Relais de Campagne (that splendid chain of French country inns), practically pushed me into the Auvergne two years ago because one of his favorite hotels is located in a fifty-acre wooded estate on the outskirts of St.-Nectaire.

LE Manoir de Viginet has become a favorite retreat for me, too. It can accommodate only fifteen guests. The bedrooms are deliciously arranged with antique pieces of furniture. The windows look out over miles of treetops to the distant snowcap of the Mont-Dore, the highest peak in the Massif Central.

If le Viginet is to be fully appreciated, it should be approached as a private house-party in *la Vieille France*. The milk, cream, butter, chickens, eggs, salads, and vegetables all come from its own farm. The small, tender trout are fished out of a private lake. The kitchen staff is forbidden to clank as much as a spoon before 10 A.M., in case a city-exhausted guest wants to sleep late. You may even be *ordered* to stay in bed late by Mlle. Solange Bouchut who owns and runs the *domaine*. She is the manageress for your own good, and gratefully you consent to all commands.

Mlle. Solange is the epitome of the able, resourceful Frenchwoman. With her gold-rimmed glasses and her hair in a strict bun, she looks like a school headmistress. She runs a successful trucking firm out of Clermont-Ferrand. Once a year she serves as a volunteer nurse, accompanying the infirm on their pilgrimage to Lourdes. She will judge the class of a client on the way he orders his wine and the manner in which he eats his fish.

AUVERGNE is as occult as Ireland, perhaps because of its Druid past. The *radiesthesiste* is a highly regarded personality. Should you show skepticism, everyone will cite the case of the *radiesthesiste* of Mareughol, whose pendulum began to swing every time she approached a certain pillar in the local church. The workmen, now persuaded, dug and discovered a charming statue of the Virgin nursing her Child.

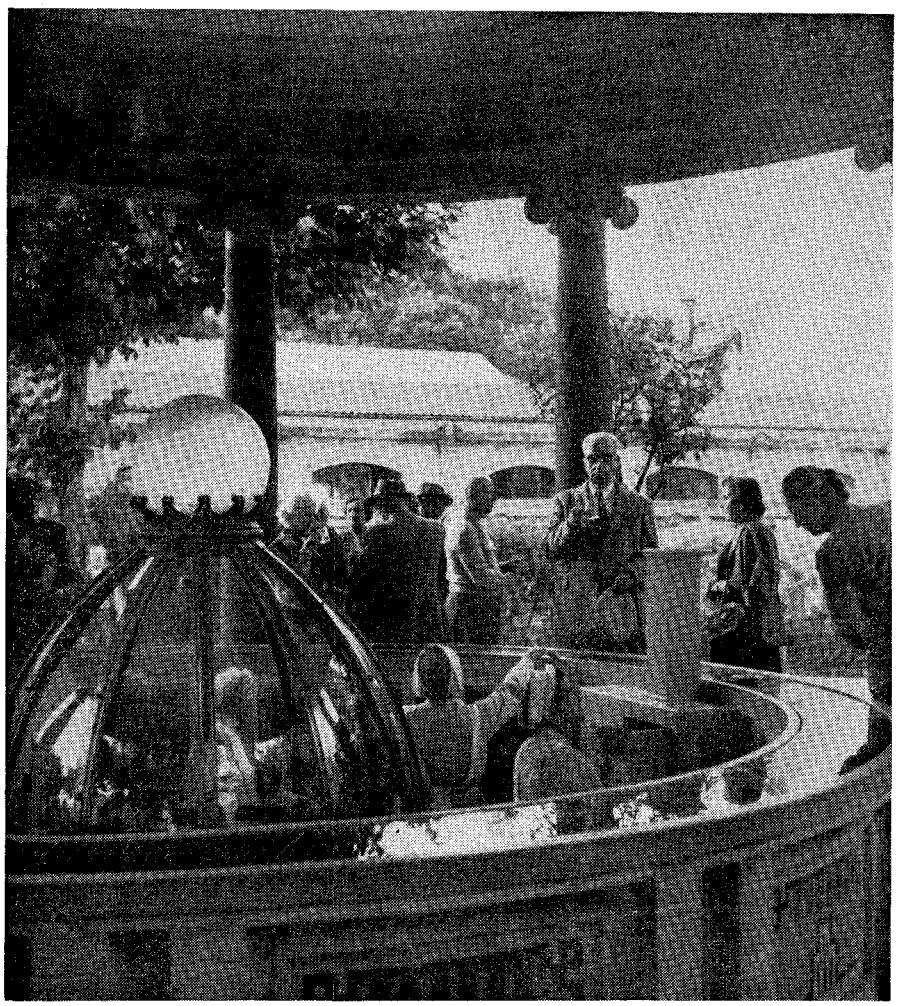
When the moon is bright, one of these diviners walks around the property of le Viginet, looking for a strongbox of jewels and gold *écus*. The treasure was supposedly buried by a faithful servitor to protect Dame Athenel from marauders while her husband was fighting with King Stanislas in Poland. The servitor died and with him went the secret of the hiding place.

The *marcou* or *charmeur de feu* has the power to take the fire out of a burn. A trucker spattered himself with caustic soda. Mlle. Solange quickly called for one of her chambermaids who is widely reputed as a *charmeuse de feu*. The *charmeuse* went into a closed room with the victim. She made the sign of the cross and softly mumbled words he could not catch. The trucker swore to me that his burns immediately were calmed.

The *charmeur*, when he begins to feel age sapping his vital energies, passes his secret to a successor. Once the gift is bequeathed it is gone from him and he no longer possesses the healing magic. The tragedy is if he should die before he has a chance to tell.

In this part of France, they put horse chestnuts in drawers to protect clothes from moths, they rub leaves of the citronelle plant on the skin to repel mosquitoes, and they relieve exzema with applications of freshly washed cabbage leaves.

The province is seeded with legends. The village of Auzon was once saved



—Photo by Feher.

The Spa at Royat—"in this part of France they put horse chestnuts in the drawers to protect clothes from moths."

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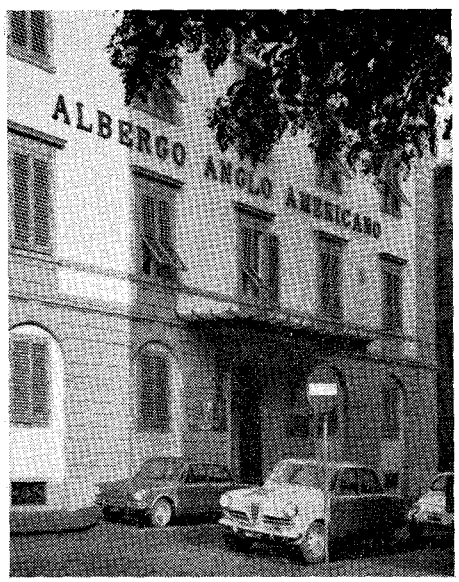

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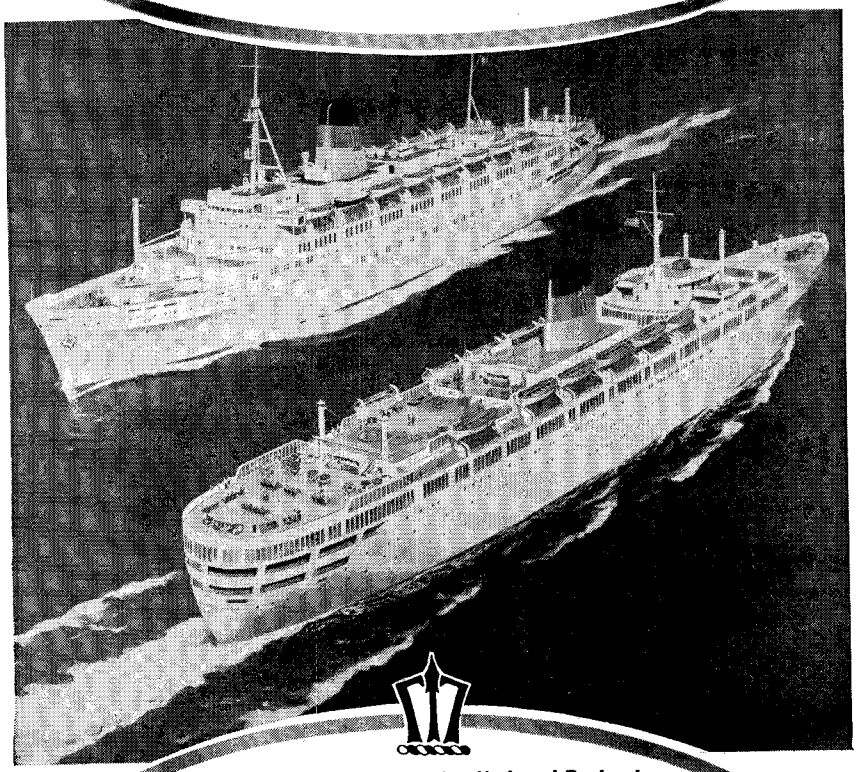

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by a pig. During the Hundred Years' War the English besieged Auzon. When the village finally had been reduced to a single pig and one sack of wheat, the population decided to eat up and surrender.

"No," counseled the town's wise man. "Feed the grain to the pig and give him the gate."

The English, as expected, caught the pig. When they slit him open and discovered his well-nourished state, they figured that Auzon must be equally well supplied. As a result, they lifted the siege and withdrew.

There were the pious orgies of the eighteenth century at Salers. At the annual celebration of the Nativity of the Virgin, the title of King of the Fête was sold at auction.

One glorious bourgeois, carried away by his newly purchased rank, sent wine flowing through the fountains. This generosity was so well received that the custom was repeated every year. Pilgrims came in hordes to Salers. Alas, there were so many fights and accidental killings that the custom had to be abandoned. Needless to say, when the wine stopped flowing, the stream of pilgrims dried up.

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Upon their return to France, the three ex-prisoners decided to use the craft they had been forced to learn. They set up paper mills in the Valley of Laga, two miles out of the town of Ambert. By the seventeenth century there were 300 mills. All were abandoned when machines replaced hand fabrication.

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The picturesque mill, unique in Europe, is open to visitors. Its limited supply of paper is reserved years in advance by publishers of de luxe editions. At the mill the public can buy samples already

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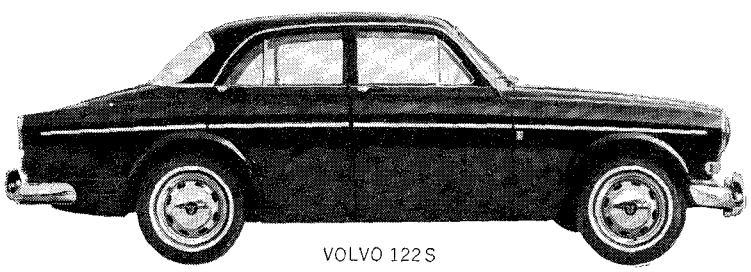

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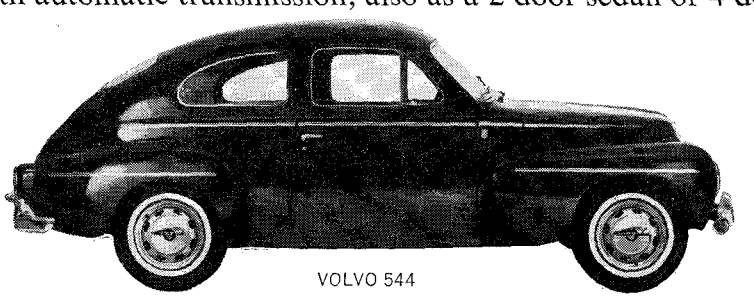

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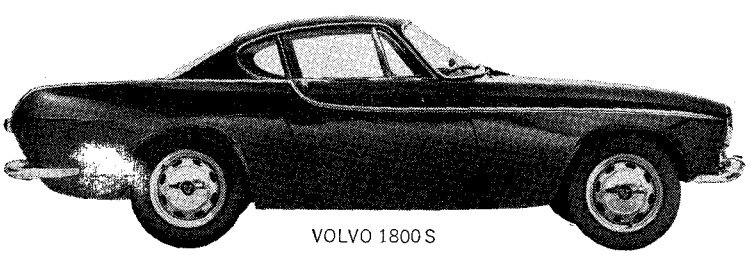

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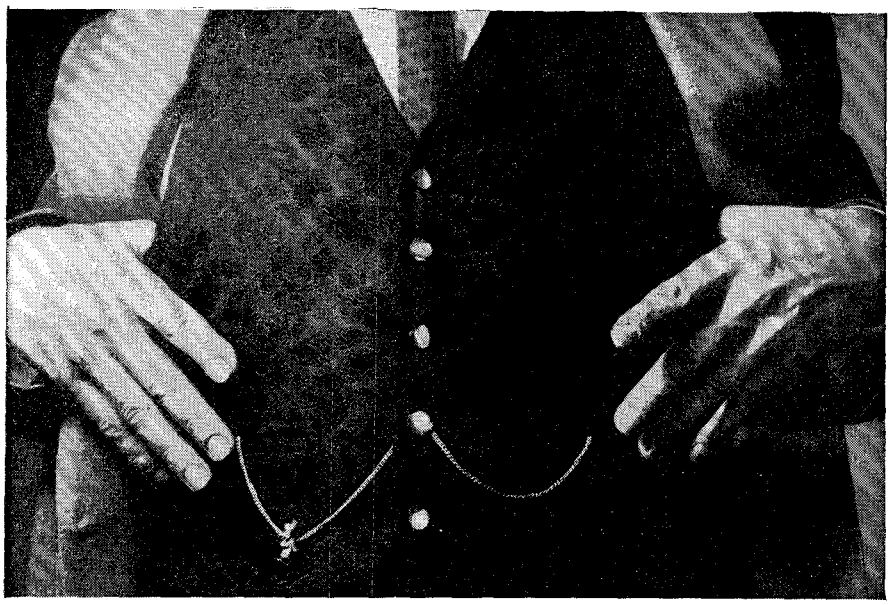

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cut for myriad uses—letter paper, notes, menus, greeting cards.

Le Puy was once known around the world for its exquisite lace. Today the market is gone but the nimble-fingered talent remains. Now the old ladies of Auvergne are busy hand-crocheting high-style special orders for Dorothée Bis, the leading store in Paris for young fashions.

The basin of Le Puy is one of the geological wonders of France. From the rich circular plain erupt a fantastic formation of pitons, rock spikes, and pinnacles of volcanic origin. The sharpest of them was crowned by a Roman temple succeeded by the extraordinary Byzantine-influenced twelfth-century Cathedral of Notre-Dâme du Puy, which seems to grow organically out of the rock itself.

The Romanesque churches of Auvergne, built during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, are regarded as among the most original and important contributions of French art. Strong, robust, ideally proportioned, free of exterior decoration, they are completely distinctive in style. Equally renowned are the stone or polychromed wooden statues of the Virgin, dating from the same era. Spiritual and unsentimental, they have been described by André Malraux as the "most beautiful expression of the Virgin in her majesty."

LIKE every region of France, Auvergne has its gastronomic specialties. The local *plat de résistance* is the *coq au vin*, which should be prepared with a local red wine called Corent.

The soft, ivory-colored cheese of St.-Nectaire, protected by a gray coating, should be tasted in the area to know its supreme goodness. There are other exemplary cheeses: the fourme d'Ambert, the Cantal, the Bleu d'Auvergne.

The delicate wild mushroom, the *morille*, is served on its own in a sauce of fresh cream or as a noble filling to an omelet. The whortleberry jam and the acacia honey are exquisite. Lakes and torrents are full of grayling, perch, salmon, trout, crayfish.

If you are fortunate, someone will prepare a *potée Auvergnate*. This classic peasant dish requires hours of cooking on a slow fire. In the marmite go turnips, firm white cabbage, sausages, salt pork, a chicken, a shin of veal, potatoes. When the lid of the marmite is finally lifted, the perfume, according to an Auvergnat, defies description.

But nothing better describes the atmosphere of then and now in Auvergne than a February 9, 1965, UPI news report from Issoire:

"Five hundred workers in a factory have gone on strike here until the management fires two men who were impolite to a woman worker."

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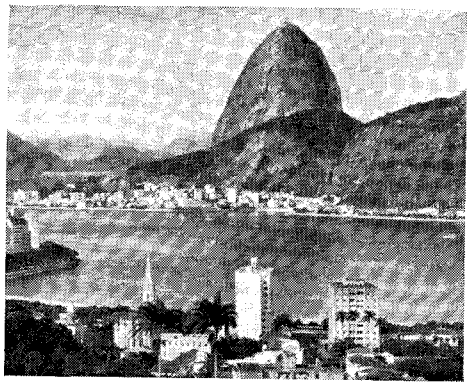

Been everywhere?

Everywhere?

Have you been to Kerala, that strange land hidden around the southernmost tip of India? The Phoenicians have. They were trading here for ivory, spices and peacocks 3,000 years ago, in King Solomon's time. The Jews fled here in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. Then came the Romans, Syrian Christians, Arabs, the Dutch, the British, all kinds of peoples. And every one of these waves of history has left a visible mark. What else can you see in Kerala? A teeming wild-life sanctuary. (From the cool, breezy deck of a motor launch.) Some of India's earliest pantomime dance-dramas. The only thing you won't find in Kerala is enough time to see it all. For colorful brochures about India, her modern hotels and travel facilities, contact your Travel Agent. Or write to the Government of India Tourist Office. New York, 19 East 49th Street. Chicago, Palmer House. San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Toronto, 177 King Street, West.

India

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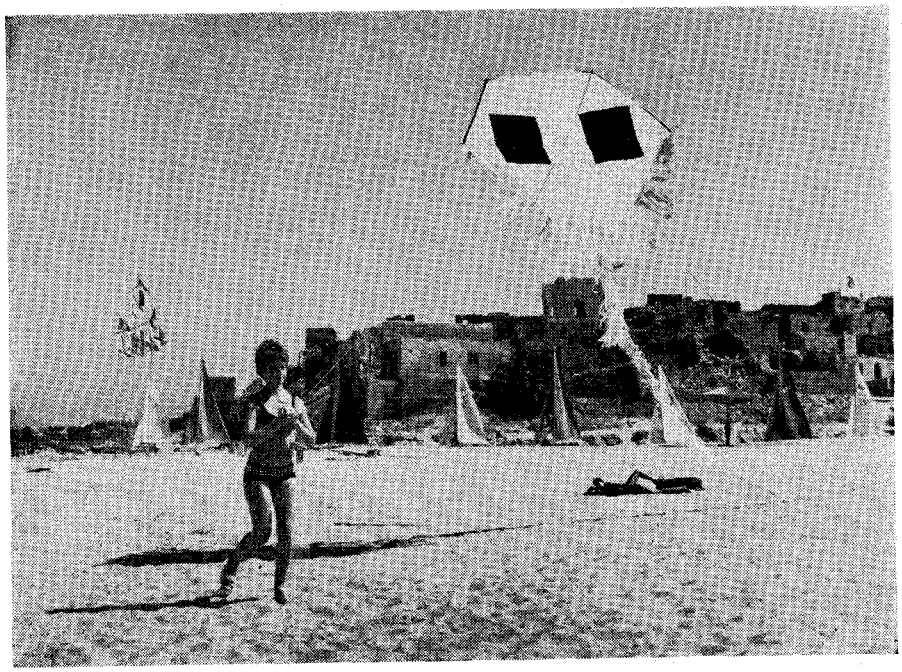
BIKINIS IN THE DESERT

By JOEL LIEBER

—*Israel Govt. Tourist Office photos.*

Le Club and club member—"aims at releasing the spirit and the flesh and settling down to basics . . ."

"Built under the ruins of an old Arab village, this holiday village engages the biblical atmosphere for its pursuit of pristine pleasures."



SOPHISTICATED BOHEMIA, *à la Française*, can be served up anywhere provided one has discovered the right paradisical corner. When it comes to good old-fashioned hedonism, there's no beating the French. Thus, their new hypothesis for the pleasure principle stands at a golden beach called Achziv, where bikinis, sarongs, exotic date-palm trees, and Buck Rogers-type huts conspire to produce a carefree, Garden-of-Eden vacation fantasy.

Le Club is the latest of the Club Méditerranée's villages—gay vacation retreats with a philosophy that aims at releasing the spirit and the flesh and settling down to basics. Built under the ruins of an old Arab village (but the ruins are tantalizingly picturesque), this holiday village on a secluded Israeli beach engages the biblical atmosphere for its pursuit of pristine pleasures. The site was once a Phoenician port where those venerable old seamen exported their famous purple dyes to the courts of the world. It was also an embarkation point for Hiram's merchant fleet that provided the cedars from Lebanon for King Solomon's grandiose temple.

Naturally, in a setting so redolent of history, the club's philosopher-king must provide more than just a whimsical foundation for so splendid a vacation retreat. In sonorous, impassioned French he envisions a bedrock far more profound than just sand, sun, and sex: "Between the walls of offices and factories, man of today feels an imperious need to escape. He dreams of a total holiday, but the vacations are sown with ambushes, financial worries, hunting for hotels, organized tourism and tourist traps. . . . We wish to live among friends in the sun . . . rediscovering the natural rhythm of life in the privileged spaces. . . . Promised all kinds of happiness since youth, a newborn man, without age or memory, is inaugurating the most simple game in the world: the great game of total holidays."

Idealizing the carefree, simple life is not just idle talk. Here, it really works. (Villagers are advised in advance to "give your transistors a holiday also—leave them at home." And newspapers are equally taboo.) To reduce life to pristine essentials, the club's planners have eliminated money. Instead, at the

(*Continued on page* 97)

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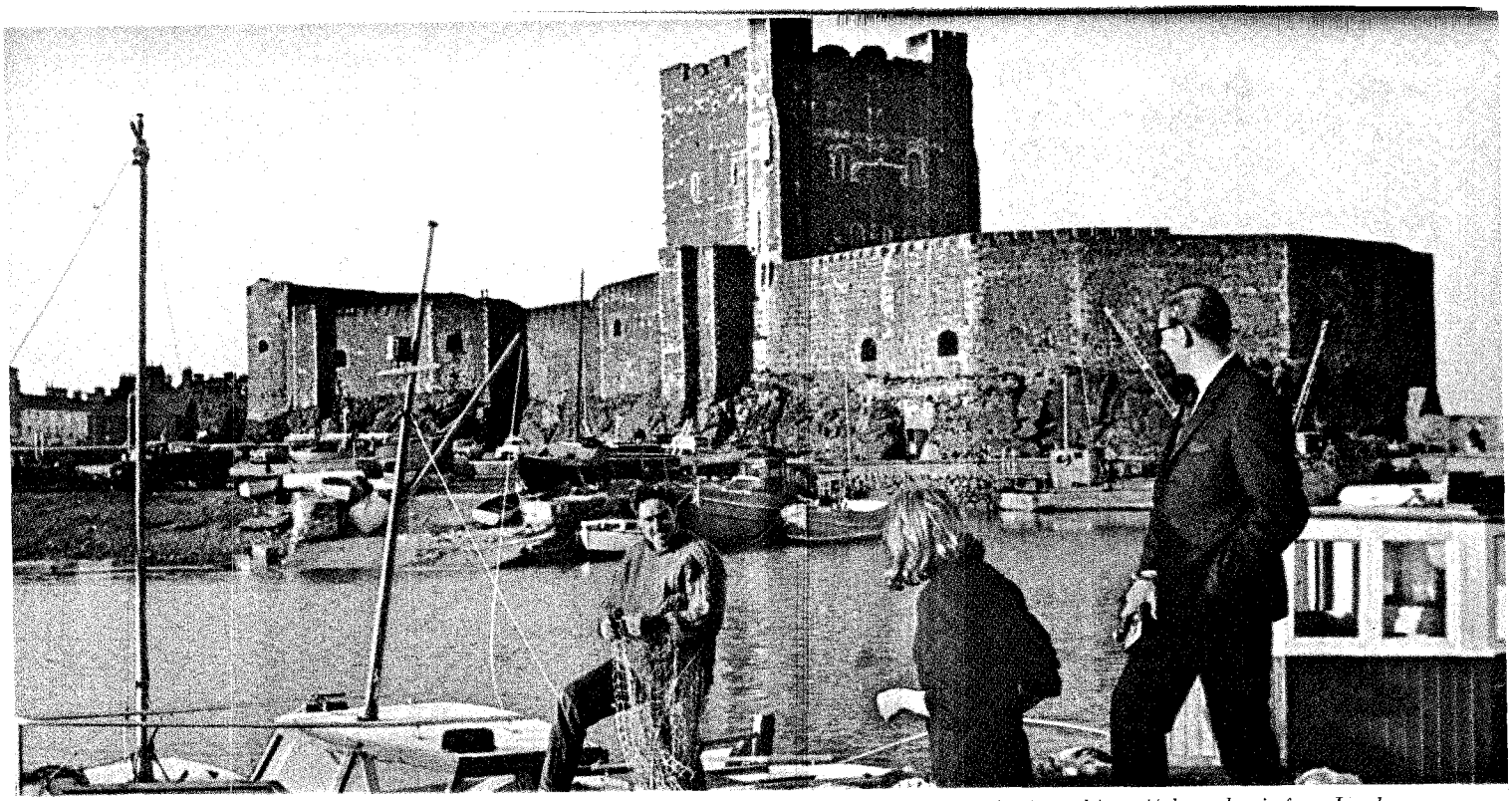

Carrickfergus Castle, one of several mediaeval fortresses in Northern Ireland – and just 1½ hours by air from London.

8 reasons why you should hop over to Northern Ireland on your next trip to Britain

Northern Ireland has yet to be discovered by most Americans. Here are 8 things to see and do in this compact little wonderland. For more facts and prices, clip coupon.

1. Carrickfergus Castle guards Belfast Lough. In 1780, a sailor named John Paul Jones sailed up the lough and trounced a British frigate.

2. Downpatrick. St. Patrick died here. Some people say he is buried in the local churchyard.

3. Giant's Causeway is a collection of hexagonal rocks running into the sea off County Antrim. Legend says Finn MacCool, an Irish Paul Bunyan, built them as stepping stones to Scotland.

4. Dunluce Castle. The Marchioness of Antrim threw a lavish dinner party here in 1639. But eight servants and the castle's kitchen plopped into the sea. The dinner was ruined, but the Marchioness survived.

5. Ballygally Castle is a hotel built around a 17th-century tower with haunted rooms. You can sip cocktails in the *dungeon*.

6. Golf. There are sixty uncrowded golf courses in Northern Ireland – several of them in the lyrical Mountains of Mourne. You can match wits with most courses for a dollar a round.

7. Fishing. Northern Ireland is a glorious place for fishermen. It has three particularly sporting trout – the Dollaghan, the Sonaghan and the Gillaroo.

8. Shopping. Husbands can fish and play golf with a clear conscience. Wives are busy buying up *bargains:* Irish linen, Belleek porcelain, handmade lace from Enniskillen, Irish tweed at $2.80 a yard.

How much will your tour cost?

If you want to tour by car in Northern Ireland you can rent a four-seater for as little as $6.30 a day, insurance *and* mileage included. Or you can buy a special "Freedom Ticket." This bargain costs only $9.85, and gives you 7 days of *unlimited* travel by bus *and* train. There are also many day tours by coach from Belfast. Average cost is about $2.25.

The Ballygally Castle Hotel will give you a cozy room, early morning tea, breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and garage – for about $12. Bed and breakfast at most country hotels costs only $4.

Allow yourself $2 for dinner and you can dine handsomely off local dishes: trout, Donaghadee lobster, Ballymoney ham or superb Irish lamb.

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Clip coupon below for a free travel kit with more facts and prices. Then see your travel agent.

Tell him you want to visit Northern Ireland. It's only 1½ hours by air from London. Or you can sail over in 2½ hours from Stranraer in Scotland.

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Please send me a free travel kit including a 24-page Travelers' Guide, and an illustrated 16-page folder on Northern Ireland.

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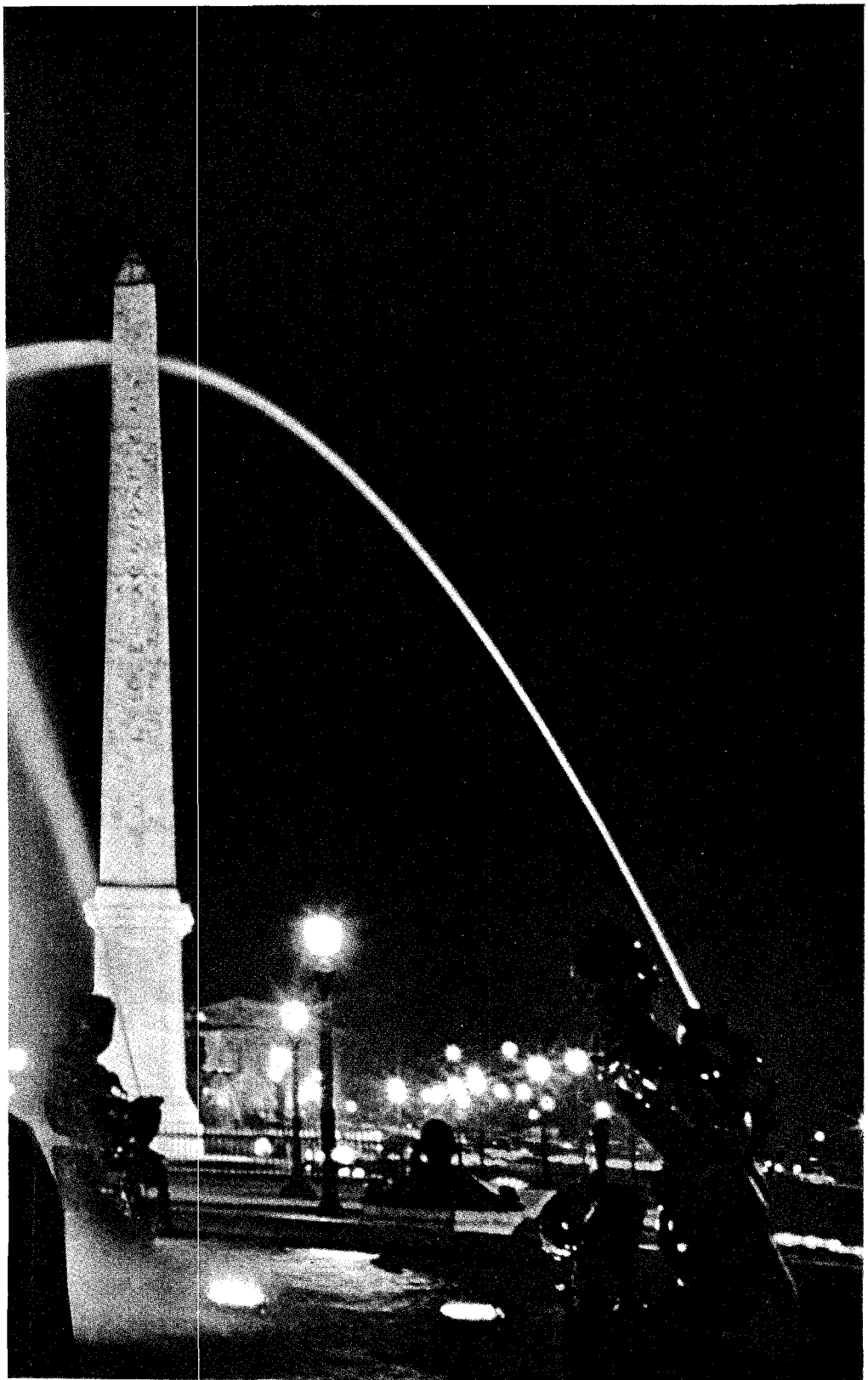
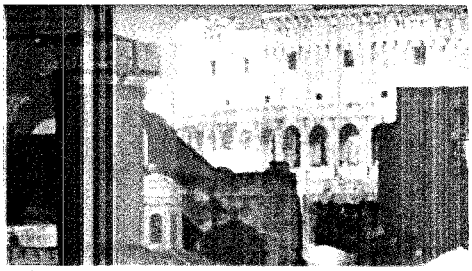
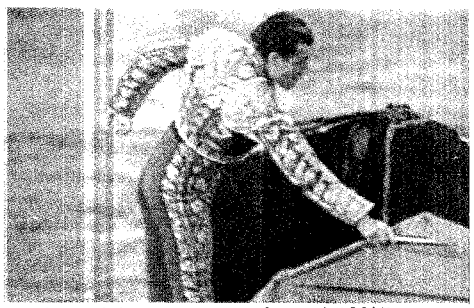


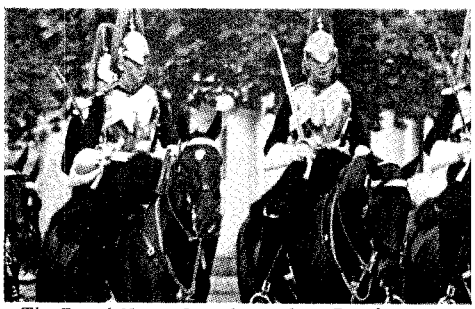
Place de la Concorde, where you'll fall under the unforgettable spell of Paris.



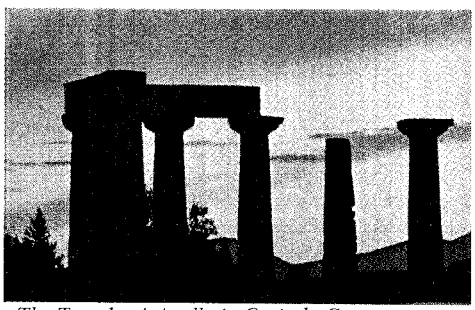
The majestic Colosseum in Rome.



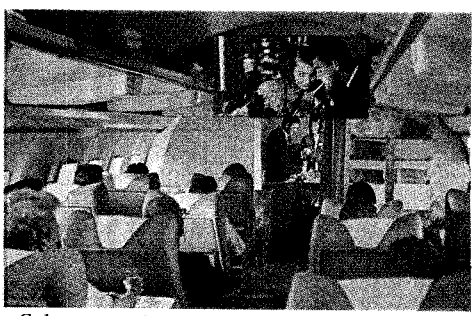
A Spanish hero earns a traditional "Olé."



The Royal Horse Guard parade in London.



The Temple of Apollo in Corinth, Greece.



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Continued from page 68

outset of their vacation, villagers purchase strings of beads to wear around their necks, each bead—red, yellow or green—being worth the price of an espresso, ice cream, or apéritif at the al fresco café.

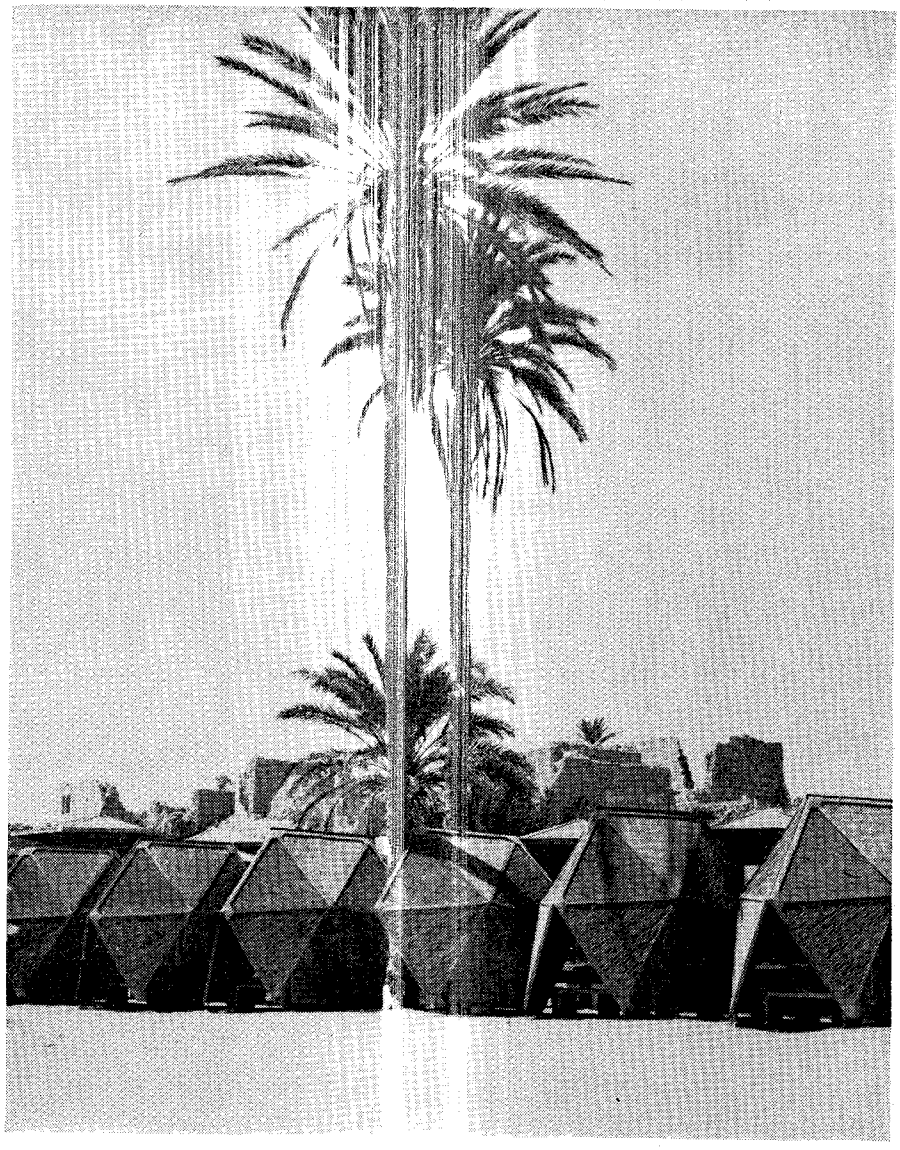
Since it doesn't rain in Israel from April to October, your enchantment is heightened by the certainty that, every morning you wake up, the sky will be blue, the sun will be baking down, and those lagoons bordering the village will be pure and green. Forget about having the proper style in this year's blazer—madras or checked—because you aren't required to dress for dinner, or lunch, or breakfast. What you're wearing when you emerge dripping from the Mediterranean is exactly the order of dress for the outdoor dining shed.

Who congregates at this magical place? Frenchmen mostly, and their wives and girl friends. French is by far the dominant tongue spoken here, its rich, singsong cadences drowning out all other languages. You'll hear a little Italian, a little Hebrew, and less English. Since the club opened two summers ago, English is being spoken a bit more, largely because Americans who have heard about this idyll have been hopping over from Europe on their summer excursions. About 1,000 Americans are bona-fide Club Méditerranée members by virtue of having stayed at the Achziv hideaway or at one of the other Club Méditerranée's villages.

The appeal, understandably, is for an arty clientele, all sun-worshippers. Le Club attracts a middle-class group, some professional people, students, and a lot of European show-business girls whose plays and revues have closed for the summer. Villagers are very body-oriented, not crudely so, just frankly immodest when it comes to posturing positions and displays of earthy glamour. Not that they all share a common viewpoint, but there does exist a certain blessedly liberalized nature. As one Club devotee put it: "Here we are all in the same bathing suit."

A further plus for a Club follower is thriftiness: the cost of three weeks in Israel's village, with a week out for touring, is $220 during June and September, round-trip flight from Paris included. The economics of the place certainly need no further elaboration.

Club members live in odd, hexagon-shaped, thatched huts, having twelve separate walls—two on hinges for exit and ventilation. Each Spartan, cleverly designed hut is equipped with nothing more than two beds. Sand floors replace the plush wall-to-wall carpeting of the mighty first-class hotels, which, to those who stay at a Club village, must thereafter seem forever dreary. Circular concrete latrines, containing wash basins, toilets, and showers, are spotted around the club grounds.



—*Photo Lieber.*

"Towering date palms crown this exotic village once a Phoenecian port. Juxtaposed is the new *Achziv* with its Buck Rogers-styled vacation huts."

Leading pastimes include the cultivation of sublime suntans, snorkeling, sailboating, and just lazing around on the sand making small talk with Parisian dance troupers. When the sun gets too hot at midday there's always the sheltered café, or the black, goat-haired Bedouin tent that provides relief from the Middle Eastern summer sun, or those thatched huts, which, for some reason, are always cool.

Evenings are more vigorous, since the nighttime desert breezes charge any inner batteries that may have run down under the broiling sun. Girls dress up by covering their bikinis with sarongs, a club staple. Men don sarongs, too, and groups usually break up into small beach parties. The peculiarly liberated sensation you acquire here erupts the abandon in you. Nighttime swimming parties are popular.

The secluded sandy beach at Achziv, embraced by a network of sparkling lagoons, is the latest of the club's seventeen villages found throughout the Mediterranean—in Spain, France, Yugoslavia, Corfu, Sardinia, Greece, Tunisia, and Morocco. (There's also one in Mooréa, French Polynesia.) They are all low in cost, and all embody, to one degree or other, elements of children's hideaways. There are something over 150,000 Club members, two-thirds of whom are French. The Club Méditerranée was established in 1950, the brainchild of a Belgian named Gérard Blitz, who until that time had occupied himself as a free-lance water polo player.

This past year club scouts have been nosing around Mexico, the Caribbean, and the Florida Keys in their quest for the first North American village. Commercially-minded Club spokesmen have confessed their skepticism to me about whether Americans are spiritually up to their sort of *avant-garde* holidaying. They advise that vacation utopia may soon be on our doorstep, but only if they find Americans capable of undertaking the process of unlimbering under the sun of the soul and the flesh.

Once again, the New World must prove itself in the face of Old World skepticism, in this case a challenge pleasurable to meet.

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Museums

Continued from page 44

Europe. You not only can see the pictures and see them well but you can learn something about the men who painted them, their relationship to one another, and to the times in which they worked.

My guidebook would rate the National Gallery of London high. While it is no great shakes as a building, the renovation that has been going on inside is adroitly done to heighten enjoyment. Gradually most of the important pictures are being cleaned, intelligently restored, and now emanate the aura of being loved by somebody. In cloudy London the light is gay, at least in many of the rooms. But the Wallace collection could hardly be worse; it wouldn't get even a passing mark, it is so junked up, so niggardly of illumination. It takes exceptional luck to see Franz Hals's *The Laughing Cavalier* or Velázquez's *Don Balthasar on a Horse* as they deserve to be seen.

THE differences of "viewability" occur often in the same city and under the same management. In Florence the *Galleria degli Uffizi* is a filthy place, and I warn you against having a cup of coffee in the bar. (The bar or the restaurant of a museum *is* to be considered, for one does get tired.) But the Uffizi is a paradise compared to the inferno of the Palazzo Pitti, which is an example of all a museum should not be. Its gravest sin is a senseless plethora, a spewing out of pictures hung on the wall three tiers high, great works of art being mixed with the mediocre and in several rooms with out-and-out bad examples. What kind of nonsense is this, hanging Titian's *The Concert* (or is it Giorgione? The attribution has not been settled) on a tiny wall right next to the window with a glare falling full on that subdued and lyrical masterpiece? Yet right in Florence the Fra Angelico Museum is a friendly and joyful house, carrying out the spirit of the man who was a living doll. You stroll through it and you understand the artist of the heavenly blue.

The Italians can build great museums and can display treasures with showmanship. The newly built edifices are artfully constructed. The Capodimonte Museum in Naples, for example, offers a superbly presented collection, even though the collection itself contains many pictures of the Neapolitan school in which the casual traveler would hardly be interested. In Siena there is a special room newly built for the breathtaking *Maestà* of Duccio. Here indeed an incomparable painting is presented in such a way that all your concentration, all your powers of feeling are guided

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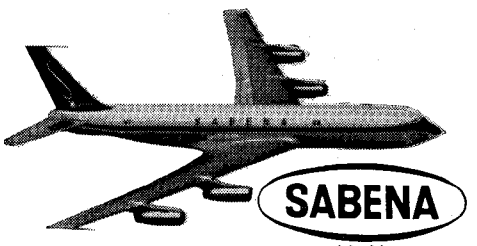

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VENICE

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and centered and heightened. But that Palazzo Pitti!

The standards of presentation are much higher in our country, perhaps because the buildings are constructed as museums or because they are more generously supplied with money for running expenses, maintenance, and innovation. Whatever the reason, I would rate Washington's National Gallery as the outstanding example of a large museum that shows great pictures greatly. Everything about the Washington museum is right: the grouping of the pictures, the number of pictures hung in any one room, the lighting, the state of preservation and cleanliness of the objects, the explanatory material offered, the ease with which one room leads to the next, making strolling pleasant; and lately, the excellence of the short-wave radio talks. I would rate the Frick Gallery in New York as the most enjoyable small museum in the world. Perhaps it is not quite fair to cite the Frick, for it disposes of extraordinary amounts of money and a bequest that enables it to have intelligent management. It is unique. Yet, in an ugly industrial town, in Worcester, Massachusetts, there is a museum that almost rivals the Frick in magnificence of presentation and the quality of its instruction. Go to Worcester, and you think you will get through with the museum in a half hour; you will stay for two hours and emerge refreshed and full of enthusiasm and smiling with joy.

Lest we become complacent about our own care and feeding of museums, we should point with lack of pride to some poor examples. The huge Boston Museum of Fine Arts is one of these. Its fine collection of impressionists is fairly adequately shown, and its Greek collection, unique in our country, is at least bearably presented, though one misses adequate explanations of the significance of each piece of stone. But the bulk of the collection is housed in ill-lighted and ill-ventilated rooms, and some first-rate pictures doze in gloomy corridors.

And what should we say about that exhilarating and irritating *palazzo* in Boston, the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum? This capricious collection contains some of the Renaissance's finest masterpieces, thanks to the young Berenson's guidance and the perspicacity of the woman who accepted guidance from him. Several scholars believe that Titian's *Rape of Europa* is the finest Titian in America. The Giorgione *Christ* is a small and perfect elegy. The collection contains one of the few, the very few, unquestioned works by Benvenuto Cellini. But what dreadful *objets d'art* keep company with these glories! How badly is everything jumbled together! How very much does that Venetian palace need a housecleaning! Perhaps it cannot be done, because under the terms

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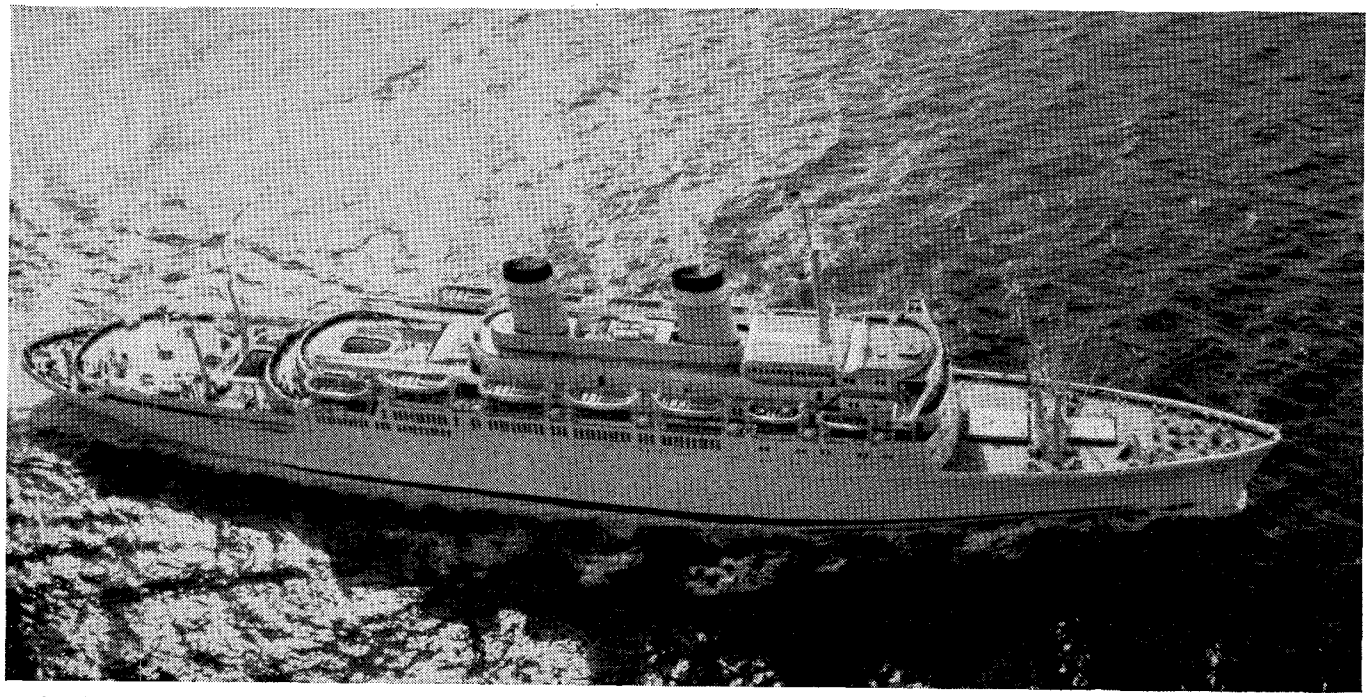

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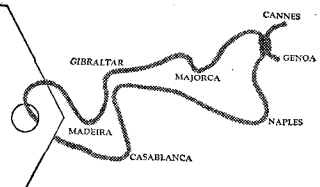

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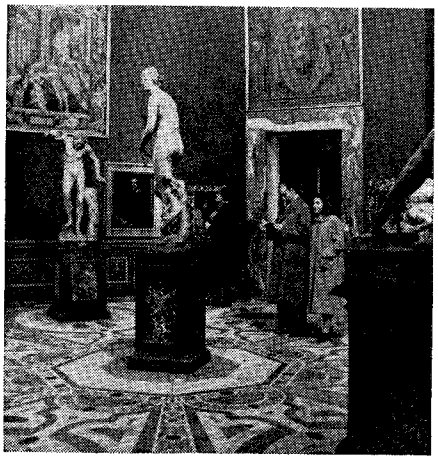

—*Stockpile.*

of Mrs. Gardner's will nothing can be touched, nothing removed. I wonder—is there no way of amending this will for her greater glory and that of Boston?

I could go on citing examples, giving a three-star rating to Milan's Poldi Pezzoli Museum (rebuilt after the war) and a bad rating to Milan's cold Brera Gallery; a high praise to the *Galleria Borghese* in Rome and a regretful thumbs down to the *Museo Nazionale* in the same city (even though it contains one of Holbein's best portraits of Henry VIII). Enough has been said, I hope, to suggest the usefulness of a showmanship guide and of some sort of measurement of enjoyment possibilities. Of course such a measurement should only serve as a hint to where the casual traveler can spend his time most profitably. Some works of art should be seen, no matter how badly they are displayed. Nobody would want to pass up visiting the Sistine Chapel, although, if truth were told, the frescos can be seen much better in reproduction than at the huge distance across which one has to gape at them, one's head uncomfortably thrown back.

Instead of Michelin's forks, the museum ratings could be one eye, two eyes, three eyes. Now, who will write such a book?

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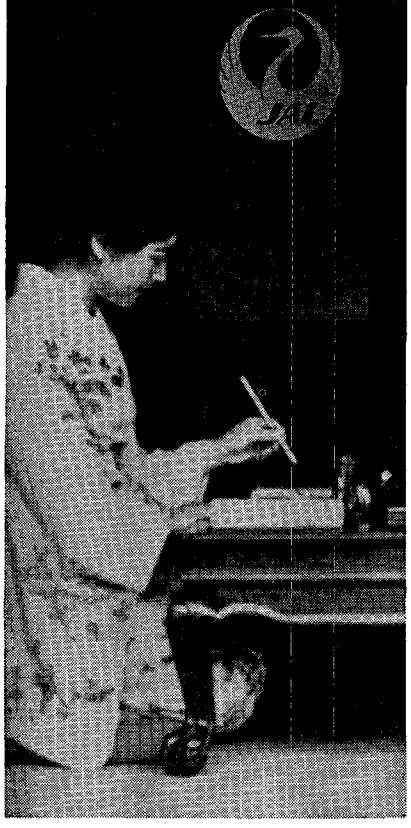

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Cinque Terre

Continued from page 43

to make her deliveries. She is also a Visconti, descended from the sister of Ennio Quirino Visconti, a son of Vernazza who became Italy's foremost art critic in the time of the Napoleonic conquest. Napoleon took him back to Paris, they say, to help convert the Louvre into a museum.

Franzi's food is famous up and down the coast; among the specialties are *Pasta con pesto,* thin noodles with a green sauce of chopped basil, cheese, pine nuts, and garlic in olive oil; and *Muscoli ripieni,* mussels stuffed according to a secret mother-in-law recipe, fragrant with garlic. Franzi has named certain dishes after happy accidents: *Torta Bergman* after an imperious German guest who one night demanded that her cake and ice cream be put together on one plate (an unprecedented notion in these parts); *Pasta Nicoletta* after a guest who showed up three hours late for dinner, when all the regular dishes were gone, and for whom the cook compounded a splendid spaghetti sauce of leftover veal and fish. I found the local table wines somewhat harsh—the white gentler than the red. But one Cinque Terre wine is famous—a heavy, sweet dessert wine called *Sciacchetra.* It has been compared to *Château d'Yquem,* and Italian tourists carry it away by the liter.

Visitors have been known to defect to other *trattorie* up the street or to the *pizzeria,* which also serve sound regional fare. But for the most part the regulars gather at Franzi's. There are seldom more than twenty or thirty visitors resident in town at one time. I met an Englishman who works in Milan and rents an apartment on the piazza by the year. "Vernazza is still a closed town," he said. "You don't push your way in. I know a couple who wanted to rent here for the summer. They wrote a long letter to a house owner detailing their requirements. No answer. Later I made inquiries. I was told, 'If they want to rent a place here they had better come and let us see them.'"

When the sea is calm, excursion boats from more populous resorts along the coast put into Vernazza, the only Cinque Terre port deep enough for small steamers. For an hour or two the town loses some of its languor. Passengers—most of them Italian holidaymakers—swarm on the mole, across the piazza, and disappear up the steep alleys. They climb twisting steps to the Bar Castello, an outdoor café poised on the tip of rock jutting out to sea, and pose for photographs in front of the round *castello* tower (built originally with invading Saracens in mind). They duck through a grotto under

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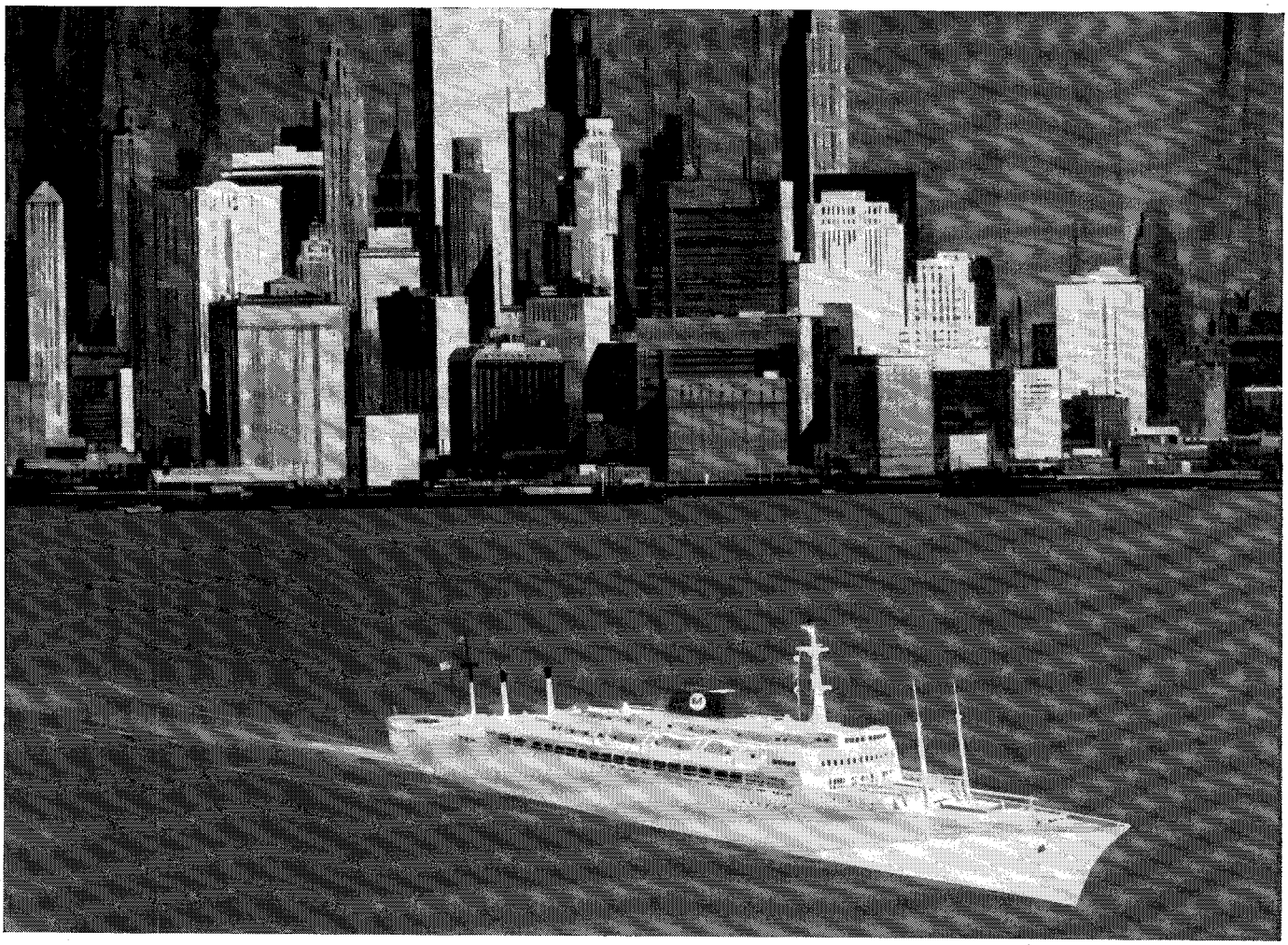

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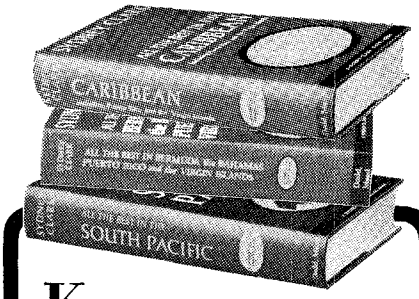

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the rock to the beach on the other side. Then the boat whistle blows, and the tide of tourists is sucked back, leaving the resident visitors and townspeople with a pleasant sense of superiority. We sit over our glasses of Cinzano and later make leisurely turns of the Piazza as the sun drops over the Ligurian mountains.

The Vernazzesi, like others of the Cinque Terre, are descended from the Ligurians, a seafaring race of pre-Romans with a Celtic mixture. A number are fair and redheaded: a young priest of Manarola has flaming red hair and a bony Celtic face; the best oarsman in Vernazza (he wins the boat race every year at the local festival of Santa Margherita) has a ginger crew-cut and shoulders like a freckled ox. Many men of the region are merchant seamen working the ships out of Genoa. They are at sea some eight months a year, then home on leave about four months. Hence the towns are virtual matriarchies. "The women make the decisions in Vernazza," said a local official. "Naturally, the vote goes Christian Democratic." (Yet the most prominent sign on the piazza is the hammer and sickle over the Communist Party bulletin board.) When the men are home they usually spend their time puttering with boats, or fishing, or sunning like lizards on the flat rocks of the beach. I suspect I lost caste by shopping for provisions and carrying home packages—woman's work.

Early one morning I set out on foot for Monterosso—about three kilometers along the narrow seaside cliff paths that connect the Cinque Terre villages. I climbed up behind the church from the piazza, higher and higher until Vernazza turned into a toy village beneath. The sea was a thousand-foot drop straight down. I was now in the vertical vineyards of the Cinque Terre, terraced so steeply that at harvest time the peasants must lower their baskets of grapes by ropes. It was by then September, and the vines hung heavy with purple and white clusters. Fig trees bent over the path. Everywhere trees were laden with fruit—peaches, pears, tiny golden apples. I bit into a peach warm and sweet with the sun. An old woman came striding down the path with a basket of herbs on her head; she gave me a grave *"Buon giorno,"* and I caught a whiff of basil and musty black cotton. Higher still I came to the olive groves, shady and cool, the ground beneath bare, red-brown shale without a weed. On the sea below, the traffiic was fairly heavy: a fishing boat with a deep-chugging motor; an excursion steamer, its decks packed and loudspeaker blaring the barker's staccato double consonants; farther out a big schooner with dark blue sails, very likely from Portofino; and on the distant horizon a freighter bound for Genoa.

I crested the last rise and saw Monte-

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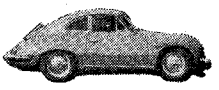

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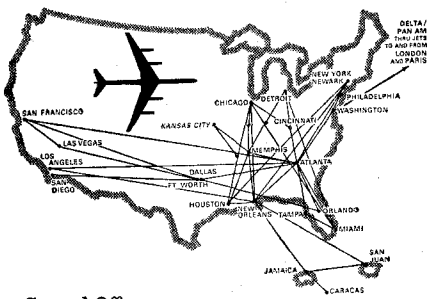

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rosso al Mare, the nearest approach to a conventional resort in the Cinque Terre. Along the curving beach dotted with umbrellas are several small hotels and a restaurant-bar built out over the sand. A mall parallels the beach; beneath it are bathing cabanas. In the old part of town is a somnolent square planted with twisted Italian pines and surrounded by shops. Monterosso's thirteen hotels—none of them first-class—are probably too Spartan for American tastes, although one of the second class offers the surprising ratio of twenty-five baths to thirty-five rooms. The transient heading for the Cinque Terre would do better to stay at Levanto or La Spezia.

If Monterosso is the Cinque Terre's metropolis, Corniglia and Manarola are its most primitive communities. I used to traverse the coastal footpaths to both, gluing myself against the cliffs now and then to let beefy German hikers go by. On the way to Corniglia one afternoon I came upon a squat, bald, middle-aged Italian in light-blue fisherman's pants and navy-blue jersey. He called my attention to the admirable seascape in three languages: first Italian, then French, then English. (Like so many of the region he had been in the service of the Italian Line.) He swept his arm from the mountaintop to the sea, a vertical drop of some 1,500 feet, where the grapes grew tier on tier. "My vineyard—my Shangri-La," he said. "But I cannot get the young men to work here any more. They don't like hard work. They want to go to the city."

Corniglia, aloof on its rocky headland, offers little enough to hold a young man. In the center of the village is a miniature triangular piazza with a 1915-18 war monument and a four-table café. The beach lies some 300 feet below, and so does the railway station. When I descended to the station at dusk, homecoming men and women were toiling up the zigzag steps from the train balancing loaded baskets on their heads. It looked like a hard commute.

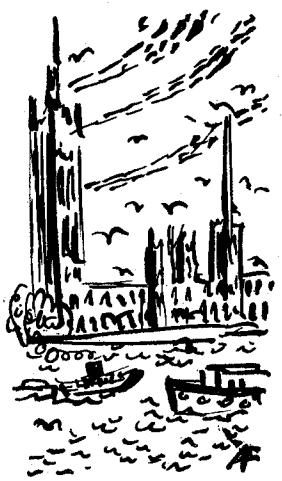
Manarola is less stark: its single street runs to Mother Sea and a rocky port. Up above, on the piazza of black-and-white checkerboard squares, stands the Church of San Lorenzo, built in 1338—pure Romanesque with a handsome rose window. On a Sunday I attended eleven o'clock Mass. The children's voices rose in the *Kyrie eleison*, rough but clear. The priest based his sermon on the recent death of a little girl of the town, but before he had finished he had worked his way around to the appalling nakedness of modern bathing costumes.

Later I skirted the cliffs from Manarola to nearby Riomaggiore by a curious footpath called the *Via dell 'Amore*. Cut out of the rock and overhanging the sea, it is partially paved in stone and—wonder of wonders—it has a guard rail. Cemented in the cliffs at intervals are tablets of white marble, each with a chiseled inscription dedicated to the ways of love and to some of its noted supporters: "*La Concordia*" followed immediately by "*La Discordia*"; then "*La Belle Hélène*," "*Penelope*," "*Venere*," and so on for almost a kilometer. At "*Cupido*" I passed a dreamy couple leaning against the rail; they obviously didn't need his help.

Although the motor road now links Riomaggiore—most southerly of the Cinque Terre villages—to La Spezia and the outside world, it stops at the top of the town. Children run in the steep main street among blooming oleanders and canna. The old port is deep in a cleft no car could ever reach, and it still keeps its innocence. I sat in a bar on the rocks above the port and sipped a glass of sweet *Sciacchetra*—roughly the equivalent of a chocolate malted milk. I wondered how long the innocence would last.

Less than a year later I returned to the Cinque Terre and Vernazza. The *Ingegnere* had said, "Nothing much changes here—you will see." Nevertheless I found changes. Vernazza had now become a national monument, and the scaffold-covered church was being restored. The *Bar Castello* on top of the rocky promontory now displayed an electric sign to lure excursionists. The grocery where I bought my provisions now carried more package goods than before—cakes and biscuits indistinguishable from those in a supermarket. And a small *pensione* had even opened up near the railway station.

In the quiet of evening, after dinner at Franzi's, I walked out on the mole beyond the piazza with the *Ingegnere*. We looked back at the lights of town and up at the dark mountains plunging into the sea. The *Ingegnere* sighed. "Perhaps after all it will be impossible to build a road," he said. I hope so. But by his own admission, he is a better stage director than an engineer.



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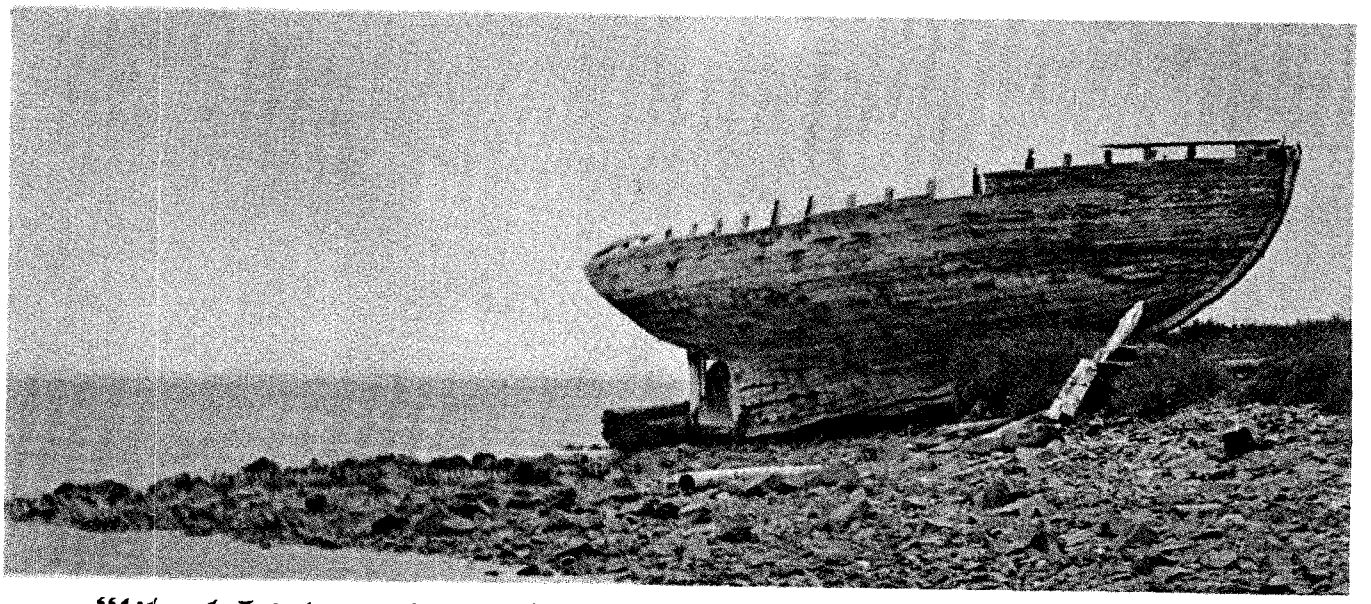

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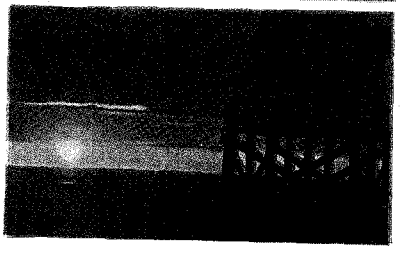

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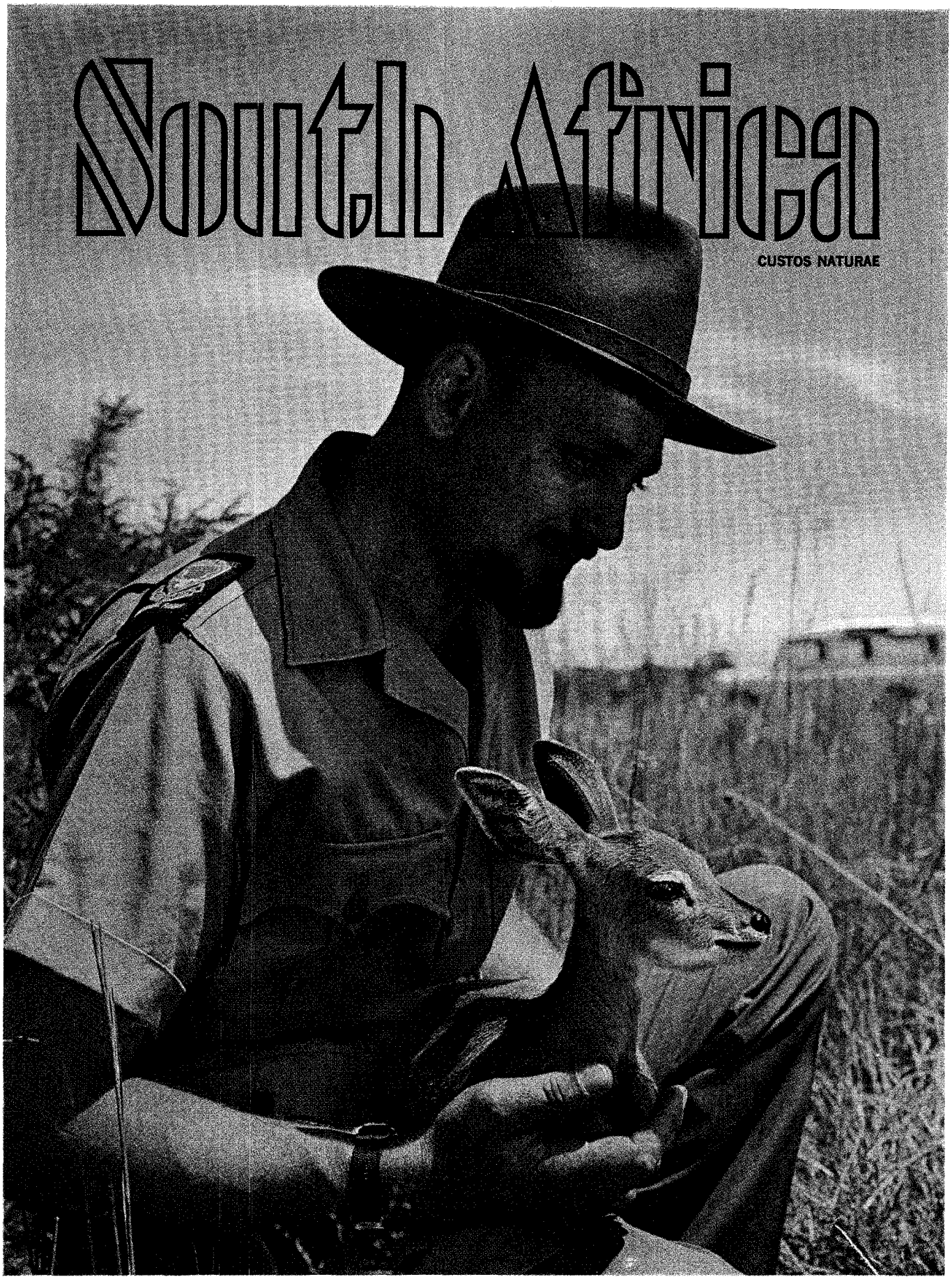

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Outlandish

Continued from page 41

creation is one of many seafood specialties that the city indulges in and prepares exquisitely.

Going along the Riviera into Italy, if you can bear to forego the much-publicized romantic charms of Santa Margherita and Rapallo, you may discover Genoa. *Genoa?* Yes, believe it or not, this city, which most tourists skip or hurry through, is an *original.* And I assure you, no place could be further "out" and still be worth a visit. Its many fifteenth-century monuments, its memories of Columbus and his early haunts, the treasures of the *palazzo* of San Giorgio, all contribute to this port city's *mystique.* There is a bustle and busyness about Genoa that has its own appeal (Italian bustles are no relation to the American species), spiced as it is with the Italian character. Beaches are nearby if you feel you must, and the city has a unique cuisine worthy of wider recognition. The core of it is pesto, a succulent mixture of fresh basil and olive oil, which doesn't begin to suggest how special it is. Pasta with pesto is unbelievably good—and infinitely less expensive than those celebrated golden noodles of a certain restaurateur further south. The waterfront trattorie of Genoa are in a class by themselves, far superior to most Italian trattorie and even to most restaurants. Pisa is a short drive away, if you lean in that direction, and many charming and historic towns are close enough for a visit.

It is, it goes without saying, far easier to find interesting towns that are "out" than to find entire countries. But don't give up: think Turkey. If ever a country was "out," Turkey is it. With the to-do in recent years over Melina Mercouri, Greece has become terribly chic and "in." With the recent release of the movie *Topkapi,* with its Turkish setting, it seems likely that Turkey may be next in line for discovery. If so, *now* is the time to act. If you think Turkey for the next year or two, it may be too late. You may suddenly find it "in," and then you'll have to start thinking Syria, and who knows where *that* will lead you?

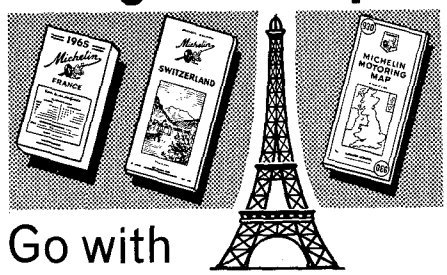
Istanbul, building for building, is one of the most architecturally stimulating cities in the world, provided, as one cynic put it, you like onions. The bulb-domed mosques give much of the city an inverted-cupcake look that is as far removed in time as the Arabian Nights. In fact, when you visit the *seraglio* of the Sultan's Palace, it is very hard to keep from feeling like Scheherazade (or, if you are a man, to keep from looking for her).

There must be a thousand and one reasons for visiting Istanbul (relax, I won't go into them now). Among them are the drive along the Bosphorus; the fascinating bazaars full of icons, ornately gorgeous old jewelry, blend-it-yourself perfumes; the mixtures of East and West that are everywhere in the city; and above all, the highly spiced cuisine. Greek chauvinists claim that the Turks ate raw meat until Greeks taught them the fine points of using oil, sesame, and herbs. Be that as it might well have been, the Turks learned their lessons well and have developed a rich and marvelously seasoned cuisine all their own.

With just these few examples stated, you can see that it is still possible to ferret out many places of interest in Europe that are not devastatingly "in." Portugal, having just unveiled its first skyscraper, is on the brink, but if you hurry, you'll make it. If you want to go farther afield, there's always Albania. Tirana is so far "out" that nobody will find you for six years. (Whatever became of King Zog?) And by the way, who's for Bulgaria?

"Of course, it does not take long for the sight of the monkeys scampering all over the rocks to pall. . . ."

Going to Europe?



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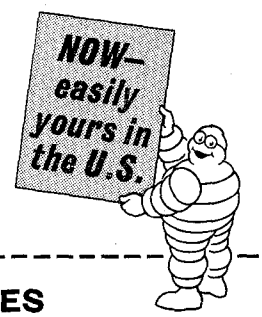

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Mad Metropolis

Continued from page 58

in town is the Eve Nacht club, where Mandy Rice-Davies of Profumo case fame recently made an initial singing appearance. She was right at home; the normal entertainment at the Eve (which bills itself as "the pavilion of beautiful women") consists of unclad young ladies who spend half their time on stage taking off their clothes and the other half sitting alongside you at the bar asking you to purchase champagne for them.

Another swank watering spot is the Madame Club, a members-only joint on the Briennerstrasse, run by one of Germany's glossiest magazines and functioning as Germany's equivalent of the Playboy Club, sans the waitresses' short skirts, fluffy tails, and artificial ears. Even though admission is supposedly limited to members, the doorman usually lets in any good-looking gal, with the result that there's a great deal of free-lance competition among the ladies for the attentions of the German business executives who frequent the bar. Recently one gal jumped right out of her low-cut sheath dress during cocktails, an event that attracted no little attention from the imbibers.

For visitors who don't have the money or the snobbishness to head for the Madame Club, there's always Schwabing, Munich's equivalent of the Left Bank, and possibly the most lively European Bohemia with the exception of St.-Germain-des-Près. The main inhabitants here are the 21,000 students who have come from all corners of the globe to enjoy the *Akademische Freiheit* ("Academic Freedom") of the University of Munich, which has been sending students with dueling scars on their faces out into the world for close to 500 years. The bars along its neon-lit Leopoldstrasse feature sandled couples in rolled-up pants and short skirts doing the Frug and the Madison. Occasionally you'll spot top-hatted engineers who have just graduated from the local technical high school celebrating their victory with a beer in a sidewalk café. The streets are lined with art exhibitions being attended to by bearded students who will try to cadge a few marks off you even if you don't want to buy their paintings. Poetry readers, magicians, barbers, and violin players similarly prowl the streets looking for a stray mark or two. *Twist-kellers* and *jazz-kellers* are to be found down almost every flight of stairs.

Interestingly enough, the city is caught in the clutches of an American Wild West craze, and Dodge City-style saloons have sprung up all over town. Munich even has a Western store that stocks Stetson hats, cowboy boots, and Levis for would-be gun-slinging Bavarians. During Fasching, half the partygoers look like Tom Mix, the rest resemble Tonto, and the byword seems to be "*Am Pass Aufhalten*" ("Head 'em off at the pass").

Culture lovers can also have a field day in Munich. The city boasts no fewer than twenty-two legitimate theaters. Kandinsky got modern art off to its start out of Munich and local galleries are awash in Klees and Mondrians. The proudest building in town is the magnificent National Theatre, built originally back in 1823 with funds derived from a penny tax on every stein of beer. Completely destroyed during the bombing raids, the theater was rebuilt brick by brick by music-loving Müncheners.

Within thirty miles of the city there are seventy-five lakes and forests, and when the *Föhn* blows away the clouds you can see the snow-capped Alps thirty miles to the south, a vista that delights local skiers no end. *Autobahns* bring all of this natural loveliness into easy accessibility, although one has to be crazy to play bumper tag with the mad German drivers on this roadway, which proudly boasts that it has no speed limit.

Munich has some eighty good hotels, but *cognescenti* seem to agree that the 600-bed Bayerischer Hof ($20 double with bath) is as good a place to stay as any. The hotel dates back to the days of King Ludwig I, who started going there because in all the 100 rooms of his palace there was not a single bathtub. The hotel actually dared to turn down Hitler and his gang, who wanted rooms one time, because they insisted on using quarters being rented by an aged permanent resident. Modernized through the years, the hotel even boasts a terrace and luxurious glass-enclosed swimming pool on its roof.

And, if you're willing to struggle along in German, there are hundreds of local guest houses and *pensions* where you can enjoy a large, clean room, central heating, plenty of hot water, and *Frühstück* (breakfast) for $5.50.

Perhaps the best description of how Bavarians feel about Munich is the case of telephone number 0811. This was a service once provided by the Munich Telephone Company for homesick Bavarians stranded away from their beloved community. By picking up a phone and dialing 0811, the caller could hear a lovely lady's voice saying softly "München . . . München . . . München." The service was discontinued only after so many homesick Bavarians called that every one of its telephone lines was tied up and the city completely cut off from the outside world.

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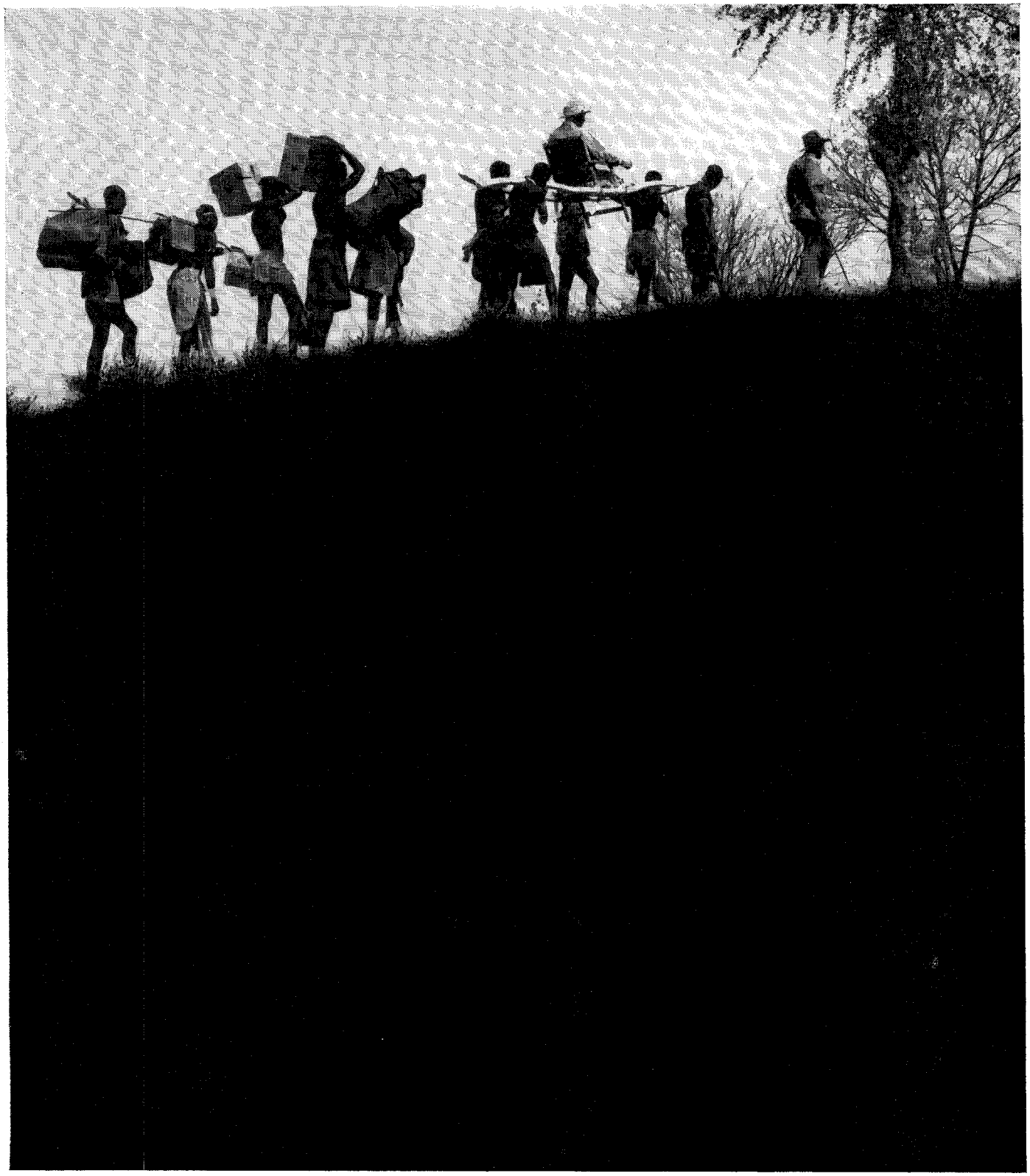

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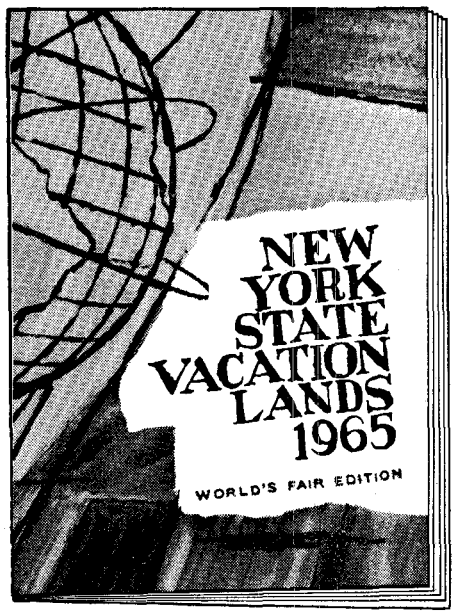

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Vienna Woods

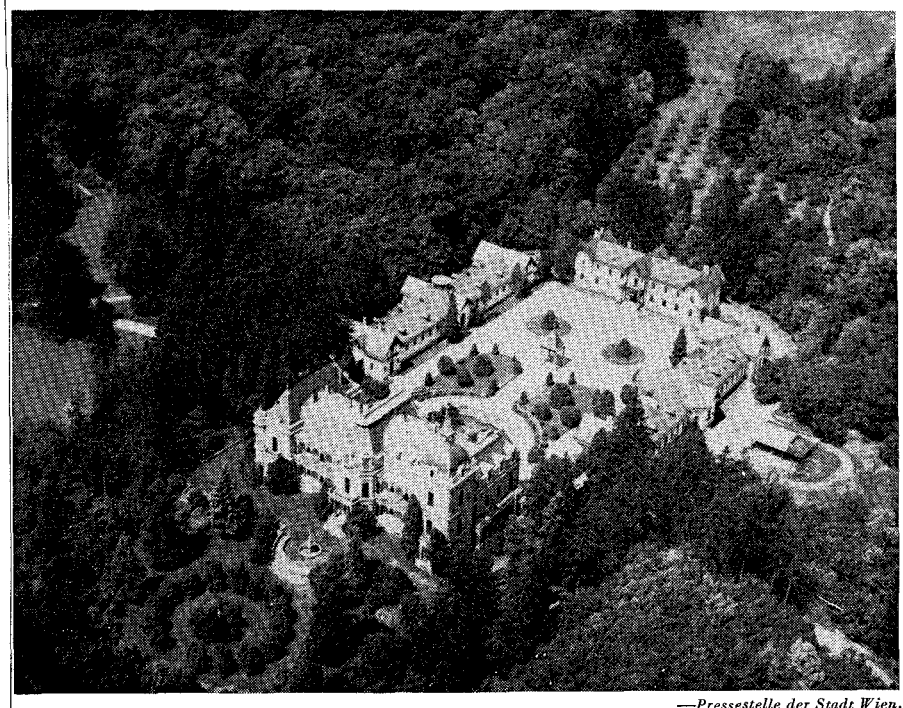
Continued from page 36

barbed-wire fences and search towers of the Hungarian border, the air seems to be different on the Austrian side—more cheerful. No wonder. This is the air of freedom. The lights are brighter, the laughter is louder.

Austria's charm, a valuable commodity, defies rational analysis. It is admittedly a commercial, not an emotional quality, It should be enjoyed, not investigated. It is about as volatile as a fine French perfume whose scent lingers on, but you ought not use too much of it. Protracted dealings with the local populace don't leave you with a sense of charm. Smart travelers won't stay too long, for the mysterious element may wear off. I've seen it happen to American diplomats and businessmen who were absolutely bewitched when they first came here, but gradually sobered up, as after a long and wonderful night of waltzing. Life in Austria is not unlike a permanent ball during the annual Fasching (carnival). Eventually dawn's grayish light is bound to make people and places look slightly faded. You should leave while it's still dark and wonderful.

The great Austrian myth makes this a country of Strauss waltzes, whipped cream, *Apfelstrudel, Heuriger* inns, and *Schuhplattln,* a sort of Tyrolean square dance (executed in leather pants and dirndls, to be sure, with the men slapping their hips and shouting "yoo-hoo!"). All these things do exist, but they don't make Austria. People who consider travel not so much a technique but something of an art will enjoy Austria much better when they come, not because of the myths but in spite of them.

Thus they will enjoy the music, which is almost always very good, but perhaps not the wine, which goes well only with the sound of the music. At Demel's they shouldn't order too much whipped cream (it covers the genuine miracles of Demel's pastry-making until everything tastes of whipped cream). They shouldn't approach their meals with the feeling of pilgrims entering shrines of gastronomy. There is no such thing in Austria. The food is often as spicy as the conversation but the cooking is rarely outstanding. Maybe the chef worries about your health (cholesterol) or, more probably, about his expenses (the high price of butter). Who cares? The waitress brings you a double portion of charm, the tablecloth is nicely checkered, and if you are lucky the proprietor will regale you with Johann Strauss's *Tales from the Vienna Woods* while you have your *Zwiebelrostbraten,* so what else can you ask for? Maybe the bill. Don't forget the tips. The technique of adding tips upon tips is miraculous. You tip not only the waiter who brings your food, the girl who brings your drink, and the "pay-waiter" who writes your bill, but also the gnome who brings bread and emperor's rolls (they'll appear on the bill), the hatcheck woman, the man who sells flowers, the fellow who plays the piano (even if he's the owner), the cigarette girl, the doorman who looks like (and is) a retired Bohemian general, and, most important, the *Wagentürmaufmacher* (the-man-opening-the-door-of-the-car), a beloved Viennese institution.



—*Pressestelle der Stadt Wien.*

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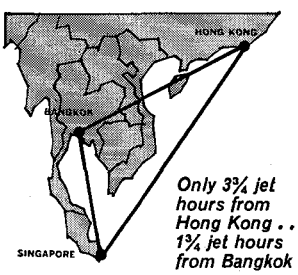

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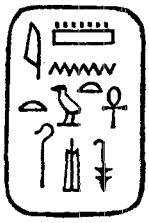

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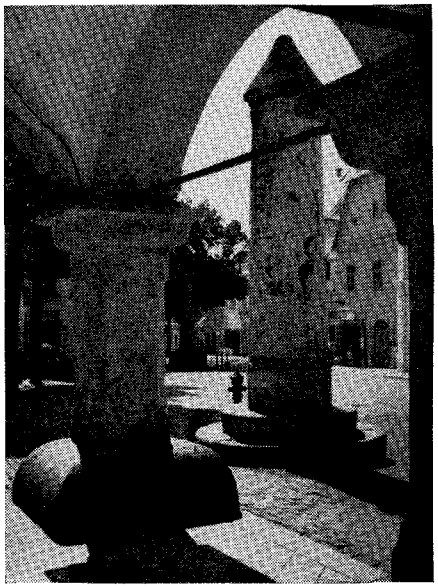
THUS everybody lives better than he can really afford to, which doesn't mean that everybody is as merry as in a Viennese operetta; Austria is one of the leading suicide countries in Europe. Only 17 per cent of Vienna's apartments have bathrooms, but even people who have no running water in their homes often own TV sets and automobiles. Psychoanalysis is not fashionable in the city where it was first practiced; if you have problems, you go to the *Heuriger* ("this year's wine") and confess into your glass. The wine may give you a headache the morning after but it's far more helpful than most analysts are. The populace is divided into cheerful pessimists ("Happy is he who forgets what cannot be changed," as they sing in *Fledermaus*) and unhappy optimists ("If things



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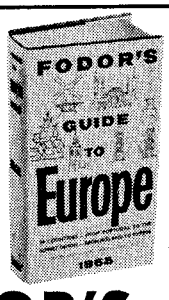

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Gleaned from the dusty attics of the world, the odd-ball items in this jumble shop have been thrown together in deliberate disarray. There is an unholy clutter of madonnas and pagan fetishes, of Indian temple carvings and Victorian whimsies, of Bishops' rings, and bowls for Ifo nuts from West Africa, used to induce visions.

Authentic archeological and ethnological pieces, such as skull hooks from the Sepik River of New Guinea, a woodcarving from Pitcairn Island, an Assam head-hunter's basket to hold the severed head, Coptic textiles, Australian boomerangs, Egyptian shawabti, are some of the collector's items to be found here.

From the riotous profusion in this small unair-conditioned shop, you may unearth a set of 17th century Burmese duck weights for $85; an Egyptian scarab, circa 1500 B.C., for $10; a 7th century Coptic terra cotta funerary figure for $15; an intricately carved crucifix for $85 made from soup bones by a Napoleonic prisoner of war interned in England.

Mr. Juergens, who is responsible for accumulating all of this God-knows-what, is a scholarly, soft-spoken gentleman, as amazed as anyone else by the treasures and trivia surrounding him.

WHAT THE REVIEWERS HAVE TO SAY

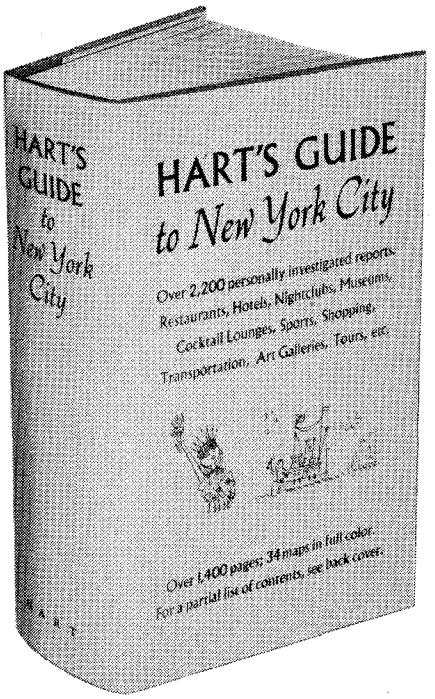
There is little need for us to puff this book — reviewers, from one end of the country to the other, have already done so. Here are a few examples from the scores of laudable reviews . . .

THE NEW YORK TIMES "A little place to eat, tonight? Hart's has 140 pages of them, codified as to nationality, cuisine, price, location. Hotels? Churches and Synagogues? Nightclubs? Radio? Cultural Organizations? Parks? Books? The indexed categories reach 450 entries, from 'After the Theatre' to 'Zoos.' Its map section of 64 pages in color ranges everywhere about town. Here is, indeed, a pantechnicon guidebook, geared to the size, dynamism and diversity of this metropolis."

SATURDAY REVIEW SYNDICATE "The best guide to New York City so far published–a 1,350-page compendium, brightly written and meticulously researched, which does justice to its manifold attractions and diversions. The emphasis is on the city as it is today–the services it provides, the entertainments and facilities available, the sights to see, and the things to buy. The text has been skillfully organized and clearly presented. Moreover, the information on restaurants and hotels coincides with my own experience. Note, too, the map section in color, superior to anything of the kind I have yet come across. This is easily the best allround guidebook to New York City now before the public."

NEWARK SUNDAY NEWS "For sheer reading pleasure, regardless of one's geographical location, the just published *'Hart's Guide to New York City,'* is difficult to match. It's enormous, but it is also vital. It is enthusiastic, but honest."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW "A guidebook to end guidebooks! It tells where you can buy 500 varieties of honey, how many steps to the top of the Statue of Liberty, that nine languages are spoken by the staff of the Paris Hotel, where to find a locksmith on Sunday, your inalienable rights in a taxicab, and the truth about tipping. It took three years to compile, the principal reason being that an individual survey was made of every item in the book. Hart himself, for instance, went on all the sightseeing tours in New York. He learned to his surprise that a Chinatown tour conducts the suckers to a second-floor gift shop where prices are twice those of the regular stores on the street."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go better I won't be able to stand it"). The Austrians were furious about a nationwide American TV program that showed them as a nation of loafers, between mountains of whipped cream, walking around with worn briefcases and worn heels, always munching something, doing very little.

It isn't true. The Austrians work hard but don't give the impression of doing much. There are an enormous number of holidays: state holidays, church holidays, special school holidays, ski holidays. Diplomats in Vienna, who also celebrate their own holidays, rarely work more than 150 days in the year. What do the people do with all that holiday time? They enjoy life, rich and poor. The Austrians actually do all the things that they induce their visitors to do. They ski and climb mountains and visit festivals; they walk in the Vienna woods, and sit in *Heuriger* inns, and dance all night long, and sing while they eat or eat while they sing; they go to theaters and concerts and are always ready for another piece of pastry. They are often disgusted by the present and prefer to reminisce about the past. The past is "the emperor," Mozart, a great monarchy reaching from the Polish border to Trieste, beautiful women, an archduke in every garage.

A FEW years ago Helmut Qualtinger, the latest of the great Austrian satirists, performed his devastating monologue of "Der Herr Karl," which he wrote with Carl Merz. There was stunned silence and some violent protest when the Austrians saw a dirty, slovenly, cheap, mean, disgusting fellow named "Herr Karl" on their TV screens. Some people wanted to run Qualtinger out of town. But many admitted that his portrait of a certain Viennese type was accurate, and the papers wrote that "whether we like it or not, the Herr Karls are still among us." Such admissions, on a national scale, are remarkable. Not many nations will make them, though many of them have *their* Herr Karl.

Travelers to Austria will enjoy their stay (no money-back guarantee) provided they leave a few illusions home:

1. "The blue Danube." It is never blue and rarely beautiful, but mostly grayish and often dirty. And the Johann Strauss waltz named after the river is *not* the country's national anthem.

2. "Vienna is the capital of music." True only during the Vienna Festwochen in May and June, not true during the remaining eleven months of the year, when Vienna has less music and less good music than New York, London, Paris, and Berlin, which many Viennese consider "unmusical" cities.

3. "There was never a Nazi in Austria." Well, maybe one, but even in the case of Hitler one can't be sure. At any rate, no one ever did anything "bad." It was just bad luck. When the subject is brought up by a guilty-looking fellow, don't pursue it. Why spoil a beautiful friendship?

4. "The golden Viennese heart." It is only tinsel, as Messrs. Abraham à Santa Clara, Nestroy, Karl Krauss, and Qualtinger have pointed out. Many people like domestic animals better than children.

5. "The country of Gemütlichkeit." Yes, if you stay in certain places where the *Schnitzel* is flat and the zither music lovely. No, if you venture out into regions where tourists seldom go.

6. "Freud, Schönberg, Gustav Mahler were great Austrians." Sure, but they are not very well known here. A few years ago a small plaque was affixed to Freud's house in Berggasse. Mahler and Schönberg are less performed here than in America.

Still, it's a fascinating country, with a slight touch of Balkan and many unexplained secrets. Nearly everybody slept here, and not always alone. There is a lively trade in antiques and Hungarian countesses, both not quite genuine. But the Pieter Brueghels at the Kunsthistor-

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isches Museum are wonderful. The coffee is almost always excellent. John Le Carré now lives here. Karajan no longer lives here. The Austrians are not Europe's worst drivers; the Swiss and the Germans are still worse. *Salzburger Nockerl* is not a dessert but a fluffy joke; you will love it. Austrians have invented the *Sachertorte*, the string quartet, the coffeehouse, the Congress of Vienna, the waltz, the twelve-tone scale, the castle-converted-into-hotel, the operetta, National Socialism, the Austrian baroque, the cult of boiled beef, the art of petit point, *Wedeln*, the political tightrope walking called *Proporz*, the Operanball, laughter-with-tears. When you hear an Austrian sing a ditty that goes, "Sell my clothes, I'm going to heaven," don't think he's drunk or tired of life. He merely enjoys it and hopes somebody else is going to pay for it.

In 1781 Mozart wrote to his father from Vienna, "I assure you this is the most beautiful and best place in the world for my profession. Everybody will confirm this to you. Certainly I am happy to be here."

A lot of people still feel that way in 1965.

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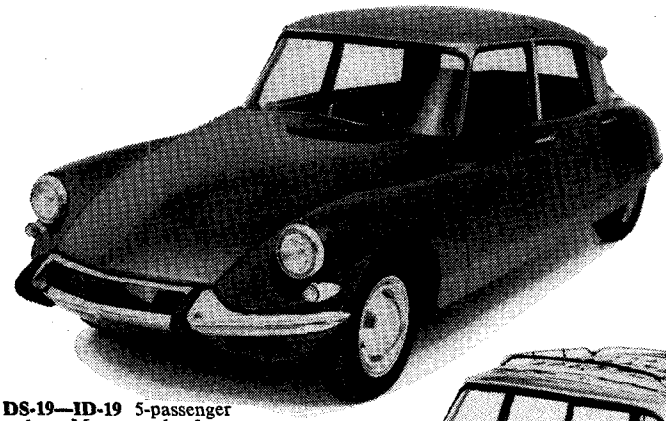

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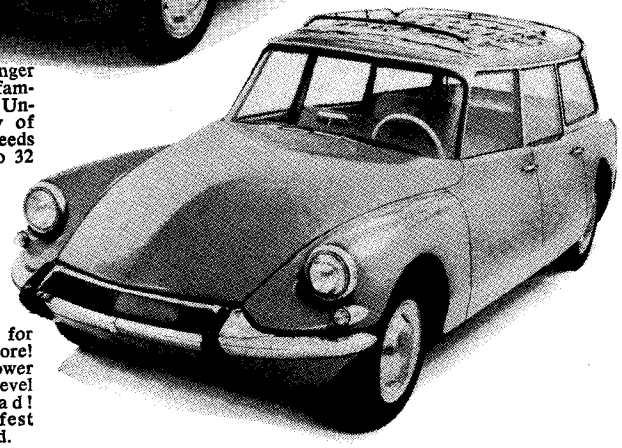

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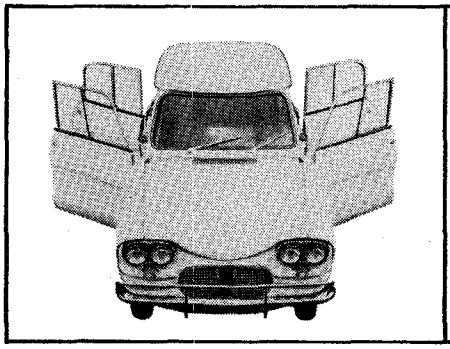

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Literary Cafe

Continued from page 35

see again during the day. Today the Italian director up from Cinecittà does the same.

Those persons who are attracted by status seats in certain restaurants and cabarets generally find the literary cafés unappealing, for all seats are equally comfortable (or the contrary), and equally accessible to the first comer. Only one establishment enjoys the favor of status seekers—La Brasserie Lipp, across the boulevard from Le Flore and Les Deux Magots; always crowded, until its 2 A.M. closing, it has a mysterious system of reserving tables that makes it the café of the French cabinet ministers, the leading actresses, the Nobel writer and his publisher. Marcellin Cazes, who bought the café in 1920 when it had eight tables and two waiters, became an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1958 for running the best literary salon of them all. His son Roger now handles day-to-day affairs.

The décor in Lipp's main room dates from 1872, and is signed by the ceramics designer who was Léon-Paul Fargue's father. As one sips the *sérieux*, the giant glass of Alsatian beer, amid bright lights and pretty women, one feels most Parisian. After the theater, Lipp is the place for oysters and white wine; after a speech or a stint of writing, the sauerkraut with sausages is recommended. But you can also sit for hours over a drink and receive a smaller check than you would across the boulevard. M. Cazes identifies three types of customers: the businessman in the morning, the literary people in the afternoon, the actors, politicians, and literary "celebrities" in the evening. *La Nouvelle Revue Française* group around Jean Paulhan, the aging cubists (Braque, Picasso), the Vieux-Colombier theater group, the postwar successes (Sartre, Camus) all had their Lipp period. "I go there," wrote Fargue, "as an Englishman to his club, sure to find each evening a true friend." He noted Lipp's mysterious etiquette: certain dishes require a tablecloth (and a switch to the back of the room); eating is forbidden at the outdoor tables. "Nevertheless one couldn't

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write thirty lines in a newspaper, paint a picture, or hold reasonable political views without spending at least one evening a week in Lipp's."

After this we run downhill. A fourth café on the St.-Germain square, without tradition or charm, always left at least one customer with the impression that he was being cheated by the waiters (even if he really wasn't) and it is not a pity that it has been replaced by an American-style "drugstore," a fashion of the moment. Further along Boulevard St.-Germain are several cafés favored by the postwar group: La Rhumerie, La Pergola, and Méphisto; still another has neon lights to tire the customer; the lights, the high prices, and the waiters' impatience remove it from the category we are discussing. An intimate bar, Le Nuage, was for a time stylish, but a guidebook says that the "hundred persons who count" at St.-Germain-des-Prés go there, so one may be sure they don't any more. Le Tournon and Monaco were preferred by the young Americans, some of whom now go to the American Artists Center in Montparnasse. The young writer Françoise Mallet-Joris seeks out anonymous cafés in the Latin Quarter to write her novels; dressed in blue jeans, she is taken for a Sorbonne student.

THE Montparnasse cafés, further south, are enjoying a new vogue; the painters had never left Montparnasse, where studios are cheap. Working writers and students, embarrassed by prices at St.-Germain-des-Prés, have found La Coupole, Le Dôme, and Le Select congenial again, as they were during the post-World War I epoch. All except for La Rotonde, which has become a brazen hussy of a moviehouse, with an adjoining neon-lit bar. Hemingway seemed to

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be predicting this in *The Sun Also Rises* (1926): "No matter what café in Montparnasse you ask a taxi-driver to bring you to from the right bank of the river, they [sic] always take you to La Rotonde. Ten years from now it will probably be Le Dôme." Hemingway's hero got out of the cab and walked to Le Select. Then to Le Dôme, and back to Le Select. In the next chapter he is at La Closerie des Lilas. Nothing is missing in Hemingway. La Closerie des Lilas, with memories of Baudelaire and Verlaine, Gide and Jarry, was a favorite of A. J. Liebling. Now it is an attractive restaurant. Today La Coupole on the Boulevard Montparnasse is the center of life in Montparnasse; the rich and the poor, Samuel Beckett and the latest unknowns, sit at adjoining tables. Prosperous diners at linen-covered tables in the restaurant section moved a writer for a modish American magazine to conclude that Paris was dead. The truth is that the distinguished clients are not "solid bourgeois families" but successful writers; for example, the distinguished aging couple we saw in that bourgeois enclave recently were France's leading Communist writers, the one-time surrealist poet Louis Aragon and his wife Elsa Triolet; Aragon always wears a dark suit and white shirt, and he must be very rich. Paris isn't dead, it's just that magazine writers are not as perceptive as they used to be. (Planned renovations at La Coupole, we are assured, will do nothing to jeopardize its status as a literary café.) Perhaps less work is done at Le Flore, and none at all at Les Deux Magots on a warm day, but come back in the morning when the cafés are less crowded and watch the girl reading her proofs at one table, the writer filling those long sheets with tiny script at another, the two or three earnest talkers on the terrace. When work isn't being done, reputations are being ratified or friends entertained. All of these are valid functions of the literary café, in addition to the possibility of sitting down.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1127

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1127 will be found in the next issue.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1126

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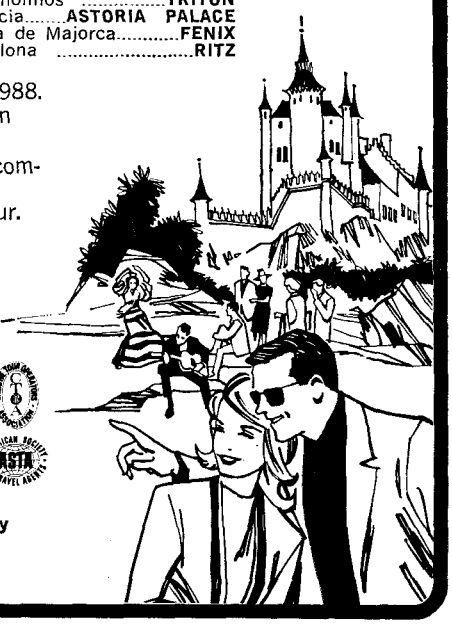

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Points of View

A NINETY-MINUTE telephone conversation program called *Stan Bernard/ Contact!* is heard regularly over WINS, a Group W radio station in New York. The host and guest experts discuss a single subject and answer questions phoned in by listeners. Recently, when the International Longshoremen's Association struck the Eastern waterfront, the station invited union leaders to the microphones and permitted rank-and-file members and the public to query them about a new contract with shippers. ILA officials had urged acceptance; a majority of the striking dockers had voted no; and the officials, with the blessing of the Department of Labor and the shippers, were trying to persuade the men. The telephone show, lusty and filled with colorful jargon, was extended beyond its usual midnight cutoff point. Dockers and their wives challenged and supported the officials in a vivid, brawling dialectic. Most of the questions seemed straight; some appeared stacked; and the officials were neither more nor less evasive than any vested-interest captains in public discourse. The air was vibrant with "public service" and "felt community need," yet I came away from the program with reservations.

I couldn't tell whether the real issues were being explored. Union leaders in a strike usually communicate clearly with rank and file. Had there really been a communications breakdown in the ILA—or were dissidents with a real case being subjected to a public snow job? A week later the ILA held another vote. This time there was a dramatic reversal and the contract was accepted, 12,104 to 5,236. ILA president Tom Gleason thanked WINS for "acquainting our membership with all the facts," and New Jersey's Governor Richard J. Hughes wrote: "Your action was a major contributing factor in the affirmative vote." WINS hired a *New York Times* marine reporter to talk to dockers and assess the

role played by the station in the settlement. Almost unanimously, the men agreed that the telephone show was "the first detailed explanation they had of the features of the contract. . . . Not only did they get direct answers . . . ; their wives had the first opportunity to really know what the contract offered." Traditionally dockers' wives have been kept out of their husbands' work, but this program gave them a strong sense of participation and an expanded role.

Union officials had pushed hard with an education campaign of their own, but the men said it was the show that finally helped nail the maverick vote. After reading the reporter's survey, I wondered why I had suspected the broadcast, and I concluded that the station's role had not been clear. It had adopted the conventional posture of neutrality in a public dispute. The station refrained from saying on the air that it believed the contract was a good one for the dockers (I found out later, however, that it did). Had WINS revealed its own position and given the basis for it, I would have felt that someone was speaking for the general public. If the station felt it had no basis for judgment, that, too, could have been admitted. The posture of honest declaration would have given the listener an anchor of trust.

Perhaps radio stations aren't yet ready for such a stand, but someday they should be. Telephone shows at present are mostly trivia—random conversations in which program managers provide, at small cost, an on-the-air listener for people yearning to express themselves. The WINS show is more intelligently structured than most, and a great deal of imaginative preparation goes into it. The widespread popularity of telephone programs may testify to a ubiquitous hunger for real dialogue and public transaction, but the form can be a great deal more useful than it now is. The one thing needed is a straight answer from the station to the question "Where do you stand?" —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

BIBLICAL BETHS

Beth, the second letter of the Hebrew and Proto-Sinaitic alphabets, is also the most general word for a house or habitation. In this sense, it enters into many compound proper names in the Bible. Deane Harrison of White Pine, Tennessee, submits a clutch of such place names, all incomplete beyond "beth" but with identifying descriptions, and asks that you complete them. House keys available on page 153.

1. Possibly the place where John the Baptist baptized, meaning "house of the ford": Beth _ _ _ _ _
2. The home town of Mary, Martha and Lazarus, meaning "house of the poor": Beth _ _ _
3. The place of Jacob's vision of angels, meaning "house of God": Beth _ _
4. The place where Jesus healed an invalid of thirty-eight years, meaning "house of grace": Beth _ _ _ _
5. The location from which Judas Maccabaeus fought two battles, meaning "place of caves": Beth _ _ _ _ _
6. The town where Jesus was born, meaning "house of bread": Beth _ _ _ _ _
7. The village to which Christ sent disciples to commandeer an ass, meaning "house of unripe fruits": Beth _ _ _ _ _
8. The place in which the bodies of King Saul and his three sons were fastened to the city wall, meaning "the mound of the fortress": Beth _ _ _ _
9. The home town of Peter, Andrew and Philip, meaning "house of fishers": Beth _ _ _ _ _
10. A town in the mountains of Judah, built by Rehoboam, meaning, "house of rock": Beth _ _ _

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How to Run a Railroad

EVER SINCE the old Black Diamond Express rounded a bend and pounded down the track toward one of Mr. Edison's primitive cameras, trains have exerted a terrific hold over film-makers. Undoubtedly there is a sexual connotation to be found in the masculine drive and power of the pistons, and in the endless process of coal being shoveled into the glowing maw of the furnace; but for once even more basic than that is the mere fact that enormous energies are unleashed by the pull of a lever, and a modern juggernaut rolls invincibly toward its destiny. To stop a train or alter its course require feats of superhuman daring and skill. And the man who elects to pit himself against a railroad becomes, inevitably, a super-hero.

In *The Train*, super-hero Burt Lancaster carries the process a long step further by also taking on the Third Reich. The time is August of 1944. As the Allies sweep ever closer to Paris, the Nazis prepare for evacuation—including the evacuation of art treasures looted from museums and private collectors. The works may be "degenerate" by Hitlerian standards, but in the art markets of the world they can bring in enough money to equip ten Panzer divisions. (This argument is advanced repeatedly by Paul Scofield, the German officer masterminding the operation, not only to impress his superiors, but obviously to impress the audience as well.) Scofield commandeers a train for his purpose. Lancaster mounts to its cabin, and this battle of the rails is underway.

Like the train itself, it sweeps along to ever-mounting tension. The ruse of the Resistance, of which Lancaster is a member, is marvelously simple. With Nazis aboard to check on each step of the train's progress, they change the names of the stations en route so that it makes a vast circle that never crosses the frontier. Then they wreck it, far inside of France, smashing another engine into the wreckage to make escape impossible. But such is the fanaticism of the Germans that escape *is* possible. And such is the determination of the French that it becomes impossible all over again.

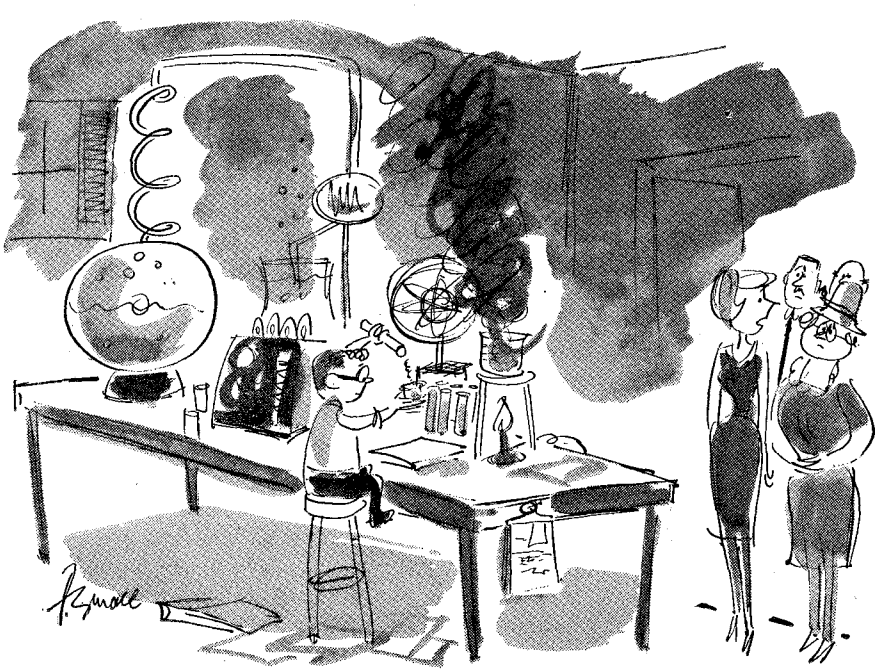
In this larger-than-life movie, the train becomes a larger-than-life symbol of implacable, irresistible forces. At the very outset of its hazardous journey, as it snakes its way through a railway yard under intensive Allied bombardment and emerges unscathed, there is established the sense of something special, something charmed about it. Later,

strafed and pursued by a single plane, the engine becomes curiously human as it dashes desperately for the safety of a tunnel, then pants exhaustedly in its shadow until the sound of its adversary slowly, reluctantly recedes. And in the end, when it runs off its rails, the precious cargo scattered along the roadbed, the hostages aboard all slain, the strange ambivalence of this symbol comes into focus. Had the train succeeded in its mission, it would have become the enemy. But it was stopped, and the stopping becomes almost as personal—and deplorable—as the murder of a friend in the exigencies of war. There is little joy in such a victory.

John Frankenheimer, the director, has captured these many moods surrounding his train with a restless, probing camera that seems in constant motion. He makes wondrous use of the full, rich scale from black to white and specializes in a kind of in-depth photography that generally juxtaposes at least two characters within the single frame. Burt Lancaster is perhaps the only American star both physically and psychologically endowed to play the hard, knowledgeable, and perdurable railroad man; Paul Scofield lends depth to his portrait of the esthetic but inhuman Nazi colonel; and a galaxy of well-chosen French faces, including that of veteran Michel Simon, validate the painstakingly selected and reconstructed backgrounds of France twenty years ago. Only Jeanne Moreau seems wasted in the *cliché* role of a girl reluctantly caught up in the Resistance movement, providing an intrusive and uninspired romantic interlude in a film that otherwise clings firmly and unromantically to the business of running its railroad.

DELBERT MANN, like Frankenheimer, is one of the more notably successful graduates from live television's directorial ranks. But where Frankenheimer has applied himself to exploring the greater flexibility of the movie camera, Mann has been concerned primarily with the greater range of human emotion that the movie camera can encompass. *Dear Heart*, like his earlier *Marty*, examines warmly and affectionately a few of the little lives that a large city can casually fling together—a small-town postmistress, an itinerant greeting-card salesman, a predatory widow and her sullen teen-aged son. Nothing terribly earth-shaking happens to any of them; but Mann makes it seem important because, aided by beautiful and believable performances from Geraldine Page and Glenn Ford, for an hour or two they occupy the very center of an immediately recognizable universe.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



"We didn't pay much attention until he got a grant from the Ford Foundation."

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Political Power in Trust

Humphrey: A Candid Biography, *by Winthrop Griffith (Morrow. 337 pp. $5.95), follows its subject's career from a small-town drugstore in South Dakota to the second highest office in the land. Frank Freidel is author of the three-volume biography "Franklin D. Roosevelt."*

By FRANK FREIDEL

VICE PRESIDENTS have traditionally been an inconspicuous lot. Through 176 years of United States history they have born witness to the classic lament of the first of their number, John Adams, that he had been elected to "the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived." Nevertheless the Vice Presidency has been a tantalizing office, for, while most of its incumbents have been almost forgotten men, eleven of them have gone on to the White House, either by succession or through subsequent election.

Inevitably, speculation now swirls around the new Vice President, the ebullient Hubert H. Humphrey. What are his prospects in the most chancy of all elective offices? How capable would he be if he were to become President? Quite capable indeed, Winthrop Griffith, who served as a Senate assistant to Humphrey from 1960 to 1964, concludes in his careful, serious biography. As only an assistant can be, he is aware of some of Humphrey's weaknesses—a tendency to be almost frenetic in the application of his boundless energies, to "run scared" when seeking office (and perhaps to be overoptimistic much of the rest of the time), and to be almost frighteningly earnest. But these are relatively light liabilities compared with the formidable assets Griffith delineates: a consistent and constructive liberalism, a warm and genuine liking for people, and a high level of practical intelligence. Humphrey's willingness to engage in Senate and party work and his habit of complimenting others for their achievements helped to make him one of the most effective and esteemed members of the Upper Chamber.

Griffith's book is based not only upon his own intimate association with Humphrey, but also upon a scrutiny of Humphrey's speeches and interviews the author has had with some ninety people who have known the Vice President.

Especially interesting is Griffith's account of Humphrey's life during the years before he reached the Senate. Humphrey's roots are in the Dakota prairies of his childhood. From his father, an intellectually inclined small-town druggist, he acquired a love of books and a devotion to wheat-belt liberalism. There was a sentimental folksiness in his boyhood—evocative of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*—that has persisted in the mature man. But, as Griffith points out, the locale of Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* was close by, and in the depressed, drought-stricken Thirties the stomach pains of the ambition-ridden young pharmacist are all too reminiscent of the agonies Lewis portrayed.

In 1935, when Humphrey first visited Washington, he wrote to his fiancée, Muriel Buck, "I set my aim at Congress. Don't laugh at me. Maybe it does sound rather egotistical and beyond reason, but, Muriel, I do know others have succeeded." Muriel Humphrey remembers that she did not think the letter at all foolish; indeed, she wondered whether Hubert might not some day be President.

It was not until two years later that Humphrey made his second and successful attempt to break free from the drugstore and complete his education. Soon he was teaching political science; but he wanted to be a politician, not a professor. In 1943, at the age of thirty-one, he ran for mayor of Minneapolis, and lost by only 5,000 votes. In 1945 he tried again, and after his election distinguished himself as a reformer.

It was at the 1948 Democratic Convention that he first achieved a national reputation by leading a successful fight for a strong civil rights plank. The following November he was elected to the Senate, and began the notable service which has led him to the Vice Presidency. For his future, says Mr. Griffith, he has "talent in reserve, ability in depth, and untapped resources of energy and intelligence."

That Was the Year That Was

The Agony of the G.O.P. 1964, *by Robert D. Novak (Macmillan. 469 pp. $6.95), and* ***The Goldwater Caper,*** *by Richard H. Rovere (Harcourt, Brace & World. 182 pp. $3.95), both written largely before Election Day, contain on-the-spot reports on the recent Republican débacle. SR's Managing Editor Richard L. Tobin covered U.S. politics for the New York Herald Tribune for several years.*

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

THE DELUGE of post-mortems on the recent election has begun, and we are now deeply involved in analyzing one of the most crushing defeats ever suffered by a candidate for the Presidency. Both Robert Novak's and Richard Rovere's books were for the most part written prior to November 3, 1964, and though the material has been brought up to date the authors do not provide the digested summation we need after such a cataclysm. Most likely, we shall have to wait until later this year for Theodore H. White's book, which will, we truly hope, examine the dismal proceedings of 1964 from a more reasoned, neutral, and historical point of view.

Mr. Novak's book is devoted primarily to the way the Goldwater forces usurped the Republican Party machinery from both the professionals and amateurs in the moderate and progressive wings of the GOP, who simply could not take the Arizonan seriously. If it did nothing else (and it does much more), Mr. Novak's contribution would have permanent value for his account of the chillingly authoritarian processes by which the Right and the Extreme Right obliterated virtually every gain made by the moderate Republicans between 1952 and 1960. Throughout the book one is impressed by the repetitive, almost compulsive bumbling of Goldwater's political lieutenants. They seemed impelled to do everything in their power to alienate the enormous Eastern vote, the urban vote, the Negro vote, the moderate Republican vote, the independent vote, without which they hadn't the ghost of a chance for victory. Many of these aides are amateurs in politics. Yet the amateurs of the Eisenhower "citizens' groups" learned from their early mistakes and went on to highly effective service, while the Arizona Mafia never seems to learn anything.

Nor does Goldwater himself ever emerge as an intelligent candidate. His

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—Wide World.

Barry Goldwater—bloopers.

disastrous television appearance of January 5, 1964, on *Meet the Press,* where he showed a frightening ignorance of the powers of the Constitution, the Senate, and the Chief Executive, led even a friendly columnist to write: "They [the bloopers] represent, to some of the Senator's friends, an inattention to detail and an impreciseness of utterance that could be troublesome to his Presidential campaign." This was a prophetic sentence; in the campaign that followed (Mr. Novak's book closes with the nomination) Goldwater violated most of the precepts of American politics.

THE Rovere book is flawed, first of all, by the sense one has of having read much of it before—and one is jolly well right, too, because it turns out that most of it appeared before Election Day in *The New Yorker* and elsewhere. From *The Goldwater Caper* one also gets the uneasy feeling that Mr. Rovere automatically detests all Republicans, though there are a few exceptions, like Thomas H. Kuchel of California and Jacob Javits of New York, and that for him a Democrat can do no wrong. This sort of reporting is always suspect, whether from Left or Right. Rovere, alas, has fallen into the pit that A. J. Liebling fell into when he wrote about newspapers. Liebling developed a psychopathic dislike for the press, until finally it could do nothing right however hard it tried or however perfectly it reflected the human scene. Although Mr. Rovere's reports may have seemed sound as they appeared serially in *The New Yorker* (he can write, no question at all about that), the sour aftertaste of the partisan and malcontent is unavoidable when the items are read in toto. Suffering, as they do, lost topicality, columns like these ought to be left to the bound volumes of the distinguished magazines in which they first appeared.

On Seeing and Believing

Education of Vision, Structure in Art and in Science, *and* ***The Nature and Art of Motion,*** *edited by Gyorgy Kepes (Braziller. 233, 189, and 195 pp. $12.50 each), initiate a new series designed to explore the relationship between vision and behavior and between art and science. August Heckscher was Special Consultant on the Arts to President John F. Kennedy.*

By AUGUST HECKSCHER

WHAT we have here are three large and handsomely produced volumes, part of a series called "Vision and Value," edited by Professor Gyorgy Kepes of MIT, and representing to some extent a distillation of seminars that extended over fifteen years. A number of the papers and illustrations included result directly from the seminars; others were specially prepared for the published volumes. The seminars apparently had two different but related aims: to explore the nature of vision and its effect upon our ways of acting, thinking, and believing, and to explore the relationship between art and science. The approach, therefore, is interdisciplinary. Among the contributors to the enterprise are psychologists, philosophers, physicists, artists, art historians, educators, architects, planners, and designers.

Professor Kepes begins with a concern for the "deformed and dishonest environment" in which modern man lives. We are surrounded by what he calls the "second nature of our man-made environment," cut off from the natural guides that instinct and traditional values have given us. We have built badly, and we see imperfectly. "The appearances of things in our man-made world," he says, " no longer reveal their character: images imitate forms; forms cheat functions; functions are robbed of their natural sources emanating from human needs." The world that modern man has constructed, he adds, "by and large lacks sincerity and scale."

The results of this deformation are twofold. The first is that the eye does not see—and neither, for that matter, does the ear hear. To penetrate the confusion of forms and images is to begin to live once more. It is also to begin to create a more sensible and human environment, an act heretofore inhibited by dulled sensibilities and obscured vision.

The first volume, *Education of Vision,* deals with such subjects as art education, visual education for science students, design and play (a fascinating essay by Paul Rand), and other problems and examples linking the efforts of scientist and artist to comprehend the nature and essence of the world.

For *Structure in Art and in Science* Professor Kepes once again provides an introduction, giving as much coherence as possible to the necessarily scattered essays that follow. The world has attained a new complexity and subtlety as man has penetrated below the surface of his environment, seeing it made up less of uniform and solid substances than of complicated organizations. The sense of structure within the physical world leads to new concepts of form within the human community and to new theories of the relation of structure to art and art to structure.

The third volume is in some ways the most lucid and interesting, concerned as it is with the "nature and art" of motion. The perception that we live in a universe composed, not of solid objects fixed in space, but of entities in motion and masses of energy, is at the bottom of much of modern man's unique vision—and also of much contemporary confusion. Where everything moves, everything tends to become blurred. Experience loses its clear outlines and sharp edges. Yet somehow modern man must learn to master motion, both in his scientific concepts and in everyday experiences. He cannot stand still; he must find meanings in the flux.

I remember motoring across the American West with two French teenagers. In the good European way they wanted to stop periodically and look at fixed objects in the landscape. They were continually disappointed by the results. I found myself explaining that the whole point of travel in America is to keep moving. If you stop there is nothing to see. But in the midst of motion there are meanings and endless delights: the sense of the road passing like a ribbon beneath one, the shifting perspectives of far-off mountains, clouds gathering and dissolving, the unfolding of the immense scale of the American landscape.

The meanings sought by individuals when confronted by the fact of ceaseless motion have been illuminated by art. Indeed, twentieth-century art can

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be largely interpreted as an attempt by various means to come to terms with a universe that does not stand still. Sometimes in the contemporary world art itself moves, like Calder's; sometimes we move through the art, as in the wire sculpture of Lippold in the Pan American Building. Architecture today can be understood only if you keep on the go. If you stop you are lost: there is no façade, no single point of view from which the reality can be observed.

IN Professor Kepes's third volume these phenomena are explored. To single out only two of the essays, George Ricket does a beautifully revealing piece on the varieties of "kinetic art"; Donald Appleyard takes us through the sequences of space in the contemporary city.

In these volumes the similarities between artistic and scientific insights are not rigidly stressed. It is easy to oversimplify in this area, suggesting that abstract art has predicted and foreshadowed later discoveries of the physicists—that its obscure patterns unconsciously reflect what is to be seen under the microscope. Professor Kepes avoids this approach, merely suggesting that there is an affinity between the two worlds, and that an atmosphere can be created within which fresh perceptions and new ways of communication may be encouraged. His seminars have evidently accomplished this, and his books extend to a wider audience the sense of mutual hospitality.

The Cannibals

By Jascha Kessler

AND when the box was opened
it was a wedding present
brought by barbarous uncles—
don't you remember the words,
the old music, the dancing,
the wine and cakes and good food,
and how everyone kissed us?

And afterwards, when they left,
when we were alone at last,
poking through the gay ruins,
late towards our first morning,
when we were too tired to laugh,
we found it in a corner,
trembling in terrible fright?

And how we waited awhile
wondering what it could mean,
until the sun filled the room,
giving us no other choice—
don't you remember it now?
how we threw ourselves down then,
and how we killed it, and ate?

The Lure of Power by Terror

Lambs of Fire, *by Pierre Gascar, translated from the French by Merloyd Lawrence (Braziller. 330 pp. $5), searches out the various motivations of a number of Secret Army Organization terrorists and their Left-wing counterparts. Thomas Bishop is professor of French at New York University and president of the Alliance Française.*

By THOMAS BISHOP

Pierre Gascar—controversy transmuted.

MUCH has been written about the complex and tragic events that have plagued France during the past dozen years, beginning with the Algerian war, the revolt of the generals, the crisis of May 13, 1958, the Secret Army Organization, and leading, finally, to the negotiated settlement and the "emigration" of hundreds of thousands of *pieds noirs* to metropolitan France. The literature has so far consisted mainly of nonfiction accounts of these episodes, plus a few novels and plays devoted principally to the tortures and brutalities perpetrated in North Africa.

In *Lambs of Fire* Pierre Gascar adds a new dimension by transmuting political controversy into art. The subject of his taut and almost constantly exciting novel is the ultra-Right-wing Secret Army Organization's reign of terror. More precisely, it deals with a band of *plastiqueurs,* bent upon awakening a nation they deem complacent, and upon seizing power by means of bombs, blackmail, and murder. But if the author clearly sides against their terrorism, his book is nevertheless only superficially concerned with the political aims of the O.A.S. Gascar, a novelist of considerable talent, searches the minds of his characters in an effort to determine what makes twentieth-century men commit themselves so drastically and so totally to a cause that is ruthless without even being revolutionary, and which strikes down uninvolved, innocent men, women, and children.

Each of the characters represents a different answer to this question. Letellier, the society intellectual and leader of the small group, yearns for an epoch that is gone forever. Major Frochot, an "old school" army man, succeeds in rationalizing his betrayal of the military by convincing himself that it is the army that has betrayed France—the "real" France, which he probably could not define but for which he has a gnawing nostalgia. Alain, the protagonist, a young activist of shaky political convictions, is committed not so much to the cause as to action itself as a means of proving himself, of being needed and depended upon, and of paying the world back for the extreme poverty of his youth. There are lesser but equally well-drawn characters who round out the spectrum of possibilities and give the novel a meaningful human dimension. Moreover, Gascar underlines his intention of depicting, not merely the motives of Rightist terrorists, but a facet inherent in the human condition, by setting alongside the O.A.S. band a Left-wing group which, in its eagerness to combat the potent threat to democratic institutions, resorts to many of the strong-arm tactics of the very people it detests.

Clearly, for Gascar extreme political activism has its roots in individual human problems and, conversely, represents a desperate means of self-expression for a wide variety of men. The human aspect of the problem is admirably incarnated in the tormented, introspective Alain and in the strange, quasi-mystical attraction he and his Leftist counterpart, Dandrieu, have for

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each other. Alain and Dandrieu not only love the same girl; more important, they are both engaged to the limit in a struggle whose deep significance escapes them and in whose aims they do not really believe.

THE lambs of the title, stuffed with explosives by a taxidermist, are at once the center of the intrigue and a rich symbol of innocence, purity, and life. The opening pages, which set the entire novel's mood of excitement, are strangely reminiscent in subject and in breathless suspense of the first scene of Malraux's *Man's Fate*, a work that must have inspired Gascar, at least indirectly. The philosophical reflections are often akin to Sartre's better pages: "It required a great stretch of the imagination to convince oneself that it [explosive powder] could suddenly be transformed into a holocaust, a sun. But everything seemed different after the detonator had been introduced, bringing time, chance, destiny into this little shovelful of earth; an excruciating imminence." Again: "For the last few minutes, he had been nurturing his self-hatred. It exhilarated him; no one ever finishes building his own Hell. . . ."

Lambs of Fire is a meaningful and even important work. Gascar has succeeded in going beyond his excellent story to paint a pungent portrait of one of the major diseases of our time.

First Stop on the Way to a Star

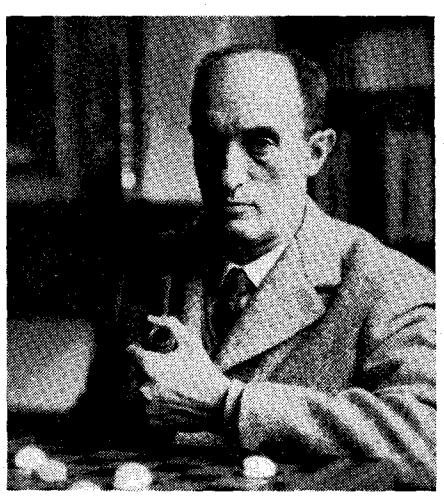
***Garden on the Moon,** by Pierre Boulle, translated from the French by Xan Fielding (Vanguard. 320 pp. $4.95), draws from current astronautic history for its tableaux of human folly. The contemporary French novel is Laurent LeSage's predominant interest as a literary critic.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

IN SITUATING Pierre Boulle, French critics have spoken of his affinity to English novelists. The novels with exotic, colonial settings recalled to them Somerset Maugham; more recently, as M. Boulle has moved in the direction of science fiction, his writing evokes the name of H. G. Wells. There is indeed in theme and treatment a similarity to the British. But by the philosophic irony that suffuses his tales of adventure and quixotic accomplishment—whether it be the building of a bridge over the River Kwai or a space craft that will transport man to the moon—Pierre Boulle shows that he still belongs to the nation of Voltaire.

Garden on the Moon is the story of the pioneers in space. It begins back in Hitler's Germany, where Dr. Stern and his staff are making V-2 rockets. They are all young space fanatics—Stern himself, following a boyhood dream; Nadia, daughter of Russian émigrés and Stern's girl Friday; Müller, poet turned mathematician. Their gaze is on the stars. If they are making weapons, it is only because there is no other way to finance their experiments, and when Germany falls, they scatter to whatever country seems most likely to help them in the conquest of space. Nadia goes to Russia, where she marries the missile expert who had been planted in the V-2 factory and whose sabotage Stern had stopped but did not denounce; Müller joins Dr. Kanashima's group in Japan; Böhme chooses England; Stühl, France; Schiller, Egypt; Dr. Stern heads for the USA. He will soon rue his choice, for the hopes he pinned on "practical-minded men, men of action, an army of able technicians, a huge industrial potential, and millions of dollars" are promptly dashed by the little real support he is given in America. Nevertheless he plods doggedly on with his designs for an interplanetary vehicle, making rockets the while for the military.

The years pass. Then the Sputnik is launched, sending Stern into a black rage and his adopted country into general hysteria. The space race is on. Who gets to the moon first is revealed at the end of the book, as Pierre Boulle peeps into the future and sees the very man who will do it. This final lunar tableau is doubtless his best, but from the beginning of the book, which literally starts out with a bang, one exciting scene follows another—V-2s flying against England, count-downs at Cape Canaveral, rockets exploding to bits on their launching pads in Japan. Equally fine are Stern's interviews with Hitler, with President Kennedy, with another U.S. President as yet unnamed. Fine, too, the international gatherings of those scientific monomaniacs, indifferent to politics as to all else save astronautics, yet ready to die to be first on the moon.



—Jerry Bauer, Pix.

Pierre Boulle—merely a chuckle?

Actually, such scenes are portrayed with remarkable veracity. And the role of fact and history in M. Boulle's story is also great. We might conclude that the author is as committed as his Dr. Stern is to space exploration, that he writes in dead earnest (to a painful degree when he seems to lambaste the Americans). Yet his demonstration of human folly is pretty general, and the ironic employment of parallels—Stern's troubles in the U.S. repeat those in Germany, Kanashima experiences the same in Japan, the bitterness of vanity dealt a cruel blow is felt in the Kremlin just as it is in the White House—suggests that in this novel Boulle keeps, *vis-à-vis* the world, his usual place of amused observer. Hard to say. When, in the face of all commonsense arguments, the President is won over by Dr. Stern's inspired comparison of a lunar expedition with the adventure of Columbus, one cannot be sure that Boulle himself merely chuckled.

Dead End Games: In *A Man of Means* (Knopf, $3.95) the Portuguese novelist Luís de Sttau Monteiro (born 1926) reveals the futility and falseness of upper-class life in Lisbon. Thanks to the author's wit, adroit use of conversation, and lean, sprightly style, the book compels continuous interest despite the somewhat spare nature of its narrative.

Gonçalo, the man of means, maintains an ironic detachment from the problems of the lower classes. He permits no social conscience to interfere with his enjoyment of the privileges provided by his wealth and position. At the same time he is sophisticated enough to condemn the empty rules of the Establishment, rules of "the games that lead nowhere."

As we follow Gonçalo through his hollow relationships with his wife, son, and mistress, we become familiar with his wry, existentialist outlook. "There are," he muses, "the big players and the little players. The former are aware of the relative importance of the games in which they are engaged, and the motives which have led them to play. They know that if they face up to life, they are gambling everything and they know just what they will lose—or gain—if they do. They take refuge in the game, but they never confuse it with real life. The game

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is their way of avoiding life. The little players, on the other hand, are aware of nothing. Life and the game are all one to them. They play, and they believe they are living." Gonçalo, like the other "big players," never takes the gamble, never chooses authenticity. This is his inner tragedy, and it leads to tragedy in the relationship most important to him.

Some of the objects of Monteiro's mordacity are by no means peculiar to Portuguese society—for example, the "middle-aged he-men" at the club with their inevitable, almost ritualistic mutual kidding about sexual proficiency. Or the (universal?) jealousy of high-class whores and mistresses toward their men's wives, a jealousy that leads them in *A Man of Means* to conceive of God as "a cosmopolitan who hates 'hypocrisy' and in his infinite mercy will pardon them all their sins and will condemn to the flames of Hell all legitimate wives."

In brief, this little novel, translated from the Portuguese by Ann Stevens, may be recommended as a thoughtful but lively examination of social attitudes and foibles, some of which will be found not wholly alien to our own society.

—WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN.

Land of Labels: In his sixth novel, *Don't Stop the Carnival* (Doubleday, $4.95), the author of *The Caine Mutiny* and *Marjorie Morningstar* is concerned with the problems that beset Norman Paperman, a New York theatrical publicist, when he buys a hotel in the Caribbean. Because Herman Wouk is not a one-thread fiction weaver this is not all his novel is about (there are subplots concerning the love life of Paperman's daughter and an ill-fated dalliance between Paperman and an alcoholic ex-movie star) but it is the thread used to hold the whole Caribbean comedy of errors together. Despite the exotic locale and Mr. Wouk's inventiveness *Don't Stop the Carnival* becomes wearying as disaster after disaster turns Norman's paradise into hell on earth. It is not long before the reader sees through the palm trees and beyond the colorful natives and discovers just another reworking of *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* and *George Washington Slept Here.*

Norman Paperman is a fish out of water on the island of Amerigo not because he is a New Yorker but because he is a Jew. He doesn't move in a world of people, likable and unlikable, but through a land of labels—Jew, gentile, white, Negro, homosexual. To Norman Paperman, even the island Christmas carnival takes on an earth-shattering significance: "Africa was marching down the main street. . . ."

If a novel can be both thin and heavy, *Don't Stop the Carnival* is that novel—more Wouk than play, and that makes a dull buy.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

Reason Without Brutality

***Other Inquisitions, 1937-1952,** by Jorge Luis Borges, translated from the Spanish by Ruth L. C. Simms (University of Texas Press. 205 pp. $4.75), a collection of essays by a noted Argentinian writer and scholar, covers a wide range of topics, from Hawthorne, Coleridge, and Shaw to the nature of time. Emile Capouya's essays have been a frequent feature in Saturday Review.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THE ARGENTINE writer Jorge Luis Borges has a reputation for erudition and brilliant paradox, but the word that best describes these essays is manly. Metaphysical preoccupations, an inclination to see all literature as elaborations of a few metaphors, ironic self-awareness—these things in themselves are neutral or negative, but here they take their coloration from a personality that is humane without being sentimental and commonsensical without being brutal. Until the fact sank in, at about the third essay in *Other Inquisitions,* I was reading with a skepticism that was ready to turn into hostility. I could not have been more mistaken, and I record this piece of autobiography for the sake of those readers who are not yet acquainted with Borges and who might be put off by their very first contact with this dispassionate, intensely serious author.

While Mr. Borges is deeply read in a dozen literatures, it is a happy chance for us that he is a scholar in our own. He is a professor of English literature, but setting aside the title, his love for our classics and his insight into them are unmistakable. For penetration and intelligent sympathy one must compare him to Benedetto Croce, as also for his easy assumption—easier for foreign observers than for us—that English and American writing is a portion of the world's literary heritage rather than the peculiar treasure of a single house-proud tribe.

Interesting as are Mr. Borges's comments on Hawthorne, Coleridge, Chesterton, Whitman, or Shaw, the range of these essays is a good deal more extensive. Language, the inner correspondences of literary forms, the nature of time (Mr. Borges denies the existence of this last in a dissertation somewhat archly entitled "A New Refutation of Time") are recurring preoccupations, and often he explores them through parables, remembered or invented. All those matters, of course, can turn to moonshine in the absence of common sense, or to irrelevance in the absence of humane standards of judgment. As an example of Mr. Borges's common sense I must mention how he refuses to be seduced by the most seductive quality of the classic Argentine novel, *Don Segundo Sombra.* He observes that it is a mistake, in a story told by a gaucho, to make poetry of every action in the daily routine, for it falsifies the psychology of the presumed narrator. Elsewhere Mr. Borges does full justice to the novel; but I was shocked and cheered by his curmudgeonly observation, unflattering as it is to our taste for the exotic.

This passage from the essay "A Comment on August 23, 1944" will show what I mean by Mr. Borges's humanism:

> . . . For Europeans and Americans, one order—and only one—is possible: it used to be called Rome and now it is called Western Culture. To be a Nazi (to play the game of energetic barbarism, to play at being a Viking, a Tartar, a sixteenth-century conquistador, a Gaucho, a redskin) is, after all, a mental and moral impossibility. Nazism suffers from unreality, like Erigena's hells. It is uninhabitable; men can only die for it, lie for it, kill and wound for it. No one, in the intimate depths of his being, can wish it to triumph. I shall hazard this conjecture: *Hitler wants to be defeated.* Hitler is collaborating blindly with the inevitable armies that will annihilate him, as the metal vultures and the dragon (which must not have been unaware that they were monsters) collaborated, mysteriously, with Hercules.

Three other works of Jorge Luis Borges are available in English: *Dreamtigers, Ficciones* (edited by Anthony Kerrigan), and *Labyrinths.* The present volume is physically quite handsome; it has an interesting introduction by James Irby—more useful if read after the text rather than before, I think. Miss Simms's translation, despite its insistence on calling Duns Scotus "Erigena," as in the excerpt quoted above, is of an exceedingly high standard.

Coming April 24
SR's Report on Writers' Summer Conferences

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The Historical Necessity of Peace

The Faith of an Historian and Other Essays, *by James T. Shotwell, selected and arranged by Leo Perla and Helen H. Shotwell (Walker-Inter-Allied. 301 pp. $7.50), published in the author's ninety-first year, synthesizes his intellectual and moral contribution to society. Stuart Chase is the author of "The Proper Study of Mankind" and, more recently, "Money to Grow On."*

By STUART CHASE

JAMES T. SHOTWELL is an historian with a long view and an independent mind. Almost twenty years before the holocaust at Hiroshima he knew that war had outlived its function as an instrument of power politics. Indeed, in his magnificent first essay, which gives the title to this book, he says it was clear by 1917 that a big modern war will spread beyond its objectives. In due course it becomes catastrophic for both victor and vanquished, while it devastates neutral nations as well. World War II drove the point home.

The charter of the United Nations, notes Dr. Shotwell, rests on the lessons of two world wars. No student is better qualified than he to support this statement. Professor Shotwell directed a huge Carnegie study of the impact of War I, for which he mobilized more than 200 experts, including thirty-five wartime Cabinet ministers. "Out of the vast assemblage of the data in this survey, the one conclusion which finally became clear was that for nations living under the régime of science, with their world-wide interplay of interests, war is no longer a valid instrument of policy. . . it can no longer be held to the purposes for which it was fought." It rages out of all human control.

The League of Nations, strongly supported by Shotwell, was the first attempt to come to grips with this revolutionary situation. It failed partly because the United States did not become a member, but perhaps more importantly because of cultural lag: those in the seats of power were not ready for it.

Professor Shotwell tried again. In 1939 he founded the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace; "a hundred of us," he writes, "would spend Sunday, generally all day long, in the frankest of discussions, the results of which were set forth in a series of reports, beginning with an analysis of war." The State Department set up a small committee to collaborate, with Sumner Welles as chairman. Although kept top secret, "it was in this committee that the first blueprint was made of a charter for the United Nations."

This collection of essays, dating back to "The Discovery of Time," published in 1915, reveals the steps by which a first-class mind, specializing in history, came to realize that history is affected less by kings and conquests than by the development of knowledge, especially science and technology. The steam engine of James Watt was vastly more important in the story of mankind than all the campaigns of Napoleon. The new history, first defined by James Harvey Robinson, observed Mr. Shotwell, has broken out of the old patterns to embrace not only the major developments of natural science, but archeology, anthropology, and the other social sciences as well.

On Shotwell's desk lie two stone axes, one rough hewn, the other smooth and polished. The second represents the sum of technological advance in perhaps 10,000 years. But technology, starting slowly, grows at an exponential rate, like compound interest, and now the principal fills the sky! The V-2 rocket, which made its uncertain way across the Channel to kill Englishmen in 1945, has evolved within two decades into a missile ten stories high that can reach and obliterate any city on earth, or land a space ship on the moon.

Science has wrenched us from a static to a dynamic world. Every major advance causes a displacement in society which calls for new inventions, in a geometric progression. "This is the fundamental nature of the revolution caused by modern science, the greatest happening in all history." Time stood still for men in the last Ice Age, but now, due to one form of technology, it is racing so fast that peace, "the supreme issue of politics," is at last regarded as a political possibility by practical statesmen.

War wrecked the city-state system of the ancient world. War, if it continues, will wreck the nation-state system of the modern world. The faith of an historian lies here: in the strong hope that the facts of the physicists will prevail against age-old conventions.

This brings us back to the United Nations and the principle underlying it, for which Professor Shotwell has been battling the past fifty years. "Its inadequacies," he says, "are apparent, but still more apparent is the need for it." James T. Shotwell, on the record of this book, is one of our greatest world men. By this I do not mean a man without a country. Rather I mean a man sensitively aware of the whole human race, who at the same time cherishes his native land so deeply that he cannot countenance its inevitable destruction in thermonuclear exchange. A man who strives unremittingly to find another way than war.

—Blackstone Studios.

James Shotwell—"one of our greatest world men."

I REALIZE that these reminiscences are slight, and give no adequate picture of Cordell Hull as Secretary of State, of the quiet dignity of the man in his meditative mood or the flash of anger in the eye when confronted with what seemed deception or lack of good faith in those with whom he was dealing. But, I recall one little incident which reveals the inner tenderness of this old Tennessee mountaineer. One afternoon I was sitting with him and Robert Walton Moore, formerly Congressman from Virginia, Counselor to the Department, and the Secretary's closest friend, when a little mouse put its nose out of a hole in the wainscot just beside Secretary Hull's chair. He kept still and asked us not to move either. Then, after a reconnaisance the mouse came over beside Mr. Hull's shoes and curled up on one of them. It was the most incredible sight I have ever seen in Washington! Everyone kept absolutely still. Then as the mouse slipped back into its hole, the Secretary of State turned back to the affairs of the nation, with the casual remark, "I've been making a friend of it." —*From the book.*

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U.N. Problems and Prospects

The Quest for Peace, *edited by Andrew W. Cordier and Wilder Foote (Columbia University Press. 390 pp. $7.95), drawn from the Dag Hammarskjöld Memorial Lecture series, expresses the thinking of two dozen men on a variety of topics ranging from the problems of world trade to the growth of international law. Richard Hudson is editor of War/Peace Report.*

By RICHARD HUDSON

THE UNITED NATIONS should be celebrating. It will soon mark its twentieth annniversary—and right in the middle of International Cooperation Year and the Decade of Development, at that. But unless events take a turn for the better there will be a pall over the observance.

How did the world organization get to its present point, and what should be its future direction? Some probing thoughts on these critical questions are offered in *The Quest for Peace,* a collection of the Dag Hammarskjöld Memorial Lecture Series. Delivered in 1963 and 1964 at universities in various parts of the world, the lectures nearly all begin with a eulogy to Hammarskjöld the man, and from there lead into some facet of peace, ranging from the growth of international law (Philip C. Jessup) to peaceful uses of atomic energy (Sir John Cockcroft), from disarmament (Alva Myrdal) to education in Latin America (Galo Plaza).

A number of the leading figures on the international stage went to the podium to take a long view of the world organization:

In his widely quoted remarks Dean Rusk criticizes the decision-making process of the United Nations, calling the veto system "a prescription for chronic paralysis" and noting in a reference to the General Assembly that "at the other extreme are those who feel that nothing should matter except the number of votes that can be mustered."

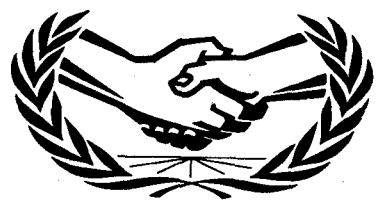
Adlai Stevenson suggests that the world may have moved from a context of containment of Communism to one of "cease-fire and peaceful change"—and that "*perhaps* Cuba was the end of the road for nuclear confrontation."

Lester B. Pearson declares that ideally the U.N. should have its own permanent international force in being, but since that is not yet feasible, nations should forthwith create standby forces earmarked for U.N. duty. (Canada, the Scandinavian countries, and the Netherlands have now done this.)

With so many diplomats involved in the undertaking, it is not surprising that the reader must wade through a certain amount of rhetoric. It is not all as bad as this example: "The building of world peace is a lofty as well as a necessary goal." But if the authors can be charged with sometimes lapsing into platitudes, they must also be credited with setting forth some little-known history of the U.N. and making cogent arguments for certain specific forward steps. There are a few new good ideas—for example, Jacob Blaustein's suggestion that the U.N. appoint "an independent person who would be a kind of international commissioner dealing with human rights," and Philippe de Seynes's proposal to establish a council of independent experts to make recommendations on world trading problems.

Other contributors not mentioned before are Mongi Slim, Julius K. Nyerere, Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, U Thant, Ernest A. Gross, Ralph J. Bunche, Agda Rössel, Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, Barbara Ward, Paul G. Hoffman, Willard L. Thorp, Douglas Ensminger, Ingvar Svennilson, Sture Petrén, and Luther H. Evans. There is an introduction by Andrew W. Cordier, who is co-editor with Wilder Foote, and a foreword by Grayson Kirk.

Taken as a whole, *The Quest for Peace* constitutes a well-rounded statement by Western leaders of their current views on the problems and prospects of the United Nations. The few non-Westerners do not intrude any seriously discordant notes. None of the authors gives serious consideration to the question of whether mainland China should be brought into the U.N. The book would have been more interesting if a few



Communist spokesmen and some of the militant neutrals such as Ben Bella of Algeria or Nkrumah of Ghana had been invited to participate. The Communists, no doubt, would have declined because of their antipathy to Hammarskjöld. But if the world is going to succeed in its quest for peace, the nations of the other side must participate too. Within its own framework, however, *The Quest for Peace* is a convincing demonstration that there are a lot of people in the West and in nonaligned countries who are thinking and working very hard for a world of peace.

The Tree-Frog

By Charles Edward Eaton

I WAS kept awake nearly all night by the tree-frog
Which provoked a nostalgia almost too keen to bear:
It had something to do with revolution and the underdog.

A sound so insistent is very like the rebel
Who tries to conquer us by sheer compulsion:
The complaint of the put-upon has something similar to tell.

I have a powerful nature in pursuit of pleasure,
Peace, good will, and I do not share
My time's contempt for passion balanced by strict measure.

And yet this aggression which is comparable to pain
Puts a cutting-edge on things, no doubt about it,
Making passion and balance themselves seem suspect or inane.

The brutal thing about our life, in its broad sweep,
Is that these urgencies are ubiquitous and constant—
Another night the tree-frog will still be there, and I shall sleep.

But if I play with form and feeling, I am also played upon—
The tree-frog draws a bow across my nerves,
And I am raw with harsh and heartfelt music just before dawn.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

THE BANK WITH THE BAMBOO DOOR. By Dolores Hichens. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

FOR KICKS. By Dick Francis. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Current Affairs

BUDDHISM OR COMMUNISM. By Ernst Benz. Doubleday. $4.50.

CRISIS IN WORLD COMMUNISM: Marxism in Search of Efficiency. By Frank O'Brien. Free Press. $4.95.

INTEGRATION AT OLE MISS. By Russell H. Barrett. Quadrangle. $4.95.

Economics

THE NEGRO AND ORGANIZED LABOR. By Ray Marshall. John Wiley. $6.95.

Education

MUSIC ACTIVITIES FOR RETARDED CHILDREN. By David R.Ginglend and Winifred E. Stiles. Abingdon. Paperback, $3.50.

A SYNOPTIC PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION. By Arthur W. Munk. Abingdon. $4.50.

Fiction

A CERTAIN EVIL. By David Kraslow and Robert S. Boyd. Little, Brown. $5.95.

COLLECTED STORIES OF SHOLOM ALEICHEM. Illustrated by Ben Shahn. Crown. Two vols. $5 each. Boxed set, $10.

THE COOK. By Harry Kressing. Random House. $4.95.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS. By Lewis Meyer. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE EDGE. By Shirley Mezvinsky. Doubleday. $4.50.

HALF OF PARADISE. By James Lee Burke. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

A PRESENT FROM PEKING. By David Lampard. Doubleday. $4.95.

PRETTY TALES FOR TIRED PEOPLE. By Martha Gellhorn. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

RULE THREE: PRETEND TO BE NICE. By Annabel Dilke. McKay. $3.50.

SAM CHANCE. By Benjamin Capps. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.95.

THE VIRTUOUS ORPHAN. By Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux. Edited by William H. McBurney and Michael F. Shugrue. Southern Illinois Univ. Press $12.50.

History

THE COURT AT WINDSOR: An Intimate History of the Royal Inhabitants from William the Conqueror to Elizabeth II. By Christopher Hibbert. Harper & Row. $6.50.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF MAJOR ROBERT STOBO. By Robert C. Alberts. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

THE ROAD TO CONFEDERATION: The Emergence of Canada, 1863-1867. By Donald Creighton. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.

Miscellany

THE DISCOVERY OF TIME. By Stephen Toulmin and June Goodfield. Harper & Row. $6.

THE FRANCE I LOVE. Text by Cecil Saint-Laurent. Photographs by Cartier-Bresson and others. Tudor. $7.95.

MY GAME AND YOURS. By Arnold Palmer. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

PAUL HAHN SHOWS YOU HOW TO PLAY TROUBLE SHOTS. Introduction by Arnold Palmer. McKay. $4.95.

THE PLEASURES OF MATH. By A. W. Goodman. Macmillan. $4.50.

SMALL ANTIQUES FOR THE COLLECTOR. By Therle Hughes. Macmillan. $10.

Personal History

ADVENTURES IN FRIENDSHIP. By Clarence B. Randall. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.75.

DEAREST CHILD: Letters Between Queen Victoria and the Princess Royal, 1858-1861. Edited by Roger Fulford. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

FUN IN A CHINESE LAUNDRY. By Josef von Sternberg. Macmillan. $6.95.

INQUISITION IN EDEN. By Alvah Bessie. Macmillan. $5.95.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND A HORSE. By Dr. J. Gordon Bryson. Morrow. $5.

Religion, Philosophy

ALL THINGS NEW. By Anne Biezanek. Harper & Row. $3.50.

THE ANATOMY OF HYMNODY. By Austin C. Lovelace. Abingdon. $2.75.

THE AUTHENTIC MORALITY. By Ignace Lepp. Macmillan. $5.

BENEDICTINE MONASTICISM: Its Formation and Development Through the Twelfth Century. By Lowrie Daly, S.J. Sheed & Ward. $7.50.

CATHOLICS ON BIRTH CONTROL: Contemporary Views on Doctrine. By Dorothy Dunbar Bromley. Devin-Adair. $4.95.

IT ALL BEGAN WITH GOD. By W. McFerrin Stowe. Abingdon. $2.50.

LUTHER AND AQUINAS ON SALVATION. By Stephen Pfurtner, O.P. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

SISTERS FOR THE 21ST CENTURY. By Sr. Bertrande Meyers. Sheed & Ward. $5.

WE JEWS AND JESUS. By Samuel Sandmel. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.

THE WIND IN BOTH EARS. By Angus H. MacLean. Beacon. $4.95.

Sociology

FAREWELL TO EDEN. By Matthew Huxley and Cornell Capa. Harper & Row. $15.

THE OVERWEIGHT SOCIETY. By Peter Wyden. Morrow. $4.95.

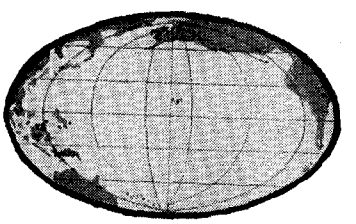
Theater

THE PERFORMING ARTS: Problems and Prospects. Rockefeller Panel Report. McGraw-Hill. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE SPLINTERED STAGE: The Decline of the American Theater. By R. H. Gardner. Macmillan. $4.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

Your weekly trip around the world of ideas



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3-13-65

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Guide to European Music Festivals—1965

PRELIMINARY FORECAST

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
May 1- May 31	Wiesbaden, Germany	International May Festival	OPERA: Teatro La Fenice, Bulgarian National Opera; BALLET; DRAMA.	State Theater, Wiesbaden.
May 10- June 30	Florence, Italy	May Music Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; RECITALS.	Teatro Communale, 16 Corso Italia, Florence.
May 12- June 4	Prague, Czechoslovakia	International Music Festival "Prague Spring"	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC. London Symphony, Moscow Symphony, et al. Janis, Rabin, Rostropovitch, et al.	"Prague Spring," House of Artists, Alesovo Nabrezi, 12, Prague I.
May 14- May 30	Bordeaux, France	Festival of Music	OPERA; CONCERTS: Munich Philharmonic, Bordeaux Symphony, Cziffra. BALLET; DRAMA; ART EXHIBITION.	Commissariat du Festival, 252 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris 8.
May 15- June 9	Copenhagen, Denmark	Royal Danish Ballet and Music Festival	Carl Nielsen Festival. OPERA; CONCERTS: Berlin Philharmonic. BALLET.	Festival Ticket Office, Banegardsplads 7, Copenhagen.
May 15- June 4	Helsinki, Finland	Sibelius Festival	CONCERTS: Sibelius Centenary. Berlin Philharmonic, Cleveland Orchestra; CHAMBER MUSIC: Bartok Quartet; RECITALS: Nilsson, D. Oistrakh, Valkki.	Sibelius Festival Foundation, Taivaskalliontie 17, Helsinki.
May 15- June 4	Lisbon, Portugal	Festival Gulbenkian	OPERA: World première in modern times of 18th century opera, "La Spinalba" (F. de Almeida); SYMPHONIC AND CHORAL CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS. Orchestre National de Belgique, Gulbenkian Chamber Music, etc.	Fundaçao Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon. Tel. 762146
May 19- June 5	Bergen, Norway	 International Grieg Festival	OPERA: "Porgy and Bess" (Gershwin), "Jeppe on the Hill" (Tveitt, world première); CONCERTS: Daily recital at Grieg's home, etc. Berlin Philharmonic, Cleveland Orchestra, Bergen Symphony. Schwarzkopf, Stern, etc.	Festspillene I. Sverresgate 11, Bergen. Tel. 300 10
May 21- August 16	Glyndebourne, Great Britain	Glyndebourne Festival	OPERA: "Matrimonio Segreto" (Cimarosa), "Anna Bolena" (Donizetti), "Rosenkavalier" (Richard Strauss), "Le Nozze di Figaro" (Mozart), "Macbeth" (Verdi), "Pietra del Paragone" (Rossini).	Glyndebourne Box Office, 23 Baker Street, London W. 1.
May 22- June 20	Vienna, Austria	Vienna Festival Weeks	OPERA: Sadler's Wells productions of "Peter Grimes" (Britten), "Iolanthe" (Sullivan); OPERETTA; BALLET: Bolshoi, Vienna State Opera; CONCERTS: Vienna Philharmonic, London Symphony, Moscow Radio and Television Orchestra, Cleveland Orchestra, etc.	Österreichisches Verkehrsbüro, Friedrichstr. 7, Vienna. Tel. 5723 15
May (end)- July (early)	Zürich, Switzerland	Zürich June Festival	OPERA: "Mathis der Maler" (Hindemith); RECITALS: Arrau, Francescatti, Rubinstein, Stern, et al. DRAMA: performances in German, French, English, Italian.	Tourist Office, Hauptbahnhof, Postfach 8023, Zürich.
June 9- June 20	Bath, Great Britain	Bath Festival	CONCERTS: Bath Festival Orchestra and London Symphony Orchestra, with Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin and Barshai, Cassado, Davis, Fou Ts'Ong, Seefried, et al. CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA.	Harold Holt, Ltd., 122 Wigmore St. London, W. 1. Tel. Wel 2331
June 11- June 27	Strasbourg, France	International Music Festival	OPERA: "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Britten); CONCERTS: Orchestre National de la Radio-diffusion Télévision Française; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; Isaac Stern, Kirkpatrick; BALLET.	Festival de Strasbourg, 24 rue de la Mésange, Strasbourg. Tel. 32 43 10
June 15- July 15	The Hague, Amsterdam, Scheveningen, The Netherlands	Holland Festival	OPERA: "Le Pescatrici" (Haydn, first time since 1770), "Don Giovanni" (Mozart), "La Belle Hélène" (Offenbach); CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA. Cleveland Orchestra, Concertgebouw Orchestra, Hague Residentie Orchestra, et al.	Amsterdam: Honthorstraat 10, Tel. 723320. The Hague: Tel. 558700
June 24- July 8	Granada, Spain	International Festival of Music and Dance	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; RECITALS. Orquesta Nacional, Pro Musica Antiqua, et al.	Dirección Bellas Artes, Alcalá 34, Madrid. Tel. 2 21 06 46
June 25- July 18	Spoleto, Italy	Festival of the Two Worlds	OPERA: "Otello" (Verdi). BALLET: N.Y.C. Ballet, Stuttgart Ballet; CHAMBER MUSIC.	Festival Foundation, 119 W. 57 St., New York 19. Tel. Ju 2-2746

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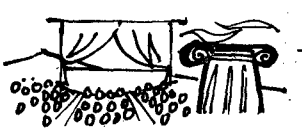
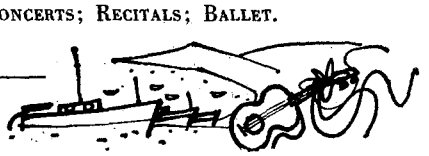
DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
July 10-August 24	Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia	Festival of Music, Drama and Folklore	OPERA; BALLET; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA; FOLKLORE.	Dubrovnik Festival, Palmoticeva 2, Dubrovnik.
July 11-August 1	Aix-en-Provence, France	International Music Festival	OPERA: "Magic Flute," "Così fan tutte" (Mozart), "Barber of Seville" (Rossini), "Orfeo" (Monteverdi); CONCERTS.	Festival Bureau, 3 Rue Fréderic Mistral, Aix-en-Provence.
July 17-August 15	Munich, Germany	Opera Festival	OPERA: "Arabella," "Capriccio," "Intermezzo," "Rosenkavalier" (Strauss); "Così," "Don Giovanni," "Marriage of Figaro" (Mozart); "Meistersinger," "Tristan" (Wagner); "Xerxes" (Handel); "Die Liebesprobe" (Rossini); "Cardillac" (Hindemith); "Lamenti" (Orff-Monteverdi); RECITALS; BALLET.	Opera Festival, Bayerische Staatsoper, P. O. Box 1, Munich 1. Tel. 21851
July 23-August 22	Bregenz, Austria	Bregenz Festival	OPERA: "Barber of Seville" (Rossini); OPERETTA: "Night in Venice" (Strauss); BALLET: "Wanderings of Odysseus" (Eder, world première); CONCERTS; DRAMA.	Austrian State Tourist Department, 444 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. Tel. MU 8-0355
July 25-August 30	Bayreuth, Germany	Richard Wagner Festival	"Holländer," "Tannhäuser," "Parsifal," "Ring" cycle (new production).	Ticket Office, Bayreuth 8580, P.O. Box 2148.
July 26-August 31	Salzburg, Austria	Salzburg Music Festival	OPERA: "Abduction from the Seraglio," "La Finta Giardiniera," "Così," (Mozart); "Boris Godunov" (Moussorgsky); "Ariadne auf Naxos," "Elektra" (Strauss); "Macbeth" (Verdi); CONCERTS; RECITALS; DRAMA.	Austrian State Tourist Department, 444 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. Tel. MU 8-0355
July-August	Rome and Verona, Italy	Open air opera at the Baths of Caracalla, Rome, and the Verona Arena.		Teatro dell' Opera, Roma; Via G. Patucci 9, Verona.
July-September	Athens, Greece	Athens Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA: Aeschylos, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.	Festival Bureau, 6 Avenue Venizelos, Athens.
July (end)	Prades, France	Pablo Casals Festival		Pablo Casals Festival, Prades.
August 1-August 3	Menton, France	International Festival of Chamber Music		Bureau du Festival, de Musique de Menton, 45 rue la Boétie, Paris 8.
August 1-August 31	Santander, Spain	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; RECITALS; DRAMA; ART EXHIBITS.	Dirección del Festival, Plaza Velarde, P.O. Box 258, Santander.
August 14-September 9	Lucerne, Switzerland	International Festival of Music	CONCERTS; RECITALS; Swiss Festival Orchestra, Lucerne Festival Strings, Berlin Philharmonic, et al. Anda, Badura-Skoda, Demus, Grumiaux, Jurinac, Richter, et al.	Tourist Office, Schweizerhofquai 4, Lucerne. Tel. 041-252 22
August 15-August 31	Gstaad, Switzerland	Yehudi Menuhin Festival		Tourist Office, Gstaad.
August 22-September 11	Edinburgh, Scotland	Edinburgh International Festival	OPERA: "Don Giovanni" (Giulini), "Le Pescatrici" (Haydn), "La Belle Hélène" (Offenbach); CONCERTS; RECITALS: Arrau, Hotter, Szerying et al. New Philharmonia, BBC Concert Orchestra.	Festival office, 11 Cambridge St. Edinburgh 1. Tel. FOU 14 32
August 25-September 15	Ghent, Belgium	Festival of Flanders	CONCERTS; RECITALS; BALLET.	BRT Studio Ghent, 26 St. Margrietstraat, Ghent. Tel. 09 259 740
August	Comblain-la-Tour, Belgium	Jazz Festival		Official Belgian Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
September 2-September 12	Besançon, France	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET. International competition for young composers.	Chamber of Commerce, 54, Grande Rue, Besançon. Tel. 83 54 62





HEDY D. JELLINEK

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Folk and Blues LPs

PERFORMER, TITLE, DATA	REPORT
Bill and Earl Bollick: *The Blue Sky Boys.* Bill Bollick, mandolin and vocals; Earl Bollick, guitar and vocals. RCA CAL 797, $1.98; stereo CAS 797, $2.49.	This recording is a landmark in the reissue field. To quote from the liner notes, "They are known to record collectors, radio listeners, and folk song enthusiasts not only for the beauty of their singing style but also for the richness of repertory." The Bollicks were, quite probably, the finest harmonizing duo ever recorded. Their renditions are incomparable, their guitar and mandolin playing is delightful, and their songs are rich in tradition. The selections include "Down on the Banks of the Ohio," "Story of the Knoxville Girl" (their version of the "Butcher's Boy"), "Katie Dear" (a "Silver Dagger" ballad), and other gems.
Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs, and the Foggy Mountain Boys: *Recorded Live at Vanderbilt.* Flatt, guitar and vocals; Scruggs, five-string banjo and vocals; Buck Graves, dobro guitar and vocals; Paul Warren, fiddle; Jake Tullock, bass; Billy Powers, guitar. Columbia CL 2134, $3.98, stereo CS 8934, $4.98.	The Flatt-Scruggs bluegrass aggregation has come up with another winner that may well be their best effort in a long while. The session encompasses much of what is the best in the idiom. Dobro-player Buck Graves is at peak form, and his inventiveness and sly humor were never sharper. Scruggs is captivating with his guitar solo (that's correct—guitar, not five-string banjo) on the traditional "Cannonball Blues," and both Graves and Scruggs team up in a warm rendition of "Maggie Blues." There are numerous other listening pleasures on this "return-to-the-grassroots" concert by one of the best country groups active today.
The New Lost City Ramblers: *Vol. 5.* Folkways FA 2395, $5.95 (mono only); *Sing Songs Of . . .* Aravel AB 1005, $4.98; *Gone to the Country.* Folkways FA 2491, $5.95 (mono only). John Cohen, Mike Seeger, Tom Paley, Tracy Schwarz. Vocals by all; instruments are interchanged and include guitar, five-string banjo, autoharp, fiddle, etc.	In their continuing efforts to preserve "old-timey" music, the New Lost City Ramblers contribute three items of interest. On *Vol. 5* they romp through a host of American traditional items, and quality-wise it is a bit better musically and more comprehensively annotated than the Aravel offering. On *Gone to . . .* Schwarz replaces Paley and the addition/deletion in no way detracts from the high standards that the group have set for itself. The later album includes an interesting version of the Golden Vanity ballad ("Sinking in the Lonesome Sea"). "Train 45," "Buck Dancer's Choice," and "Ain't No Bugs On Me" are further definitive statements. By listening to these records, and reading the accompanying Folkways booklets, one can get an exceedingly perceptive introduction to American folk music.
Merle Travis and Joe Maphis. Travis and Maphis, guitars. Capitol T 2102, $3.98, stereo ST 2102, $4.98.	This grouping presents two of the best of all country guitarists in a vibrant program of twelve instrumentals. Refreshing and brisk, they emphasize blues and combine the famed "Travis-style" of guitar picking with the incomparably fast, crisp, and technically flawless execution of Joe Maphis.
Jack Elliott. Elliott, guitar, mouthharp, and vocals (assisted by various musicians on some sides). Vanguard VRS 9151, $4.98; stereo VSD 79151, $5.95.	An artist who was "folk" long before the present crop of "folksies" appeared on the scene, Elliott is a strong, country-directed performer who sings well and plays beautiful flat-pick guitar. His humor is evident in his comic adaptation of "Shade of the Old Apple Tree"; his feeling for the blues is clear on "Black Snake Moan," Blind Lemon Jefferson's piece of sexual imagery. An unexpected surprise emerges in the form of "Guabi Guabi," and the entire program is well balanced. The outlandish liner notes by Shel Silverstein—monumental in poor taste—should be avoided. They are an unfortunate departure from Vanguard's usual high standards.
Johnny Cash: *I Walk The Line.* Cash, guitar and vocals. Columbia CL 2190, $3.98; stereo CS 8900, $4.98. *Bitter Tears.* Columbia CL 2248, $3.98; stereo CS 9048, $4.98.	These two recordings indicate that Cash, once considered the heir to the late country music king Hank Williams, is still capable of talented undertakings. A singer with a rich baritone voice, he is also a gifted composer, and the poetry inherent in the title song and "I Still Miss Someone" is indicative of his creative potential. The later record is a collection of ballads of the American Indian and includes Peter La Farge's fine composition, "The Ballad of Ira Hayes."
Joan Baez/5. Miss Baez, vocals and guitar. Vanguard VRS 9160, $4.98; stereo VSD 79160, $5.95.	Miss Baez, by far the finest of all female folk artists, more than amply illustrates why she has easily retained her position of prominence. She creates an aura of unbelievable musical charm. As diversified as she is talented, she performs Johnny Cash's "I Still Miss Someone," Bob Dylan's "It Ain't Me Babe," the grim "Birmingham Sunday," and nine other delights.
Friends of Old Time Music. Doc Watson and Gaither Carlton; Hobart Smith; Mississippi John Hurt; Almeda Riddle; Stanley Brothers; Clarence Ashley; Jesse Fuller; Dock Boggs; Roscoe Holcomb. Various instrumental accompaniments. Folkways FA 2390, $5.95 (mono only).	This is an anthology gleaned from a series of eight concerts given by the FOTM since its inception in 1960, the artists all being singularly significant in their particular fields. In some cases these appearances were among the initial offerings by the artist concerned after being "rediscovered." Mississippi John Hurt, the present "darling" of most folk aficionados, is heard doing a pair of blues; the Stanley Brothers offer traditional and bluegrass songs; Roscoe Holcomb offers an engaging pair of mountain items, one done with five-string banjo and the other with guitar. A good representation of the songs and artists of the genre.
The Country Blues: Vol. 2. Texas Alexander; Peg Leg Howell; Papa Charlie Jackson; Blind Willie McTell; Bo Carter; Bukka White; Blind Boy Fuller and others. All accompaniments include guitar. Folkways RBF 9, $5.95 (mono only).	As a second volume this disc is no less interesting or valuable than the first instalment of this endless, individually creative art form. The value of the tracks included will vary with the particular taste of the listener. Not everything will appeal to all, though McTell's "Scarey Day Blues," White's "Strange Place Blues," and Bo Carter's suggestive "I'm An Old Bumble Bee" appear to have the elements necessary for universal receptiveness.
The Folk Box. Theodore Bikel; Oscar Brand; Judy Collins; Erik Darling; Bob Gibson; Leadbelly; Limelighters; Phil Ochs; Jean Ritchie; Pete Seeger; Doc Watson; Josh White; many others. Elektra EKL 9001, $9.95 (mono only).	Produced in cooperation with Folkways Records, this is the best anthology devoted to the contemporary American folk-music picture to be released. In addition to the many artists included, there is also an accompanying forty-eight-page booklet by Robert Shelton which contains detailed notes, texts, bibliographies, discographies, and illustrations. The music is broken down into eight categories ("Work Song," "Nothing but the Blues," "Broadside, Topical Songs, Protest Songs," etc.) that are, for the most part, tastefully representative. The entire compilation is an ideal introduction for the beginner and an excellent reference survey for the more advanced listener. —LAWRENCE COHN.

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Jazz in the Twenties

BEGINNING with "the noble experiment" of Prohibition and ending with the great stock market crash, the 1920s were a hectic period in American history. Though popular music often holds up a distorting mirror to events, in the case of this decade it seems to have reflected them reasonably well, or so a new package of reissued Columbia recordings suggests.

The Original Sound of "The Twenties" C3L-35, $11.98 (mono only), consists of forty-seven performances on three LPs by some thirty-five artists and bands. The first in a projected series, it documents the "Jazz Age" of the novelists and incidentally evidences the jazz-loving hand of Frank Driggs, who is jointly responsible with Larry Carr. Nearly half of the material is of interest to jazz enthusiasts, and much of the remainder illustrates the influence jazz then exerted. Though it was always subject to commercial pressures, there were some observers who perceptively estimated its real value at the time.

"Not all that is of the jazz age in music is jazz," wrote Isaac Goldberg in *The American Mercury* for September 1928. "The merely blubbering sentimental song we shall have always with us, if only because most lovers, by a cruel fiat of nature, will remain, *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*, sentimental blubberers. But jazz, I believe, with whatever harmonic aid it has received, or taken, from Europe, has done much to make the public accompaniment-minded instead of melody-minded. There is a keener ear for rhythm and for melodic contrast, for the play and progression of chords. In fact, it is only during the past three decades that the peepul have acquired anything like an ear for musical subtleties."

Messrs. Driggs and Carr have spared us the worst of the "sentimental blubberers" in this collection, and in many cases the accompanists will be adjudged clearly superior to the soloists. The jazz influence seems, with few exceptions, to have been benign. Among the latter must be mentioned Ted Lewis, whose "Alexander's Ragtime Band" provides horrific examples of his clarinet playing and vocalizing. The good effect of jazz on the young Bing Crosby—who looks so cool and self-possessed with the Rhythm Boys in an accompanying photograph—is well shown in several of his earliest recordings, and notably in a straightforward vocal on "My Kinda Love," which was made with the Dorsey brothers in a Glenn Miller arrangement during 1929.

The real jazz masterworks are properly reserved for the Driggs jazz sets, but there are several items of importance, such as "St. Louis Blues" by Louis Armstrong. This was made with the Luis Russell band, and both Red Allen and J. C. Higginbotham are heard in the course of the performance. The Duke Ellington band is competent if not inspired on "Diga Diga Doo," which Irving Mills, its manager at that time, bravely sings. Though Bubber Miley stays close to the melody, he gives it individuality, and Bigard's low-register clarinet and Braud's slapped bass briefly establish a typical Ellington color contrast at the close. One record side given over to pianists is dominated by Earl Hines, whose "I Ain't Got Nobody," a completely realized conception, has a timeless appeal in its integrity and feeling. It follows Bix Beiderbecke's exploratory and more famous "In a Mist," the musical content of which still testifies to an extraordinarily precursive talent, and it precedes a surprisingly jaunty version of "Someone to Watch Over Me"—by the composer, George Gershwin, no less.

THE set's third record is devoted to female vocalists, who include Blossom Seeley, Ruth Etting, Ethel Waters, Helen Morgan, Sophie Tucker, Lee Morse, Kate Smith, Aunt Jemima, and Frances Williams. It is brought to a climax—cruel in its earthy superiority—by Bessie Smith. Though she sings "I've Got What It Takes, But It Breaks My Heart to Give It Away," her message is delivered without blubbering or sentimentality. In comparison, the gifted Ethel Waters sounds too theatrical, though the last chorus of "Am I Blue?"—in which she duets with trombonist Tommy Dorsey—gives more than a glimpse of her true potential.

Much of jazz was badly translated in the 1920s, as the performances by the Paul Whiteman band on the first record show. Whiteman never made a lady out of jazz, as has often been claimed, but he overdressed her in a way too many were ready to copy. Essentially, jazz was opposed to the overdramatic, the hammy, and the corny, and the jazz musicians he hired found escape in the small-band dates they themselves organized for labels like Okeh. There is an excellent example here in "I Like That," on which Frankie Trumbauer and Bix Beiderbecke are heard in a tasteful arrangement by Lennie Hayton.

IT has been estimated that by 1923 there were 5,000 speakeasies in New York. In the following years the old-style cabaret with its show and vaudeville acts began to give place to what we know now as the nightclub. In these circumstances the energy, bite, and urgency of "hot" jazz were appropriate, though synthetic hotcha was often served up instead. It is a surprise, nevertheless, to find even Rudy Vallee's band kicking up its heels on "Outside," a "comedy number" sung with minimal expression by the leader.

Band comedy numbers, long a favorite with a section of the public, were among the hazards of the time, and the producers wisely decided to make this the only example of the genre. In fact, they have generally avoided heights and depths in favor of the presentation of a middle view of popular entertainment. If there is no attempt to paint a faded lily, there are still enough dated and comic concepts to cause more than a merely nostalgic smile (but never a superior one, if the popular standards of the Sixties are kept in mind). Pianist Lee Sims, for instance, plays a wonderfully ornate version of "Home on the Range" in company with a soulful trombonist, and Irving Kaufman sings "Pagan Love Song" as though he were in tails and a very stiff, starched shirt. Bessie Smith excepted, the ladies definitely sound like the weaker sex—cute, but not very sexy—and, though they gained the right to vote in 1920, they deliver their plaints with proper respect for the male.

The set is completed by a well-illustrated booklet and a lively essay by Rogers E. Whitaker, who seems to have enjoyed the decade very much indeed. Too much happened to be wholly encompassed in a project of this size, but space for the Charleston, the Black Bottom, and even the Yale Blues might perhaps have been found at the expense of some of the shallower singers who are represented by two songs apiece.

—STANLEY DANCE.

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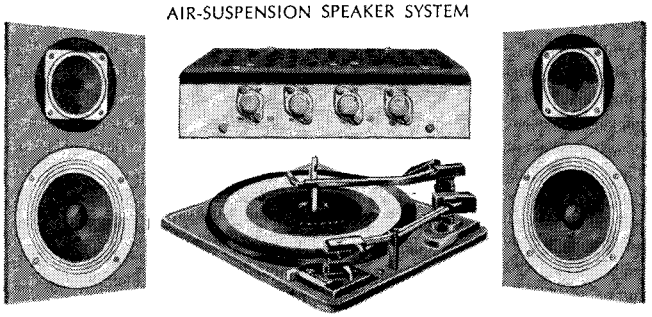

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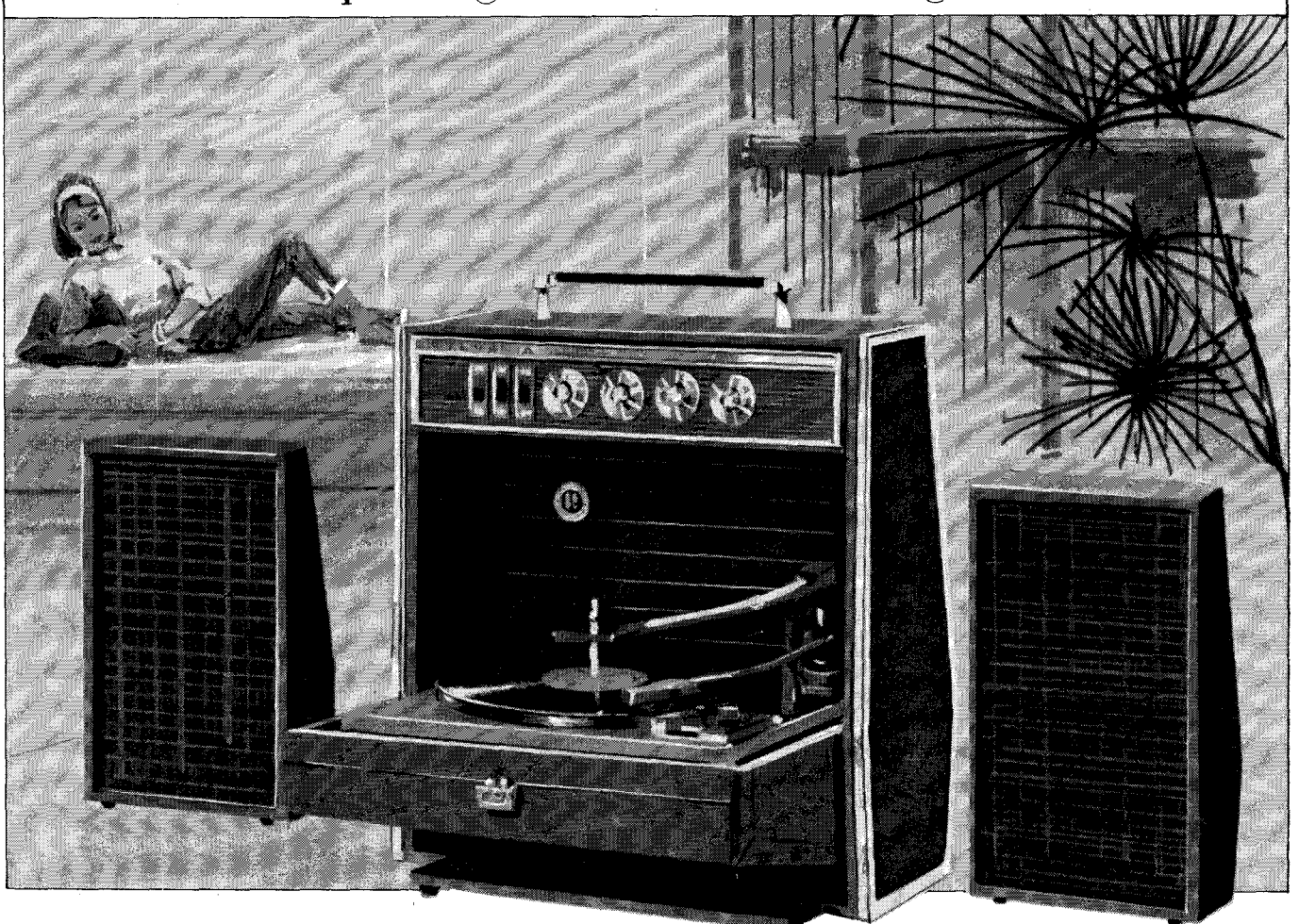

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Look at the Arts

Continued from page 23

than 50 per cent comes from those with adjusted gross incomes below $10,000, and that those in the lower income brackets give higher proportions of their incomes than all taxpayers except those in the very high brackets? There have been some shifts in recent years that are interesting, too. For example, in the five-year period from 1958 to 1963, individual giving to charities increased by 39 per cent, foundation giving by 62 per cent, and bequests by 77 per cent, while corporate contributions rose by only 2 per cent, despite the fact that over the five-year period corporate income before taxes increased by approximately one-third.

THE beneficiaries of these sums are just as important to one's understanding as are the sources. In 1963 the $10 billion received from all sources, including the $7.8 billion from individuals, was distributed as follows: religion, 49 per cent; education, 17 per cent; welfare, 15 per cent; health, 12 per cent; paid into foundations, 4 per cent; and all other, including civic and cultural, 3 per cent.

Lest anyone still think that we are in good shape, however, one need only take a look at a few other figures. The average salary in orchestras in the United States ranges from $2,000 to $9,000. Actor's Equity estimated in a survey taken for the years 1957-58 that of nearly 7,000 members of its association employed as performers, the average actor's annual income approximated $2,000. Clearly salaries have advanced since those years, but they remain indecently low. They are, however, still ahead of salaries in the dance, where it is estimated that $3,000 to $3,500 a year is the average income for a professional dancer (and he would be fortunate if this were steady from year to year). A prima ballerina can today hope for little more than $10,000 a year. The prodigious cost of the opera is well known. The outpouring of money for 1964-65

for the New York Metropolitan Opera was over $9,000,000, and the end is not in sight.

Cost is, of course, the continuing crisis for all of the performing arts. The theater is the only one that has survived as a commercial enterprise and has been thought capable of self-support, and yet about 75 per cent of all Broadway productions fail to make money, and Broadway's output has dwindled from an average of 142 productions per year during the Thirties to a mere 63 in 1963-64. No new theater has been built on Broadway since 1938.

There is, of course, the cultural explosion that one hears is going on in the small towns of America. The Rockefeller Brothers panel report finds that it is real and good and healthy, but it concludes that the explosion is largely amateur. It needs professionalism and management and money if there is to be a higher appreciation and a wider understanding and enjoyment of the performing arts at their best.

The Rockefeller Brothers panel makes the finding that one of the shortages has been information itself. This report supplies a good deal of information that has been lacking and for that reason alone is worthy of wide notice.

The final conclusion of the distinguished panelists is that even though so much new interest in the performing arts has been shown in America, it is surprising and shocking that the lag in artistic excellence and the commitment of our people to its betterment remains so great. There are increasing initiatives by universities, communities, choral groups, and amateur undertakings, and there are great efforts by foundations and men and women of wonderful good will in every community who give of themselves and their resources for the construction of a local music, drama, or dance center. But still there is a colossal gap between what there is and what there should be.

What can be done about it? The panelists find that the energy must come from every direction. Most especially it must come from private sources and private initiatives. And it must come from states and municipalities, which must do much more than they have been willing to do to date. Lastly, the federal government has a limited but important role to play; this role will include financial giving, preferably on a matching basis, and tax relief. At all times, of course, the independence of the arts, their freedom of choice and decision, must be maintained. And there is the rub. But it can be done; it's been done elsewhere and there's no reason why it can't be done here.

With great increases in leisure time, and pressure on all sides to make room for an expanding population, it seems more important than ever to take a look at the needs of the inner man, his outward well-being having been generally accepted as a social goal.

It is almost trite to suggest that the mark of a civilization is the state of its culture, but unless the point is carefully understood there will be no advance. It seems beyond further doubt that society cannot ignore its cultural well-being any more than it can the condition of its health or education. Any course of conduct to the contrary is sheer folly and will show up as such by the example of other civilizations and countries, to our ultimate shock and loss. Therefore it is incumbent upon us to get on with the job; to beef up our municipal, state, and local art centers and advisory councils; to give proper national recognition by appropriate and additional national legislation; to strip away the tax, real estate, and other barriers that stand in the way of artistic growth; to advance our copyright laws and other protections for creative artists and authors; to encourage our schools and colleges to begin early and complete training in the performing arts; and to encourage and make possible the widest possible enjoyment of the performing arts in every community.

Money

By Nancy Sullivan

THE rich are important to a culture.
They and what they had are all that's left
Once the buildings topple and the people
Arrange themselves for archaeology.
Gauge a people by its rich.
All the chippendale and artifacts
Of Williamsburg are early America
To me, not those stinking stowaways
Vomiting their way to Massachusetts.

So it was in Greece and earlier in Egypt.
The poor are merely figures on parade.
They march along the walls of the tomb of a rich man.
The whole place is a poorhouse where weaver and brewer
Cart this and that to there for the man who has preserved
Their thin selves and their endless little skills.

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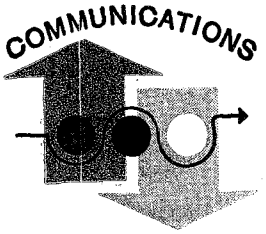
Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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Noble Experiment in Louisville

TYPOGRAPHICAL experts have long been in agreement that the narrow column of the modern newspaper is too confining in appearance and readability and that column widths of around fifteen picas, using 8-point and 8½-point type, are close to the maximum in optical ease. Most modern newspapers use eight columns of eleven to twelve picas each, and as a result the amount of hyphenation alone is pretty confusing to the reader. Headline writing also suffers materially when the narrow width is used; the headlines are more difficult to write and also are apt to be oversimplified, and therefore imprecise and even inaccurate.

In Louisville, the *Courier-Journal* has for the first time in its 139 years of publishing experimented for a single day with a six-column newspaper, dropping at the same time all column rules so that the type in each wide new column is separated from its neighbor by white space only. The experiment is, at first glance, less than revolutionary, but when one is faced with the stark realities of publishing a newspaper in the latter part of the twentieth century all kinds of difficulties immediately arise. The prime difficulty is, of course, the matter of advertising, for while local advertising can quite quickly be adjusted to the wider fifteen-pica column, the national advertiser would have to make a special plate for the larger size and, in the words of Norman E. Isaacs, executive vice president and general manager of the *Courier-Journal*: "Where national advertising is concerned, clearly the newspaper that decides to go it alone (in column width) is playing fast and loose with this kind of experiment. Going alone can be tantamount to inviting national advertisers to leave."

Just the same, it is the feeling of the enterprising Bingham family and their splendid editorial staff that some direct experimentation is needed "both to prove to ourselves what a six-column newspaper would look like—and to have such a newspaper to show publishers and editors all around the country." Should the experiment create sufficient interest elsewhere, then perhaps the *Courier-Journal* will have set off a worthwhile revolution in general newspaper typography. The experiment was conducted for one day only, Wednesday, January 27. The following day the *Courier-Journal* went back to its old eight-column, ruled makeup.

Other experiments by standard-size newspapers with the six-column format have come and gone with varying degrees of success. The old New York *Post* tried wide-column makeup when it was under Curtis ownership in the 1930s, and a few scattered newspapers use six-column makeup for late street-sale editions, but on the front pages only, because there is no display advertising on the first page of most American papers. The *Wall Street Journal* and the *National Observer* use the six-column format at present and with enormous success typographically, but they are not typical newspapers.

Reaction to the experimental edition in Louisville has been wide and warm. Mr. Isaacs reports that editors around the country feel, as Louisville does, that the eleven-pica column is restrictive and, obviously, other newspapers seem tempted by the beauties of a wider column without column

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Tax Case Speedup Requested
New Premier Picks South Viet Cabinet
Approved By Army
Quat Due To Submit List Today
It's A Grand New Flag
Sihr Would Run If Called
Crime Fight Urged In Nation's Capital
King Leads 1,200 In Voter March
FDA Limits Sale Of 'Pep' Inhalers
Pickets, 200 Strong, Close Letcher Mine
Sukarno Seizes U.S. Library; Students Stone Sofia Legation
The Courier-Journal
I.R.C. To Push Investigation Of Contracts
Gen. Khanh Takes Over Vietnamese Government In Bloodless Coup D'Etat
Staff To Name Military-Civil Advisory Unit
House Votes To Curb Food Sales To U.A.R.
State Police In Schools Vote Drive Progresses
U.S. Wants Its '67 Cars Safer
Flags In Washington Pay Tribute To Churchill

At the left is the standard front-page format of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, eight columns of eleven picas each, separated by standard column rules. At the right is the experimental *Courier-Journal* using six columns instead of eight, white space instead of column rules, and a width just under fifteen picas per column. The paper left unchanged its five-column editorial page and nine-column classified pages but, for one day only, converted the rest of the issue from its usual format, with enormous success from the points of view of readability, beauty, hyphenation, headline ease, and reader interest.

rules. In replying to other editors and publishers, Mr. Isaacs has pointed out that Louisville cannot possibly convert to the six-column newspaper unilaterally and that the *Courier-Journal* would need active interest on the part of other newspapers.

"If this kind of interest were to be evidenced," Mr. Isaacs reported to us, "then perhaps the national advertising agencies might give some thought to providing plates and mats in two sizes—13.9 picas as well as the 11-pica size. After all, this should come as no great problem since the agencies must already prepare copy on the 13.9-pica width for most magazines. Our width would be 14.9, but no one could ever detect the difference, I'm sure. I should add that our readers loved it. Up to this point, we have more than 200 letters from readers expressing enthusiasm to a remarkable degree. It was all great fun. It was great for morale. The staff got quite a charge out of working for a newspaper willing to take a chance. It turned out to be the handsomest *Courier-Journal* we've ever published. We'd like to do it on a regular basis—but, as all this makes clear, we can't do it alone."

THERE appear to be several technical reasons for eliminating the column rules and widening the columns besides maximum optical ease, reduced hyphenation, and greater headline comprehension, but all of these reasons boil down to a fundamental fact—the six-column page of the *Courier-Journal* is simply more beautiful and pleasing to the eye. All of the other reasons are important, but beauty of layout supersedes them and, to our way of thinking, the wider column without column rules is the wave of the future in American journalism.

—R.L.T.

TO BRING *SR* readers up to date, we report the latest findings of the American Newspaper Publishers Association on the single-copy price of daily newspapers in the U.S. and Canada. On March 10, 1962, we reported that, a decade before, only thirty-eight daily newspapers had charged ten cents or more for a single copy, while 90 per cent had been sold at a nickel or below. By 1962 only 704 out of 1,825 dailies were being sold for a nickel or less. The latest statistics show that in 1964 only 535 dailies were priced at a nickel or below while the number selling for a dime or more had jumped from 537 in 1962 to 825 last year. In fact, 338 dailies increased circulation prices in 1964. The number of U.S. and Canadian newspapers now published daily has dropped from 1,850 to 1,837 in the past two years, largely through mergers.

—R.L.T.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

All Newspapers Are Local

JOHN TEBBEL, in "The Little Giant of Nassau County" [*SR*, Feb. 13], should have pointed out that the suburban papers are in a position to walk away from the city papers with the honors for good-quality color photos of local people and events—and advertising. Surveys show that three-color photos in local newspapers have more pull than TV commercials. And newspaper color can be done economically by running preprinted color photos on web offset and inserting them in regular newspaper runs. A good example is the Peoria *Journal Star*. The Corning *Leader* and one of the Gannett papers have also successfully used the preprint method. All of these papers have used preprinted photos prepared by the Graphic Arts Research Department of the Rochester Institute of Technology. Believe me, the suburban papers are easily the winner; they're local. Magazines will carry the national audience.

SELAH BOND.

Ontario, N.Y.

Radio's FM Problems

JOHN TEBBEL'S ARTICLE "FM: Radio's Problem Child" [*SR*, Jan. 9] was very perceptive in its analysis of the future of FM broadcasting in the light of the new FCC ruling. Mr. Tebbel's article did, however, contain some misleading information and some factual errors that I think merit correction.

Commenting on the live stereo broadcasts by station WABC-FM (New York), Mr. Tebbel states that WABC is "the only New York station to do so." This is not true. Several college radio stations broadcast live concerts, and WKCR-FM does so in stereo, and has been doing so since even before WABC began its evening stereophonic transmissions. WKCR's "Concert Series" has been broadcasting live recitals to the New York area since 1958, stereophonically since early in 1964. Concerning WABC's own string quartet, this is no novelty, either. For many years WQXR maintained a resident quartet, but disbanded it in 1963 for financial reasons (the live quartet was a greater expense than recordings). Prompted by the dearth of live music on the air created by the discontinuation of the WQXR series, WKCR attempted to fill the near-vacuum by organizing the "WKCR Sinfonietta," a chamber orchestra of about twenty-five players. The Sinfonietta programs are designed specifically for broadcast purposes, although public attendance at the concerts is welcomed. The WKCR Sinfonietta is, in effect, WKCR's orchestra in residence. The Sinfonietta continues to perform today, over a year and a half after its inception—a tribute to the public's appreciation of noncommercial FM radio.

Mr. Tebbel's statements that FM sound can be "no better than the tuners and amplifiers that capture it and the speakers that reproduce it" and that "true high-fidelity equipment will reproduce from 20,000 to 25,000 cycles per second" are, in essence, true. There are other factors involved, though, that tend to nullify the fine technological advances made in FM reception. Besides the fact that a frequency of 25,000 cycles is well beyond the range of even the most acute human ear, I think that Mr. Tebbel would be hard pressed to find an FM tuner capable of reproducing such a frequency, even if he were to look among the best of professional equipment. Also, all sound sources in a radio studio must pass through a console, and few radio stations are equipped with consoles that will pass frequencies above 18,000 cycles or so. Even the finest Ampex professional tape recorders will reproduce only 17,000 cycles with a tolerable amount of distortion *at high speed*. Also, rare is the transmitter that will radiate much above 15,000 cps. So even "FM gold" is not so golden as one might wish—not yet, at least.

The FM situation has developed to the point where, as Mr. Tebbel points out, commercial stations are finding it less and less profitable to provide the programing for which FM is best suited, and they are therefore decaying to the popular taste demanded by the pocketbook. The future of good educational programing, including well-balanced and intelligently programed serious music, lies with those stations that are not dependent on commercial support. Private institutions such as our universities and churches (WKCR and WRVR in New York are good examples) aid to a certain extent, but they are ultimately bound to other goals. Private foundations provide little financial support to sustain the expenses necessary for the successful operation of a good educational station. An organized program of government support seems to be the best solution to this dilemma. The government (city, state, or federal) could establish its own network of stations or it could give much-needed financial support to existent educational, nonprofit FM radio stations.

It is discouraging to see what was once a fine station, such as WQXR, degenerating over the past few years to a nauseating level of mediocrity and commerciality. Unfortunately the FCC's new ruling contains too many loopholes to be of great significance, but at least it is a step in the right direction. One may optimistically hope the FCC will come up with some more forceful, more effective rulings aimed at salvaging FM radio programing from the pathetic rut into which commercialism has dug it.

STEPHEN LIEBER,
Director of Classical Music, Emeritus,
WKCR-FM.

Pawling, N.Y.

Blueprint for Clichés

HERE'S ANOTHER small gripe for the cliché department: The proliferating and indiscriminate use of the word "blueprint" annoys me because usually the word "plan" is what is meant and would be more descriptive as well as shorter. Usually people who use "blueprint" are non-engineers trying to sound like engineers. Actually, blueprints are hardly ever used any more, since other methods of reproducing engineering and architectural drawings are more effective. I always hate to see laymen in any field trying to sound like professionals of that field. Let them stick to their own jargon, and then perhaps they'll be more likely to get it right.

HAROLD H. PERRY.

Yardley, Pa.

Shortchanged *Ingenue*

THE ARTICLE on the teen-age market in the MADISON AVENUE column, by Theodore Peterson [*SR*, Feb. 13], was timely and interesting. I do, however, want to call your attention to the sales figure of 625,000 you quoted for *Ingenue*. *Ingenue*'s guarantee is 700,000, and actually we average over 725,000 copies per issue.

HELEN MEYER,
President,
Dell Publishing Co.

New York, N.Y.

Changing Business Press

THE ARTICLE BY Norman Cahners ("There's No Business Like Business") in the Jan-

(*Continued on page* 151)

"Why do you follow me? Haven't I told you I don't know anything?"

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In the Crusading Tradition

By JONATHAN DANIELS, editor *of the Raleigh (N.C.) News and Observer, whose new book, "They Will be Heard," is due soon from McGraw-Hill.*

IN A BIG cluttered room in the Columbia University school of journalism a few years ago, Lee Hills of the Knight Newspapers, Scott Newhall of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and I served as the Pulitzer Prize judges of editorial writing in America. Some of the entries had come in the form of elaborate presentations by newspaper promotion departments. Others were just pieces clipped out and stuck into envelopes. We read the whole mass. Most were competent. All were righteous. But in the whole pile we did not find one we felt was worthy of the prize. Certainly, we agreed, there were none through which came the brilliance or militancy of the old, blind, domineering Joseph Pulitzer, who was a personality in the press even when he was off in a soundproof cabin on a guarded yacht.

We so reported. Evidently, however, the august Pulitzer board above us was appalled by our negative position. At their meeting they called for the pile of clippings. They went through the big folios and the tattered sheets. And they found, as we had not been able to do, a prize-winner. They were probably right. Certainly by making the award they did not give aid or comfort to the dolorously repeated dictum that old-time crusading "personal journalism" has disappeared.

Possibly that was a bad year. Perhaps in this age of proliferating prizes the cantankerous characters who make personal journalism would scorn to gather their yesterday yells and hope for a solemn annual award. Perhaps it has always been true that the editorial that raises the hair of its readers and shows the hair on the chest of its writer seems comparatively pallid when read much later out of context and out of its circulation area. But of a couple of things I am confident: In American history personal journalism and crusading editors have both always seemed about to disappear. And in terms of the patterns for journalists set by many schools of journalism today, we would not always like them if we found them.

Horace Greeley had some notion about the disappearance of such editors as early as 1841, when he was only beginning, as editor of the *Tribune* ("The Great Moral Organ"), to set the model for crusading personal journalism. And by 1855, *Putnam's Monthly* was confidently declaring that "the great journals are now rather corporate institutions than individual organs; and hence the former autocratic influence of men like Horace Greeley is on the decline." Then, of course, many were sure when Greeley died in 1872 "that the day for personal journalism is gone by, and that impersonal journalism will take its place."

"A great deal of twaddle," said Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, who could be both charming and caustic—and in his own lifetime changed from idealistic socialist to extreme conservative.

"Whenever in the newspaper profession," said Dana, "a man rises up who is original, strong, and bold enough to make his opinions a matter of consequence to the public, there will be personal journalism; and whenever newspapers are conducted only by commonplace individuals whose views are of no consequence to anybody, there will be nothing but impersonal journalism. And this is the essence of the whole question."

Dana certainly did not end the debate about the demise or the indestructibility of punch-packing personal journalism or the editors who made it. Before he died in 1921, Henry Watterson, the much-quoted "Marse Henry" of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, had announced the disappearance of such papers and editors with rhetorical finality: "The soul of Bombastes has departed, and journalism is no longer irradiated by the flash of arms."

When Watterson himself put down his pen forever, the equally quoted William Allen White wrote sadly to the same effect in his Emporia *Gazette*. White had watched the consolidation of many independent papers and the resulting unemployment, for a time at least, of many newspapermen. He had seen too much of a journalism "that floats complacently, securely, witlessly in the serene pool of our American finance-capital structure!" Watterson's death moved him to say that the newspaper business was developing no more individualistic editors like "Marse Henry," who sometimes seemed Bombastes himself.

YET, fortunately, there have been clear evidences that crusading editors are a durable breed, even in an age of change and the growth of news-vending as a commodity industry. The appearance of chain newspapers did not necessarily mean that a tactful pursuit of profit by pleasing everybody had made obsolete men ready with the editorial cat-o'-nine-tails for those they regarded as malefactors. Often a roaring sense of responsibility remains even when all the papers in a town are under the same ownership. Men do still take risks for civic virtue. And often prize-givers, schools of journalism, and press organizations do find editors in whom to take both pride and comfort. (Other such editors are probably overlooked in a nation in which even the greatest papers are largely local in their leadership.)

There is not now and never has been

PEANUTS
YOU KNOW HOW TO TRAIN A PUPPY?
USE A ROLLED-UP NEWSPAPER... THAT'S THE BEST WAY...
PERHAPS...
IT DOES TEND, HOWEVER, TO GIVE ONE A RATHER DISTORTED VIEW OF THE PRESS!
SCHULZ
12-9

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any one model of the personal journalist or the crusading editor. Many of those of the past would look as awkward on marble pedestals as some do now with prizes in their hands or framed awards on their walls. Though there are monuments to him, in his lifetime Horace Greeley's personal eccentricities embarrassed many of his fellow editors. William Lloyd Garrison was an irritant not only to slaveholders but to many fellow Abolitionists as well. Not all, of course, were virtuosos of verbal violence. As much of the impression of the press on American history has been made with sugar as with vinegar. After all, there was William Rockwell Nelson, whose *Star* got Kansas City out of the mud, as well as Adolph Ochs, whose *Times* proved it possible to get the New York press out of the dirt. The crusade of Henry Grady of the Atlanta *Constitution*, more oratorical than editorial, was his effort to love the North and South together again after division. The range of crusades runs all the way from caress to cocklebur. Not the causes for which crusading editors fought but the vitality which they brought to their views has been the mark of the breed. Certainly the time-determined righteousness of their causes does not shape the pattern of the men.

THE Boston Tea Party began in the print shop of Ben Edes's *Gazette*. But Edes was as much concerned about the tax on his paper as the tax on tea and he aroused patriot mobs to behavior that can only be described as hoodlum. Edmund Ruffin of Virginia, who was given the honor of firing the first shot at Fort Sumter, was ready to be a martyr for slavery. Abolition, in turn, had its martyr in Elijah P. Lovejoy, who helped set John Brown marching.

It is irrelevant to the definition of personal journalism that Albert Parsons was hung as one of the Chicago anarchists and that such a journalist as John Reed was buried with Bolshevik honors by the Kremlin. In "yellow journalism," Pulitzer, as well as William Randolph Hearst, was as much concerned about circulation as about saving Cuba in the "splendid little war" they helped arrange for its freedom. Possibly E. W. Scripps, whose papers stoutly took the side of the "95 per cent," the common people, was aware that they could buy more penny papers. (Once they did sell for a penny!)

The notion that the business office dulls the fighting edge of the press disregards the fact that the first little fighting editors were their own editorial and business departments at the same time. George Jones of the *New York Times* was a publisher in the most modern sense and when he fought the Tweed Ring he did not entirely please the lofty business community, many members of which, along with Tammany, had their hands in the municipal till.

"I'm going to dedicate my first ad to you Professor McGill."

Of course, there has been much change in American journalism since the earliest days when it was said that a man with a handkerchief full of type could set up a paper and array it against all the evil forces he saw in his world. Yet, way back in 1733, when John Peter Zenger in his New York *Weekly Journal* ridiculed the royal governor and in the process established the principle of press freedom, he was glad to have backers who would help him to profit. In his ink-stained apron, Zenger would appear odd at gatherings of either the American Society of Newspaper Editors or the American Newspaper Publishers Association. He would be qualified for membership in both.

TODAY, of course, newspapers are only items in the midst of media, often stumbling in their tasks over the cables of electronic competitors. However, they still grow mightily in the apparently inexhaustible market for communication as a commodity. Though newspapers are still pretty much family-owned, they have mushroomed or toadstooled into the greater corporate structures that many feel have depersonalized them. That could not be better indicated than in the transition from regal Hearst to diminutive Samuel I. Newhouse. As an opulent entrant into metropolitan journalism, Hearst in 1895 paid $180,000 for the New York *Journal*. Newhouse, adding to his lengthy chain or collection, paid more for the New Orleans newspapers in 1963 than Thomas Jefferson did for the Louisiana Purchase.

The descent of Hearst on Park Row was almost a full-dress procession. Newhouse seemed to rise almost secretly from the Staten Island *Advance*. Hearst arrived at his press properties in special trains with retinues in attendance. His editors everywhere attended his wishes and waited for his words. Newhouse remains almost anonymous. He comes by commercial plane carrying a briefcase. He seems to have no desire to impose his personality, if any, on his properties. Their increasing number, from Syracuse, to Portland, to Birmingham, to New Orleans, indicates that he understands profits. Even some publishers who fear the growth of chains and monopolies as likely to turn political thinking to ideas of public regulation have not been quite sure whether to regard the swiftly growing Newhouse as millionaire mouse or menace. He could be the embodiment of an impersonalized press. Yet under his ownership, crusade—under local direction—has gone on. His Portland *Oregonian*, which had won a Pulitzer Prize for distinguished public service before he obtained it, went on, after he bought it, to win another in a costly crusade.

IN fact, "a great deal of twaddle" is today the best description for the notion of the crusading editor's doom, just as it was when Dana wrote after Greeley died.

There will always be crusading newspapers and editors. The weakest and strongest papers and editors are inescapably crusaders. Mediocrity gets its message across. Timidity can be taught, and in too many towns it is being taught. Afghanistanism, or editorship that thunders at distant dangers but is muted about municipal affairs, did not begin in our times. Back in the days after the Spanish War there was an

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editor of the Greensboro *Patriot* in North Carolina who never saw shenanigans in City Hall but gave unshirted hell to Aguinaldo, leader of the Philippine insurrectionists. His nickname became "Aguinaldo" for the rest of his days. There have been such men in all the years since Gutenberg invented movable type. There will be such if man, with his need for news, ever settles on the moon.

THERE will be crusading editors, too, so long as vitality, dissent, and determination exist among literate men. The causes in which they enlist their pens, their typewriters, or their dictating machines do not determine their quality. They may fight great rogues or urge the planting of roses. Their positions may be radical or reactionary, and about matters great or small. The measure is their militancy.

William Allen White inadvertently called attention to the source of the best definition of such editors when, in 1896, he damned among other Populists a lady in Kansas, Mary Elizabeth (called Mary Ellen) Lease. White did not mention her name. He only referred to her in his editorial "What's the Matter with Kansas?" as one of "three or four harpies out lecturing." But clearly his reference was to Mary Ellen, a woman nearly six feet tall, with no figure, a thick torso, and long legs—but with a golden voice. She could, said the Emporia editor, "recite the multiplication table and set a crowd hooting or hurrahing at her will." One great sentence recalled from her speaking especially irritated White then. It deserves remembrance now.

"It is time," cried Mary Ellen in her rich contralto, "for Kansas to raise less corn and more hell."

There always have been editors who have felt that it was time to raise hell—against the British Crown, the Federalists, the Jeffersonians, the Whigs, both Andrew Jackson and those who did not like him, against slavery and against emancipation, against Tammany and the trusts, against anarchists and Communists, pacifists and militants, and against the Money Power, for and against Prohibition, against and for labor and capital, civil rights and civil righters, against crooks and against reformers.

Furthermore, there has never been a time in our past when the press was not under public attack for its impertinence or its pusillanimity—often both at the same time. Pugnacious editors have not always been easy to bear. George Washington went into a roaring rage upon hearing of newspaper criticism directed at him. So did Thomas Jefferson on occasion—after he had fathered free press guarantees. But editorial pusillanimity was not invented in our time. After he had been elected with the aid of sharp-penned journalists, Jefferson set up as the editor of his own organ a gentleman whose mildness was such that he was called "Silky-Milky Smith" and his paper the "National Smoothing-Plane."

Now, undoubtedly, anonymity seems to grow among editors. Electronics and syndication often obscure them as they raise columnists and commentators to high fame. The press appears to be more and more a business, less and less a vehicle of crusading concern. Competition and combativeness both seem muted in an opulent society. In a computer age the pen—even the typewriter—may become as obsolete in the editorial sanctum as the pistol.

As a matter of fact, arms for defense are still not entirely unnecessary. One of my favorite contemporary fighters, Hodding Carter, of the Greenville, Mississippi, *Delta Democrat-Times*, felt it well to have a pistol at hand when rednecks from Arkansas and Texas were crossing the river to join student tumult as the government matriculated James Meredith at Ole Miss in 1962. But fat, furious, sentimental, and belly-laughing Ralph McGill, operating under the odd title of publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution*, is generally attacked only by dirty, anonymous telephone calls. He will not be intimidated. Nor will such men as eighty-five-year-old Thomas M. Storke, of the Santa Barbara *News-Press*, who in 1961 took on a sort of rich, reactionary rabble which thought it held a monopoly on patriotism. And there are other journalists, babes beside Storke, who are ready to tangle with forces they consider dangerous on the Left, the Right, and in between.

IT pleases me that my own paper, the *News and Observer*, of Raleigh, North Carolina, has long been referred to by many as *The Nuisance and Disturber*. But as a liberal, Democratic editor I respect such muscular conservatism as that often shown by the Chicago *Tribune*. And there is crusade implicit in the defense of old South Carolina mores in the *News and Courier* of Charleston. Sometimes it seems to me in our times to be fighting for a fantasy. It shoots as if it were firing the first shots at Fort Sumter all the same. I remember that years ago Heywood Broun, who had been fired from the great old *World*, said in kindness after the death of Ralph Pulitzer that if he got that dying newspaper into the red, he had at least got it out of the yellow. The trouble there was, as it may too often be elsewhere, that the yeast was gone with the yellow.

Editors grow old and papers die or are merged sometimes in mortuary fashion. But actually few things change in the character of the American press. One pile of entries for a prize is no satisfactory sample of press vitality even at a school of journalism that announces annual accolades. The press pattern of the past is the continuity of the future. There will always be Washingtons to wince and rant at abuse and Jeffersons who hold to their faith in freedom despite freedom's faults. And there will also always be editors incapable of flame and force in the use of freedom. But—and it is the great and precious but—there will always be men word-armed and word-ready, in the tradition of the crusading American editors of the past. Impertinent often, pugnacious always, unintimidated by power, uncaptured by conformity, they will be at every barricade of American battling. The meaning of this land will be lost when their spirit is gone.

"He's genuinely sorry about biting your hand."

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A STRONG AND STEADY LIGHT

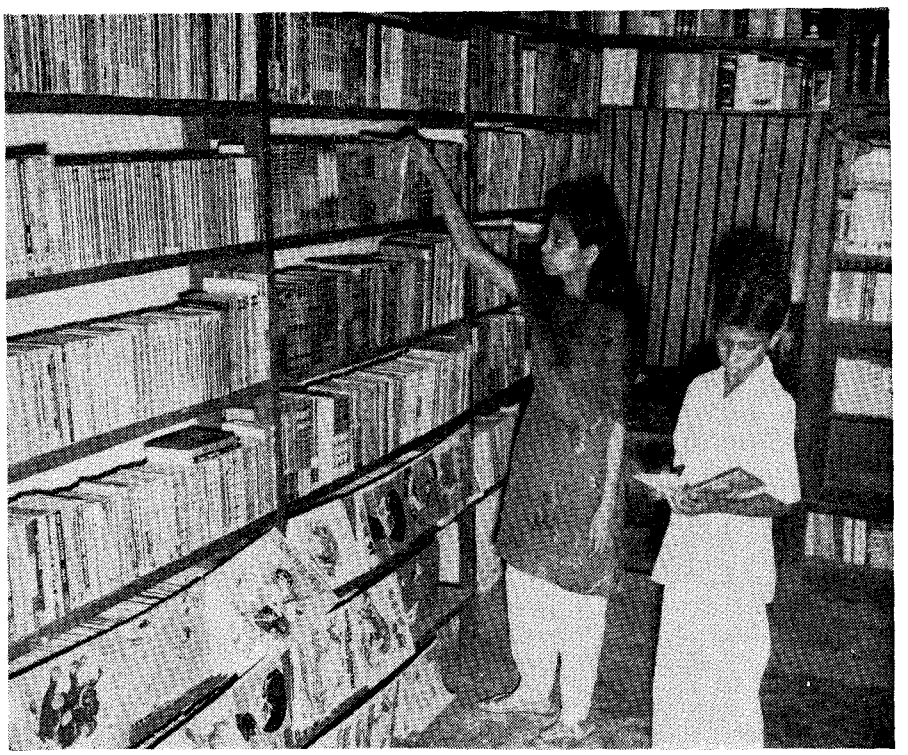
By JOHN TEBBEL

IF COMMUNICATIONS among and between peoples is a major contribution toward a more peaceful world, a nonprofit organization called Franklin Book Programs must be the most successful agency the United States possesses in the effort to stop the global slide toward destruction.

Franklin is not engaged in "selling democracy," or the American Way. Its operations in the new, revolution-created countries are not subject to burning by mobs or to hostile attacks by governments. Everybody loves Franklin, except perhaps the ideological warfare experts of Russia and China, because these American book-publishing experts are devoted solely to strengthening book-publishing capacity in developing countries where it exists, and creating that capacity where it does not.

By any measurement Franklin is one of the most impressive cultural activities the United States is engaged in, yet it is probably the least known to Americans. Its activities reach out from its central New York office to subsidiary offices in Cairo, Beirut, Baghdad, Teheran, Tabriz, Kabul, Lahore, Dacca, Kuala Lumpur, Djakarta, Lagos, Enugu, and (with a somewhat different program) Buenos Aires. These offices are staffed entirely by citizens of the countries in question. Out of them to date have come publishing organizations producing 2,500 book titles—nearly 43,000,000 copies—in Arabic, Persian, Peshtu, Urdu, Bengali, Malay, and Indonesian. Project programs include books in Spanish, English, Yoruba, Hausa, and Igbo.

Proving that international cooperation can be a two-way street, Franklin has also organized within the current academic year two ten-week, thirty-man seminars in book publishing for middle- and top-management publishing personnel from the developing countries, a program sponsored by the government. The visitors have been given lectures, discussion sessions, and visitations to embrace the broad aspects of publishing—creating books, manufacturing them, getting them to readers, creating a larger market, and dealing with problems peculiar to the countries involved. In the final three weeks, the group divides into seminars considering such topics as management and editorial problems, design and manufacture, and sales promotion and distribution.



Library users in Dacca, Pakistan—the Franklin Book Program in action.

The money to finance Franklin's ambitious program has come from foundations, corporations, individuals, and government, both here and abroad—as well as a certain percentage from operational income. It appears to be money extremely well spent. The idea behind Franklin is that education is the basic investment for economic development, and that books are the basic tools of education. Educated, economically healthy countries will, in time, be countries able to take their proper place in the world dialogue of nations, which most serious students of international affairs believe to be the ultimate road to world peace.

Beyond its present, shorter-range planning, Franklin has a long-term objective. It means to create a vigorous local publishing industry in every country it touches, an industry that will publish, for both children and adults, books written by local authors and illustrated by local artists. It would like to see a complete system of school and public libraries, a nationwide system of retail book distribution at low prices, and the establishment of a tradition of book-buying by both parents and children.

Franklin has come a long way toward its objectives, both short- and long-range, in its brief thirteen years of existence. It was born in 1952, at a joint meeting of committees representing the American Library Association and the American Book Publishers Council. Francis St. John, of Brooklyn; Luther Evans, of the Library of Congress; and Dan Lacy, then on loan from the Library to the State Department and now managing director of the ABPC, were major figures in the creation of this unique organization that was intended to be independent and nongovernmental yet necessarily, by its nature, had to establish a working relationship with the government.

Named for that universal man, Benjamin Franklin, who founded the first American public library, Franklin Book Programs began modestly by arranging to publish American books in translation. As time went on, however, it got more and more into producing textbooks locally, training people in the book industry, devising reference book projects, establishing systems of mass distribution, and providing technical assistance in editing, printing, and bookselling. More recently it has been substantially involved in school library projects.

All kinds of American bookmen have contributed to the program's success, including authors, librarians, publishers, printers and booksellers. Its officers in-

(*Continued on page* 150)

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The Golden Glow of Sunset

By THEODORE PETERSON

AMONG THE drawbacks of living east of the Continental Divide is that *Sunset* is a rare thing.

Sunset calls itself "the magazine of Western living," and it is a cheerful and brisk instructor in such things as finding and finishing driftwood, caring for subtropical plants, beautifying dumpsites, making limequat marmalade, providing umbrella stands for patios, and preparing wine-marinated onion sandwiches. Although it is one of the most successful magazines in the United States, most Americans have never heard of it.

That's just fine with its publishers, who have dedicated *Sunset* to "serving the families of the West and Hawaii . . . no one else." Readers elsewhere are as welcome as frost in the orange groves, and the publishers make it hard to get copies except in Arizona, California, Hawaii, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, and Washington. They're so serious about it, in fact, that they keep the magazine off newsstands outside of those states, charge $12 for a three-year subscription that a Westerner can get for $6, and refuse to send out reminders when expiration time rolls around.

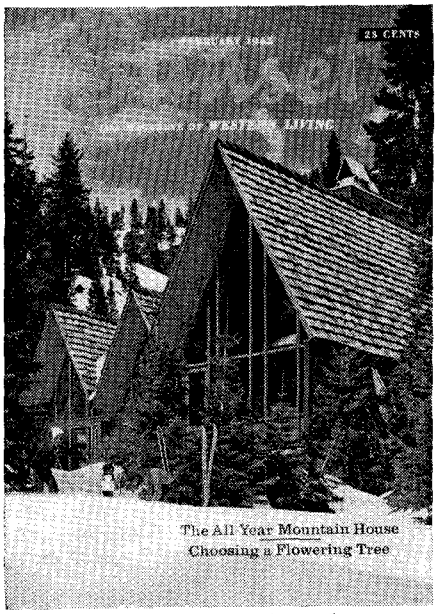
Sunset, whose paid readership stands at more than 780,000, has been one of the leaders in advertising page volume in the past few years. Indeed, it has been carrying more pages of advertising than the *Reader's Digest* and, although it is a monthly, more than biweekly *Look*.

The man who found that gold in the West is L. W. Lane, Sr., a Kansan who sold hardware in the Midwest before going into the magazine business. In 1913 Lane joined the Meredith Publishing Company in Des Moines, working successively as salesman, personnel director, and advertising director. Two Meredith magazines had features that, in a way, foreshadowed Lane's strategy with *Sunset*. One, *Successful Farming*, sought its chief audience in a single region—the rich agricultural Midwest—although it had some circulation beyond. The other, *Better Homes & Gardens*, stressed practical how-to articles about foods, gardening, home management, and home building and remodeling. Visiting the coast in the 1920s, Lane was impressed by the completely different way of life there and saw a place for a magazine that would exploit the differences.

Lane worked out three basic ideas for his magazine. First, he wanted it to be distinctly regional so that it could capitalize on such factors as the climate, modes of family living, and patterns of marketing and distribution. Second, he wanted it to be a service magazine with a slant that the national magazines couldn't duplicate (he chose four ways in which the West differed from the rest of the country—in gardening, home building and remodeling, foods, and travel.) Third, he wanted everything to be of direct use to the reader—how to grow it, how to build it, how to cook it, how to get there. (Later he was to sharpen the regional flavor of his magazine by issuing separate editions for different parts of the West.) Thus armed with ideas, in 1928 Lane bought *Sunset* for $60,000.

SINCE its founding, the magazine has led three lives, in each of which it has been neatly attuned to the needs of place and time. The Southern Pacific Company started *Sunset* in 1898 to picture the "wonders and resources of the West" and named it after its crack train, the Sunset Limited. The main task of the magazine in its early years, when the fare from Chicago to California was $33, was to promote business for the railroad by encouraging people to head West as visitors or emigrants. The company sold copies for a dime on all its passenger trains and on its depot newsstands, and circulation was higher in the East than in the West. The magazine slyly praised the Epworth League's pilgrimage to California and ran articles about California's winter recreations, resort centers, colleges, redwoods, and Indian basket makers, followed by a page of railroad news. Gradually advertisements began to appear—first from hotels, restaurants, and chambers of commerce, later for BVDs and Cadillacs.

In 1914, when the stream of westward migration had gathered a momentum of its own, the railroad sold the magazine to its editors, who set about making it a cultural vehicle for the West. "In those days, as the region was settled, it began to develop a cultural and literary life of its own," says William I. Nichols of *This Week*, who edited *Sunset* from 1937 to 1939. "Yet in many aspects the Pacific Coast was so remote that it did not have access to the cultural media of the rest of the country." For a brief and brilliant period, *Sunset*



***Sunset*—It rode the rails.**

was an outlet for Western writers and artists, and it carried the works of Witter Bynner, Charles and Kathleen Norris, Maynard Dixon, and Jack London. But when California ceased being a remote cultural province, there was no longer a need for a local cultural medium. As a literary magazine of the Pacific Slope, *Sunset* came upon hard times. In the final years of this second phase, it struggled just to stay alive.

When Lane took over, the West was filling up and the newcomers needed practical help in adjusting to life there. Lane's idea was to give them that help. The issue of February 1929 was the first bearing his imprint, and readers must have been astonished by the change. Abruptly articles like "Death Valley from the Air," "A Shasta Sunset," "The Old Maxwell Mansion," and "Wild Camels in Arizona?" yielded to no-nonsense help and advice—"Barbering Palm Trees," "You Can Paint Stucco," "Getting Along with Your Lawn," and "Getting Rid of the Glums."

LANE expected to have a hard time for perhaps the first five years. The old *Sunset* had slipped so low in prestige that its name was more handicap than asset. Then, too, any new publishing idea requires time to gain acceptance by readers and advertisers, and Lane's idea had aspects of the revolutionary.

As it turned out, the magazine almost went bankrupt. It lost $71,882 in Lane's first year, and the Wall Street crash of 1929 dried up advertising. Moreover, Lane was faced with fixed editorial and production costs that would have been no greater had he been publishing for a national rather than a regional audience. For seven years the magazine lost money. It wasn't until 1937 that it finally

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settled into the profitable groove it has been following ever since.

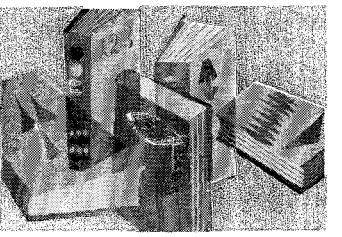
Just what enabled *Sunset* to turn the corner is a matter of speculation. William Nichols attributes its success to the basic soundness of Lane's editorial, advertising, and circulation policies, which needed time to prove themselves—an especially difficult thing in those lean depression years. When Nichols went West as editor, it was to give the magazine a different editorial direction. But he soon became convinced that Lane's original conception was valid. He also credits Lane's method of building an audience of interest to advertisers at comparatively low cost. Lane obtained the names of active charge-account customers from the leading department stores of the West and sold them subscriptions by direct mail with a minimum of inducement, a practice the magazine still follows.

Lane agrees. "No one realizes more than I do that luck played a part in pre-guessing these very important and intangible factors of magazine publishing," he said recently. "We were very fortunate in that regard and unfortunate in having a depression in which to build the business."

Although *Sunset* has acquired a matronly girth since its starvation period, it has clung fast to the pattern that Lane originally cut for it. Within the past year or two, for instance, it has told readers how to use bamboos in landscaping, care for Aztec lilies, grow their own peanuts, cook chayote, make a Mexican salad soup, prepare a Japanese sushi picnic, build a breezeway patio for desert comfort, treat windows for sun control, and balance sun against shade around their home swimming pools. It has guided readers to things to see and do in the West—the last lumber flume, a quicksilver mine, a Buddhist festival in San Francisco, a Model A roundup in Carmichael, a concert at the Paul Masson winery. Realizing that its readers sometimes stray over the Great Divide, it has suggested a walk in Munich's English gardens and outlined ten routes to the New York World's Fair.

Now chairman of the board, Lane has put the business into the hands of his sons—L.W., Jr., president and publisher, and Melvin, vice president and business manager. In 1951 the magazine moved into a Spanish adobe ranch-style building in Menlo Park, where plants typical of the West grow in its gardens. But it soon outgrew that home, despite two new wings and a new warehouse for its line of *Sunset* books. Last fall the Lanes opened a companion building across the street from the original, where they recently welcomed their half-millionth visitor. Given the heavy emigration westward, they probably will be welcoming a good many more.

Books in Communications



Rural Renaissance

THERE WAS a time, not many years ago, when a person could argue plausibly that the weekly newspaper was a dying breed, and he could even find a good many disillusioned weekly editors to agree with him. Small-town America, which had made the weekly possible in the first place, was itself dying, a victim of the thruway, urban sprawl, and perhaps even a new state of mind that identified itself more closely with the nearest big city than with next-door neighbors. Moreover, the costs of producing a newspaper were more and more favoring the giant at the expense of its small-town cousin. There was, in short, every reason to believe that the weekly newspaper would soon be squeezed out of existence.

Then, as if to confound the prophets of this gloomy trend, a curious thing happened. Editors began to discover that it was possible to publish a successful weekly in the very shadow of a giant daily, and in short order a new generation of weeklies began to sprout. They were as varied as the men who made them, but they had in common a dogged concentration on their own communities and they owed whatever success they achieved to their editors' realization that the inhabitants of the new suburbia were every bit as interested in their communities as the citizens of isolated rural hamlets had once been. Today, as a result, a pitying, indulgent smile is no longer mandatory when meeting a weekly editor, and it has once again become possible for reasonable men to entertain that great American dream of newspapermen: to edit a weekly newspaper.

One man who did it is a Massachusetts editor named John Henry Cutler, and his second book about his experiences, *Cancel My Subscription, Please!* (Ives Washburn, $4.25), is as good an informal introduction to the chaos of weekly newspapering as I have yet come across (I somehow missed his first, *Put It on the Front Page, Please!*). Mr. Cutler grew up in Boston, earned his A.B., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees from Harvard, and spent five years teaching at Dartmouth before World War II. But he finally said goodbye to all that to start the Duxbury *Clipper* in 1950. He knew practically nothing about the business—in fact, he still speaks with considerable puckish pride of not having read the government brochure *Establishing and Operating a Weekly Newspaper*—but he did have an optimistic wife to help him and an expanding community to work in (Duxbury's population when he started was just over 3,000; it has just about doubled since then). Somehow all the gears meshed and the fledgling enterprise took wing.

It must be mentioned, I'm afraid, that Mr. Cutler's book is something of a hodgepodge that frequently seems to forget just where it's going. But what counts is that here, finally, is a book that accurately conveys all the confusion, the incredibly hard work, and the sheer wondrous joy of publishing a weekly. Anyone who shares Mr. Cutler's dream will do well to study it carefully before signing on the dotted line.

A Half-Century in Review: Some magazines, like some people, always seem to be closely engaged with their times, reflecting and refracting contemporary ideas and events with immediacy and earnestness. *The New Republic*, which last year celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, is one such magazine, as its small but loyal readership has learned.

The New Republic's first half-century passes in review in *The Faces of Five Decades* (Simon and Schuster, $7.95), an anthology arranged by decades, with a commentary on each decade by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Edited by Robert B. Luce, it includes pieces by such writers as H. L. Mencken, Walter Lippmann, George Bernard Shaw, Sherwood Anderson, Edmund Wilson, John Dos Passos, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Leon Trotsky, Thomas Wolfe, Heywood Broun, Malcolm Cowley, and John Steinbeck. What makes the anthology as a whole most remarkable, however, is not the distinguished people who have written for *The New Republic* but the startling timeliness of even the earliest articles in it. One reason for this quality is suggested in the preface by Gilbert A. Harrison, *The New Republic's* present editor-in-chief: "Indignation and disillusionment move in and out of these pages, but these seem to me reflections of an indestructible confidence that free men, humane and generous, can make something finer of life. In this sense, *The New Republic*, though critical in temper, has been a continuous affirmation."

—JAMES F. FIXX.

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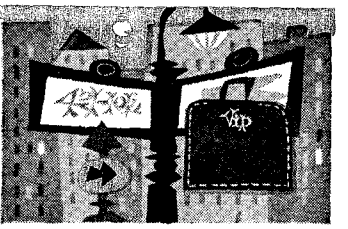
Madison Avenue



Ladies First in Detroit

HOW MUCH say does the little woman have in the selection and purchase of a car? This is a question that automobile makers have been and are still desperately trying to answer. For in the right answers there is a possibility of a big payoff in an increased share of a booming market, which some auto executives already predict will be a 10,000,000-car-a-year business sometime in the next decade.

In automobile circles today, there are several views of milady's influence. The decision of a woman on the purchase depends on economic circumstances of the family or person. In a family, it might range from no concern at all to at least equal say with the husband or even final say.

Among some auto experts, there's a belief that women actually inhibit the purchase of a family car because they are primarily interested in household fixtures, and/or in financing children's educational needs. Others, however, take a more positive attitude toward the woman's role. With the rush to suburbia, more women are spending considerable time in the family car and have thus become important users and critics. As a result, the ladies have come to regard the auto as something of a fashion product. Detroit has worked hard to translate her interests in the styling and design of cars. This may partly explain why there are so many models in showrooms today.

The growth of suburbia is only one phase of the new look in household formations which favors the youth market and the young homemaker. Surely by the end of the 1960s, if not sooner, half of Uncle Sam's population will be twenty-five years old or younger. Said one Detroit advertising agency executive, supervisor of an auto account: "Today's young homemaker wants to identify herself with a car. She wants to feel it has life in it." Whether this is true or not, it might be the reason why there has been a great deal of acceptance of the Ford Mustang among young buyers.

Young or old, the auto industry is also conscious of the rapid rise of multi-car households, where the lady of the house is getting and demanding a bigger voice about the one that's "hers." Two-car households increased 50 per cent in the last ten years. Best estimates indicate there are now 10,000,000 households with two cars and at least another 1,000,000 with three.

So, while the man is still the prime market for automakers, the lady of the house has not taken a back seat in the marketing plans of the industry. Ford Motor Company interviewed more than 150,000 Americans last year as part of its marketing research activity. Thirty per cent of those interviewed were women. And General Motors is now conducting a special study on women and their interests in cars.

WHAT have some of the recent studies shown about the women's auto market? Not surprisingly, more and more women are getting licenses. A late count by the Automobile Manufacturers Association shows that 41 per cent of all licensed drivers are women. A survey by the American Oil Company reveals that there are now 36,000,000 woman drivers; moreover, this number is expected to increase to a whopping 57,500,000 by 1973. The same study, incidentally, reported that women purchase one-third of all gasoline sold.

During the period 1956 to 1963, male licensed drivers increased 6 per cent, compared with a 53 per cent gain in women licensed drivers in car-owning households. Three years ago, it was estimated that 770,000 cars were owned by single or unattached women. By 1966 this figure is expected to be close to 1,000,000.

Over the last two years, the Ford division of Ford Motor Company, to illustrate research activity in the women's market, established an Airline Hostess Advisory Panel. This was a group of young ladies from seven major airlines who sought out what women want in automobiles. While the panel is not in operation this year, it was reported as quite successful in interpreting the views of women.

The panel, according to Jacque Passino, special promotions manager of the Ford division, was formed because "we wanted to find out what women like and don't like about automobiles. We decided to pick airline hostesses because they constantly come in contact with people who purchase and influence the purchase of trend-setting automobiles." Air travelers, he also noted, represent the top 10 per cent income group.

These young ladies periodically reported their findings—both bouquets and brickbats—to stylists and designers at the Ford division at Dearborn, Michigan. "A man may decide what engine a car may have," said Passino, "but often his wife or girl friend will decide not only the color but the body style as well."

As far as Genevieve (Hap) Hazzard, Campbell-Ewald vice president, is concerned, milady is influential even beyond the areas of styling and design. "Today's woman is the family chauffeur and she knows whether they need a station wagon or whether they want a convertible," said Miss Hazzard, an executive on the Chevrolet account at the agency. She also is counselor to the auto maker's Owners Relations Department, which was set up to sound out the opinions of women car owners.

Miss Hazzard estimated she has held meetings with more than 9,000 women during the last three years as part of her work on the Chevrolet account. Her conclusions: women are very brand-conscious and loyal. "In some families," she says, "it's not a question of what car but will we get a car or won't we get a car—and the woman makes the decision.

"Women do not habitually frequent automobile showrooms in the same manner as men, but when a wife does go in with her husband, the smart auto dealer salesman knows she is ready to be sold. When a salesman directs all of his attention to the husband, he's unconsciously made an enemy of the fellow's wife. The lady of the house wants to be part of the buying team."

Consumer research also is a major activity at Chrysler Corporation, even including private press showings for fashion journalists to help determine the female point of view. Development of a new kind of instrument panel for 1965 Chrysler cars was credited to a meeting last year with fashion writers in New York.

"We go to just as great lengths to make the interior pleasing to women as we do in making the car mechanically appealing to men," says D. A. Forman, product planning manager for Chrysler cars.

The Buick division of General Motors last fall launched a series of full-color insertions in *McCall's* and *Better Homes & Gardens* to court feminine support. The campaign was Buick's first directed specifically to women in more than a decade. Whether it has been successful or not, GM officials and the agency, McCann-Erickson, won't disclose. But they indicate that the program will continue for Buick's 1966 line.

—GEORGE LAZARUS.

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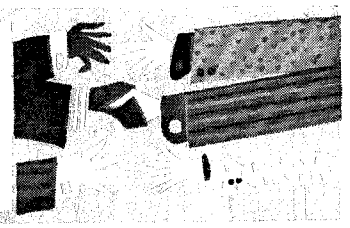
Public Relations



The Survival Rate

AMID THE current proliferation of public relations firms it is often forgotten that few of them survive the death of their founders. The relationship between the head of a PR agency and its clients is so personal that in most cases the firm loses its meaning if the client can no longer do business with the one man in whom he has confidence. The personality of the firm's builder can, in short, be as important to its success as the service it offers.

In New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles there are now 1,348 public relations firms, according to the telephone books of those cities. If the number were doubled, it is a safe guess that all the firms in the country would be included. How many of these will be in business five years after the death of those who started them? On the basis of past performance, very few.

There have been dramatic examples of large firms that went under shortly after the death of the men who launched them. The two most prominent examples were both in New York. In 1936 Bernard Lichtenberg founded what became probably the largest firm in the country. Its accounts were highly diversified and included trade associations and large corporations as clients. Yet when Mr. Lichtenberg died of a heart attack in September 1944 it almost immediately began to break up, and in a short time there was no trace of it. Of the 125 executives with the firm, there was no one who could hold it together.

The other important firm that couldn't carry on after the death of the man who started it was Steve Hannagan Associates. Steve Hannagan started his firm under his own name in New York in 1935. By that time he had already done publicity for Miami Beach, Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, and Gar Wood and had spent two years as a vice president of Lord & Thomas. When he died in February 1953 at the age of fifty-three, he had forty-two executives on his staff. His firm's clients included Sun Valley, Coca-Cola, Union Pacific Railroad, Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Olin Industries, and the Admiral Corporation. After several changes of name and new leadership, it was finally bought by Hill and Knowlton in 1955.

There are today only five good-sized firms whose founders are dead. T. J. Ross and Associates dates back to 1905 when it was Lee & Parker, the Lee being Ivy Lee, one of the true pioneers in the public relations business. The firm was dissolved in 1908 when Lee went to work for the Pennsylvania Railroad (he later worked for John D. Rockefeller, Jr.). In 1916 Lee started his firm again and Thomas J. Ross joined him in 1919 when he got out of the army. Ivy Lee died in 1934 but the present firm is still prospering.

The Hamilton Wright Organization is now run by the third generation of the family. The firm was founded by Hamilton M. Wright in California in 1908. It moved East and went into the field of international public relations with offices in New York. In 1954 the founder of the firm died and his eldest son, Hamilton Wright, Jr., became president and chairman of the board. The third Hamilton M. Wright, grandson of the founder, is now executive vice president of the firm. This is a remarkable record of longevity.

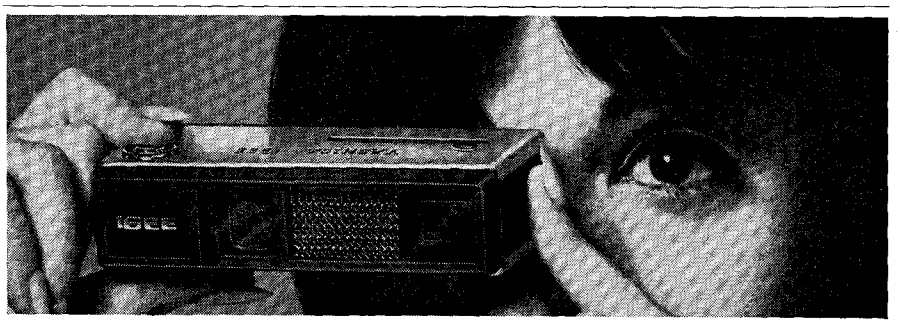
Carl Byoir & Associates is the largest firm that has continued in business after the man who started it died. In 1930, when Carl Byoir established it, he had been a Hearst magazine editor and circulation manager, associate chairman of the U.S. Government's Committee on Public Information (or the Creel Committee, as it was generally known in the first World War), and had run two English-language newspapers in Cuba. In February 1957 Mr. Byoir died, but plans to carry on had been completed a year earlier. The result was that there was no panic and no loss of clients. Today Carl Byoir is either first or second in size in the country, Hill and Knowlton being the other firm vying for the top spot.

Harshe-Rotman & Druck had its origins in Chicago when William R. Harshe started Harshe Associates in 1931. In 1946 Morris B. Rotman, who had been with the Community and War Fund of Metropolitan Chicago, joined the firm. It was incorporated in 1948 with a survivor's agreement in the employment contract. Mr. Rotman bought all of Mr. Harshe's stock on his death in January 1950 from the founder's widow. It wasn't until a year and a half later that the firm's name was changed to Harshe-Rotman. Kalman Druck joined it in July 1960. This is another case where planning made it easier for the firm to continue.

THE fifth firm of importance that survived the death of the man who started it is different from the others. Newmyer Associates is unusual in that it operates as the counsel and eyes and ears for corporations interested in government relations. It does no lobbying, has offices only in Washington, and serves many of the topmost corporations in the country. It is respected by government officials, by politicians, and by other public relations firms that do business in Washington. It was in 1943 that Arthur G. Newmyer, a former newspaper publisher in Washington, founded the firm. It still does what it set out to do and does it well. In October 1955 Mr. Newmyer died. The business was carried on by his two sons with no change in client relationships. Arthur G. Newmyer, Jr., and his brother, James M. Newmyer, have increased their business in the almost ten years since they took over.

Today there are many well-established firms whose founders are near retirement. Without doubt some of them will continue to be successful. But if the past is any measuring rod, most of them will go under when the men who started them quit working or die.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.



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Franklin Books

Continued from page 145

clude such noteworthy leaders of the book industry as W. Bradford Wiley, who heads the company that bears his family's name, and Raymond C. Harwood, president of Harper & Row. A dedicated staff in the New York office works with a fervor that can only be described as evangelical. These staff members could no doubt earn more money and work far fewer hours elsewhere in the business, but it would be difficult to find happier people in any occupation.

Franklin's president, who has been its mainspring from the beginning, is a short, affable, graying, tireless, and generally delightful man, Datus C. Smith, Jr. The founding fathers of Franklin persuaded Smith to leave what may well have been the best position in university press publishing, the directorship of the Princeton University Press, to take the position he has held ever since. Smith, a thorough bookman with an encyclopedic knowledge of the business, had raised the Princeton press to impressive eminence and presumably could have lived out his life pleasantly and profitably in the rural precincts of old Nassau. Instead, his imagination caught by what Franklin promised to be, he gave up the amenities of academic life for a job that has repeatedly taken him all over the world, has given him little, if any, respite, and is certainly one of the most demanding in the whole publishing business. Smith thrives on it. But he keeps an anchor out in Princeton, where he still lives—in a house filled with Franklin publications and mementos.

As a result of his direction and the staff's skilful work, Franklin is now a going concern everywhere it has offered its help. In Cairo, for example, it has an important encyclopedia project, adapting the Viking-Columbia Encyclopedia to an Arabic edition. In Teheran, it has sponsored the creation of the best book-manufacturing plant between Rome and Tokyo, employing 300 people. It began as a stock company formed by eleven publishers. Today it does an annual business of $1,500,000, its German presses turning out twenty books a month, only one or two of which are Franklin publications. The remaining output is strictly Iranian. From scratch the Teheran publishers have built a publishing business that has organized its own mass distribution plan and displays its books on 4,500 racks scattered around the country. The system even has a mobile rack, to be wheeled around where it will be most useful.

When Iran's neighbor, Afghanistan, began to develop a book program, Teheran's Franklin-trained workers were ready to help. The problems were formidable. Only about 5 per cent of the population in Afghanistan can read, but the people were eager to learn how, and even more anxious for their children to acquire the skill. The government demonstrated its determination to help by alloting 45 per cent of the national budget to education, an overwhelming amount by Western standards. Using some of this money, Afghanistan established a book-publishing program in which most of the technical assistance came from Franklin-trained Iranians.

In the countries where Franklin has helped to strengthen or create publishing programs, native authors are gradually finding their way between covers, but until they increase in number, the lists are filled chiefly by translations of writers from other countries, primarily American. Harold Lamb, for example, has had fourteen titles published in forty-seven language editions, while John Dewey has had ten titles in fifteen languages. Mark Twain is popular, and so are such writers as Pearl Buck, Will Durant, Gilbert Highet, William C. Menninger, Dr. Benjamin Spock (the universal favorite), and John Steinbeck.

By comparison with other international programs, Franklin operates on the proverbial shoestring. Its principal benefactor, the Ford Foundation, gave it $1,000,000 stretched over five years. The federal government has also been extremely helpful in a unique way, providing grants of local currency derived from selling American agricultural products in the developing countries under Public Law 480. In Iran and Afghanistan, the ministries of education have also provided substantial support, and individuals in countries everywhere have been liberal with private donations. Nevertheless, as with so many uncelebrated but extraordinarily worthy projects, Franklin has to work hard to raise funds.

One encouraging development has been an increasing interest in Franklin's activities on the part of European countries. French and British organizations have already helped with the training programs.

In Africa, where the problems are probably greatest, Franklin has been most active, both on the east and west coasts. In Latin America, Spanish and Portuguese publishing programs have been helped considerably.

Wherever it goes, Franklin is welcomed because it insists that staffs be composed of nationals, without a resident American on them, and that books be chosen for publication by local advisers alone. Publication is by local firms, not by Franklin, and the books are sold, rather than given away, at prices within the range of the local economy. The aim is always to create a strong local book industry in its own right, not to provide an outlet for Franklin-sponsored books.

Sometimes the local advisers suggest for publication authors who would never occur to a visiting American. Smith recalls that it was an erudite dealer in rugs and precious stones who first suggested that Emily Dickinson would be popular in Iran. Often the prime movers in local programs are men with American or British university educations, but most of the personnel consists of untrained and unskilled men and women who have learned the business, thereby taking advantage of the opportunity to rise from the lowest economic level to management status.

When they compile their lists, these executives select nearly every kind of book available. Few fields are left unrepresented. There is a vast appetite for knowledge among the people of the developing countries, particularly in science and the study of other peoples. It is no accident, consequently, that Bertha Parker's "Basic Science Education" is so popular, with no less than twenty-seven titles in a total of 113 foreign-language editions. Other well-known American series, such as Random House's "Landmark" and "All About" books, as well as the Lippincott "Land and People" series and the Franklin Watts "First Books" are only slightly less favored.

To translate, write introductions, and otherwise participate in the program, Franklin has drawn on some of the most distinguished citizens of the countries in which it works—prime ministers, cabinet ministers, royalty, university presidents, and eminent men of letters. Editors have been highly imaginative in their publishing programs, adapting books to the needs and understanding of local populations without changing the spirit of the originals. The lack of adequate library facilities in most countries is a serious problem, but Franklin is working constantly on that, too, expecting that the two programs will go forward together, as they should.

Perhaps the severest test Franklin Book Programs has met and passed is in those countries where relations with the United States have deteriorated, sometimes to the point of violence and the sacking of USIA libraries. In Indonesia, for example, the program goes along serenely in the midst of anti-American turmoil, while in this country visiting Indonesian publishing personnel continue to study in the Franklin seminars and to take extra work in New York City universities.

In a troubled world, Franklin continues to give off a strong and steady light, pinning its hope for good on the enduring strength that education and the printed word have always provided.

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Communications Letters

Continued from page 141

uary 9 issue of *SR* was very interesting, but I would take issue with several of the points that he makes. So would others who have toiled in the business-paper vineyards.

First, I would have to question his initial statement that the business press is becoming increasingly essential. The generally accepted standard of measurement for publications' effectiveness is, rightly or wrongly, advertising linage. I would be very interested in seeing the statistics that Cahners could present to show that the business-paper industry as a whole has risen in the last ten years. While all other media of communication are spiraling upward, business papers have, at best, held even. Such trade newsletters as the *Gallagher Report* are continually noting the drop in linage among major business magazines.

It is true that business publications are making efforts to enhance the readability of their publications, but only because they have to, since the public has become graphically educated by consumer magazines. However, the vast impression still holds that a business paper editor is someone who couldn't make the grade in the newspaper or consumer field. It's a sad but true fact.

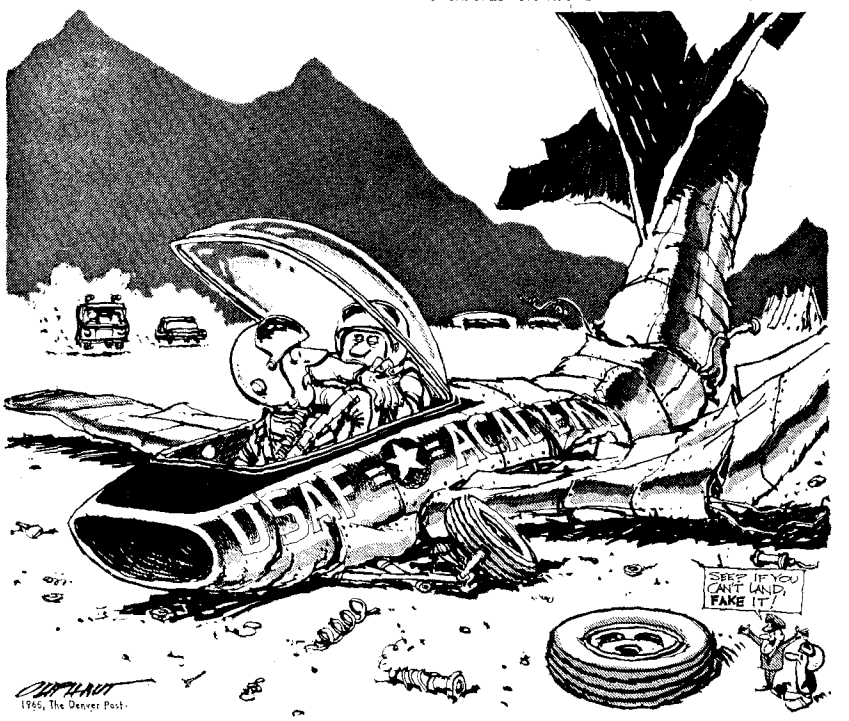
Mr. Cahners also notes that the engineer, the scientist, the salesman, the manager, the board chairman all look to trade and industrial publications for interpretation as well as for information. That might be true if one considers that they look for interpretation and review all information in the same sense that a scholar reviews Soviet publications. The business paper that will publish an unfavorable review of a new product or technique is still a great exception to the rule. The business paper that will publish an unfavorable interpretation of an industry trend is almost as rare. And this is particularly true when such an interpretation would harm the industries on whose support the magazine depends.

The over-all level of graphic design has improved; here we would all concur with Mr. Cahners. But I personally question how much the level of editorial "excellence" has risen. It is strictly subjective, of course.

The business press has been around for a long time and is here to stay, undoubtedly forever, but its form is a continually changing one. It would be very interesting to see an article on the changes in the industry, the continuing trend toward mergers in which the large business-paper houses become larger by absorbing smaller multi-magazine publishers, who in turn are absorbing the one- and two-magazine publishers. What effect is this having on the publishing industry and on the industries served by the business press? How are the economics of business-paper publishing being affected? How is readership being measured these days as more and more business papers are moving to controlled circulation? There are a host of other interesting questions that might be dug into and whose answers would be interesting to your readers in the communications field.

MITCHELL M. BADLER,
Public Relations Department,
First National City Bank.
New York, N.Y.

'I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE—I CHEATED IN LANDING PROCEDURE!'



Honor Code Right System at Academy

APPARENTLY the Air Force Academy is dealing firmly and swiftly with the cadet cheating scandal that has erupted for the first time in the institution's history.

This is as it should be; nothing would be gained by a hesitant approach to the problem, and an investigation prolonged by indecision could do a serious disservice to the reputation of our youngest service academy and the morale of the men enrolled there.

At the heart of the matter is the Academy's proud honor code, the same code that obtains at the Military Academy at West Point and, in a somewhat different form at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

It is a code in every sense of the word, not a "method" such as many schools have developed to enhance student responsibility. It demands of the cadet that he must not lie, cheat, steal, nor tolerate those who do. The last phrase of the code gives it its unique strength and perhaps creates the most misunderstanding outside the service institutions.

Superficially, it obligates a cadet to "squeal" if he observes lying, cheating or stealing by one of his peers. Is this a proper system under which to educate young Americans, even to train them for a military career? It is a natural question.

We believe the answer is yes when it is explained that the reporting of such infractions is done through a cadet honor committee, which has representatives throughout the cadet wing, that the investigation of the infractions is by and large conducted by the cadets themselves and that the decision to resign in most cases is reached without the guilty subject being confronted by supervisory personnel.

The success of the honor code is realized through its tacit acceptance by all those entering the Academy. It implies that the cadet who cheats has denied himself the right to be a member of this group of highly favored young men. Thus, it is an intrinsic yardstick of moral behavior, clearly recognized as such by everyone who puts on the uniform of an Air Force cadet.

The code has not "broken down" when an incident like the current one occurs. On the contrary, it is working, and visibly. Scandal is unfortunate. In itself it is no credit to the institution involved. But the system under which it came to light and under which it is being resolved seems to be the right one, and the institution should be the stronger after the case has been cleared.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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Continued from page 22

do not meet the requirements of a free society to support education, culture, medicine, welfare, etcetera, we will give the rest of the world one good reason to put us in the category of a second-rate nation. . . . the large corporations in this country have the funds to meet the challenge and our government has given them the green light. . . ."

The role of the foundations is also accounted for in this wide-ranging résumé of "problems and prospects." It recognizes that it has been the traditional role of foundations to "support research and training rather than performance." But, it says, the "very essence of the performing arts requires that they be viewed in another framework. . . . A play, a piece of music, or the outline of a ballet has only a partial existence on paper. Performance before a live audience is itself part of the process of realizing a work of art. This unique characteristic of the performing arts is not widely understood as yet by philanthropic sources." It stresses, too, the role of the local foundation in serving local needs, as opposed to the big-name foundations that address themselves to problems on a broader front. Credit, too, is assigned to those communities (such as San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles) that have made a start on assistance to the performing arts in their own localities, and to such a venture as the New York State Council on the Arts. But it is generally recognized that these are at best limited and peripheral.

As parent to the whole body politic, the federal government remains the last, if not the best, hope of those who see problems multiplying more rapidly than the prospects of resolving them. It is still a fact, as the report records, that "the support and attention the federal government has given to the performing arts—and, for that matter, the arts in general—has been largely incidental to some other purpose." This even includes the $25,000 voted by Congress last August for the National Symphony Orchestra (a local problem, since it is based in the District of Columbia, which is a Congressional concern), as well as the $15,500,000 voted to constitute the National Cultural Center as a memorial to the late President John F. Kennedy.

BUT the federal government cannot be immune to the existence of a strong commitment to the performing arts on the part of an influential if proportionately small element of the public, any more than it can ignore wildlife or philately. Urban renewal has contributed indirectly but influentially to the creation of a great center in New York and other facilities in Washington, Baltimore, Asheville, North Carolina, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, and elsewhere. The cultural exchange program has involved the State Department with almost every aspect of the performing arts, except the problem of what to do if the organizations to perform them didn't exist.

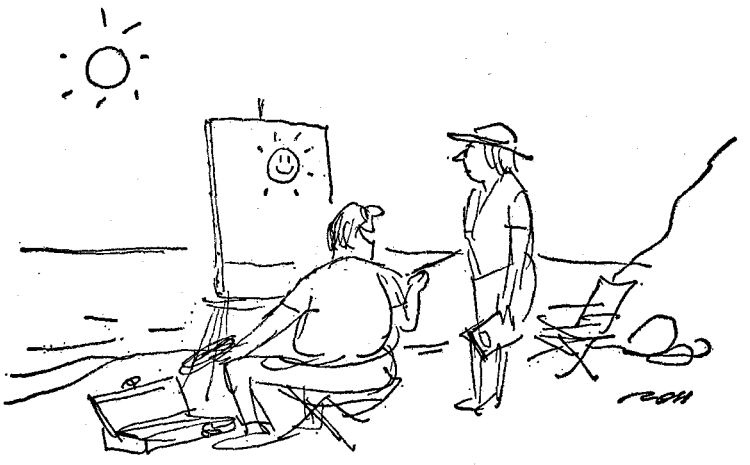
Recognizing the problems that impend before a program of direct financial assistance from the federal treasury can be created for the performing arts, the report nevertheless offers some productive lines of procedure short of the ultimate commitment. It remarks, for example, on the 10 per cent federal tax levied on musical instruments, the tools of the musician's trade. It takes note of the load upon the commercial theater (which does not otherwise receive much of its attention) created by the 10 per cent admission tax.

It also takes exception, and validly, to the burdens imposed "by omission rather than commission." These include the "oversight" (the word is mine) by which the jukebox industry is permitted to operate without payment for the use of music, or any responsibility beyond the cost of a record. Says the report: "It is estimated that the gross income from approximately half a million jukeboxes is close to half a billion dollars a year. If the jukebox industry were subjected to royalty payments for playing copyrighted music, the musical arts as a whole could be given a substantial lift." It also suggests that there "seems no reason why [educational television] should receive blanket exemption from the payment of reasonable fees." It regards this as another pressure to force the artist "to provide a partial subsidy for the general cultural and intellectual development of the nation."

In its effort to survey the wide spectrum of activity that comes within the community of performing arts, the report looks also at organizational and managerial problems (a director, it suggests, should be auditioned as carefully as a second violinist), at the relationship of the colleges and universities to the artist and his well-being, at the development of a broader, more responsive audience, and even at the training of critics.

As befits its billing as "a challenge, not an answer," the report restricts itself to the problems and prospects of the performing arts but does not venture into prophecy. It might, however, have probed a little deeper into the responsibilities of labor in the relationship of management and performer, since it aligns itself with the view that union members form the core of the performing arts, and that they are among those who should not be required to "subsidize" such activity. But in a general discussion of problems and techniques of negotiation, it does not deal with the increasing tendency of labor personnel (musicians, that is) to disregard the recommendations of their own elected officials. Nor is there adequate discussion of the extent to which conditions of work demanded as a *quid pro quo* for a contract affect the quality of the result.

ON the aggravating question of the profits, by commercial television and radio, from the use of airwaves—which "belong to the public"—and their possible utilization for the support of the performing arts, the report terms it a "complex matter" that is not "within the purview of this study" and one on which "this panel has not taken a position." It presents both points of view, mentioning the possibility of a tax on the gross national income of the industry (estimated at over $2 billion a year) or a levy on the sales of radio and television stations, which "over the past ten years, have amounted to about $1.06 billion." It also states the counter-contention of the industry that "they probably con-



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tribute as much, if not more, to the performing arts than they receive," through employment opportunities, development of audiences, and public service programs. The hollow sound of this assertion has its echo in the admonition that "the commercial television industry has a definite responsibility to improve its methods of presentation and programing in the performing arts."

To deal with every point raised, every area investigated, would take a report as long as the report itself. In the aggregate, it serves more than usefully to hack out some of the underbrush that clutters the terrain, enabling those who are so disposed to see exactly what the problems of growth are. It has assembled some pertinent statistics and put the problems of the performng arts in a recognizable perspective against the problems of other nonprofit institutions. It has given prominence to some urgent needs that might be considered by the newly appointed Presidential panel headed by Roger L. Stevens.

Its major recommendation for federal assistance—"the present federal aid for arts organizations . . . can be most effectively provided through matching grants to meet the capital needs of arts organizations"—is at least debatable. This would do nothing to answer the contention that artists "should not be required to subsidize the arts" and substitute a more splendid misery (to use Jefferson's phrase about the Presidency) for the less splendid misery to which it directs proper attention.

In a time when the federal Administration has elected to affiliate itself with the concept of a "Great Society," it should be possible to push for something more than a housing program for the arts. If farmers, who feed the body of the nation, are a primary concern for aid programs, price support, and other assistance, the artists who feed its mind and spirit are entitled to something more than no concern at all. In a recent speech to the National Industrial Conference Board, President Lyndon B. Johnson said, "I am able to tell you that the Treasury . . . will shortly make public changes in the depreciation procedure which will allow business to receive this year about $700 million of benefits. . . ." It would take less than 10 per cent of that to set up the whole interim establishment for the performing arts that the Rockefeller report recommends.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Bethabara. 2. Bethany. 3. Bethel. 4. Bethesda. 5. Beth-horon. 6. Bethlehem. 7. Bethphage. 8. Beth-shan. 9. Bethsaida. 10. Beth-zur.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 26

sustain her beyond the paternal protection. This Miss Nilsson makes clear not only in her powerful but well-shaded singing of Brünnhilde's music, which begins in rejoicing and ends in resignation but is never less than triumphant, but also in her appealing visualization of the role. Dalis outbid herself this time with a spiteful Fricka, and the Valkyries (whose ranks included Mignon Dunn, Helen Vanni, Janis Martin, Joan Grillo, Gladys Kriese, and a new singer, Beverly Bower) were individually and collectively better-sounding than such groups usually are.

Among other operatic events, the late days of February brought further performances of *Così*, with mostly the prior personnel, save for Helen Vanni as a rather light-sounding Dorabella. In the case of Leontyne Price as Fiordiligi, reference to the "prior personnel" would have to be amended to include "in name only," for her later performances were much superior to the first noted here. She had her sound under much stronger control than it had been before, with especial improvement where it counted most—in the arias ("Come scoglio" and "Per Pietà" are the original designations) that give dramatic contrast to the sur-

rounding comedy. The Alfonso of these performances was Frank Guarrera, who is sounding more like John Brownlee than even the original.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra regained its French accent, which had been missing for some time past, during its latest visit to Philharmonic Hall. This was not a question of finding something that had been misplaced so much as restoring somebody who had been replaced. That somebody was Charles Munch, returning to the post of command in which he had been replaced by Erich Leinsdorf.

The spirit of the performances of Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* Overture, Debussy's *Ibéria*, Roussel's Symphony No. 4, and the second of Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé* Suites was all Munch, but some of the substance, at least, was Leinsdorf. For every slashing stroke of impulse there was a responsive unity that gave the listeners the best of two worlds, Leinsdorf's discipline and Munch's compulsion. It was good as well as interesting to hear

—Irving Kolodin.

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FIRST CLASS hotel accommodations, with private bath, breakfast and unlimited sightseeing in 14 European cities—all for $10 a day! See page 63.

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PERSONALS

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EXPERIENCED FEMALE TEACHER interested in moving into college teaching in social science fields for fall of 1965. Wants to do graduate work. Box L-638.

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INDIAN COUNTRY LIFE and job wanted. Capable woman, late forties, with philosophy in accord with first real Americans, familiar simplest country living, salary secondary. Accumulated experiences as wife, mother, divorcee, long time successful poodle breeder, assistant librarian, college housemother. No paragon but considered reasonably stable with humor, understanding, authority, integrity; attractive and feminine. Returning from Europe late spring. E. V., P.O. Box 105, Colfax, California.

CAPABLE, FEMALE COLLEGE GRADUATE seeking employment through May. Box L-694.

NEWSMAN-PHOTOGRAPHER, 23, J-grad, seeks newspaper, magazine, similar situation. Wants challenge, opportunity. Present location culture poverty pocket. Box L-688.

WANTED: Summer employment—college drama director, experienced, with excellent references. Teaching or directing. Box L-707.

PHILSOPHY PROFESSOR, Ph.D., 31, seeks interesting summer employment. Box L-713.

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COLLEGE COED desires summer job in San Francisco. Box L-714.

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 156)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 155)

For Summer Rental

BEAUTY AND SECLUSION—Rogers Rock Club-on-Lake George. Near Ticonderoga. Fully equipped housekeeping cottages, season, half-season. Swimming, tennis, mountain trails, mile and half shoreline. Golf nearby. Children welcome. Box L-609.

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CAMPS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1614

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Stickiness.	49 135 156 110 162 178 1 105 77
B. Toward the center or interior.	147 173 189 153 42 90
C. Regard with "tender, loving, care."	20 109 167 5 34 128 143
D. Titular heroes of popular stories by Arthur Train, now required reading in several law schools (4 wds.)	36 145 37 98 91 26 177 94 2 186 114 142 154
E. Conqueror and colonizer of New Mexico (1549-1624; without his Spanish accent; sorry!)	157 9 74 65 111
F. Laughing or broadly smiling.	89 66 193 3 104 69
G. At variance with accepted doctrines, esp. religious ones.	187 6 15 171 86 55 22 27 33
H. Out of the ordinary.	129 112 160 140 172 41 61
I. Revolutionary leader, early Gov. of Georgia, the despair of autograph collectors (1735-77).	82 122 106 92 68 149 10 165
J. Laziness.	45 126 72 174 59 138 148 16
K. Peculiar and unusual characteristics.	12 115 83 40 176 75 181 60 39 7
L. State of being kept in the same place.	161 100 108 121 146 113 58 190 168
M. The young Cockney member of Kipling's "Soldiers Three."	67 14 117 170 8 191 71 25
N. Site of imperial palace of Peter the Great, 1720.	4 30 179 119 132 70 23 137
O. Nineteenth-cent. explorer who made a great study of Australian aborigines.	118 50 87 62 152 141
P. Specifying the "things" of which, W. R. Benet said, "Night is monarch."	155 80 150 182 127 43
Q. Colloq. for impudent.	57 18 188 48 96 29
R. Serious disease which afflicts peach trees.	116 159 81 125 184 102 35
S. Receive into a family as a son.	180 158 131 54 192 79 64 169 24
T. Exchange in respect of position.	31 120 88 56 151 73 133 183 164
U. One who can carry on successful conversation with another like him even in a boiler factory, subway, or other noisy place (2 wds.)	93 97 11 185 134 52 136 103
V. Anesthetize in a special way.	144 175 38 130 139 19 63 107
W. The wasting away from want of nourishment.	13 76 47 85 163 21 44
X. Specifying, in the Roman calendar, the day before the ides of January.	101 78 32 124 46 53 166
Y. Blockhead (comp.)	99 95 51 84 17 123 28

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

		1 A		2 D	3 F	4 N	5 C	6 G	7 K	8 M	9 E	10 I		11 U		12 K
13 W	14 M	15 G	16 J		17 Y	18 Q	19 V	20 C	21 W		22 G	23 N	24 S	25 M		26 D
27 G	28 Y		29 Q	30 N	31 T		32 X	33 G	34 C	35 R	36 D		37 D	38 V	39 K	
40 K	41 H	42 B	43 P	44 W		45 J	46 X		47 W	48 Q	49 A	50 O	51 Y	52 U	53 X	54 S
55 G	56 T		57 Q	58 L	59 J	60 K	61 H	62 O	63 V	64 S	65 E	66 F	67 M	68 I		69 F
70 N	71 M	72 J		73 T	74 E	75 K	76 W	77 A		78 X	79 S	80 P	81 R		82 I	83 K
	84 Y	85 W	86 G	87 O	88 T	89 F	90 B		91 D	92 I	93 U		94 D	95 Y	96 Q	97 U
	98 D	99 Y	100 L		101 X	102 R	103 U	104 F	105 A	106 I	107 V	108 L	109 C		110 A	111 E
112 H	113 L	114 D	115 K	116 R		117 M	118 O	119 N	120 T	121 L		122 I	123 Y	124 X	125 R	
126 J	127 P	128 C	129 H	130 V		131 S	132 N	133 T	134 U		135 A	136 U		137 N	138 J	139 V
140 H	141 O		142 D	143 C	144 V		145 D	146 L	147 B	148 J	149 I	150 P		151 T	152 O	153 B
154 D	155 P	156 A		157 E	158 S		159 R	160 H	161 L	162 A	163 W	164 T		165 I	166 X	167 C
168 L		169 S	170 M	171 G		172 H	173 B	174 J	175 V	176 K	177 D		178 A	179 N	180 S	181 K
182 P	183 T		184 R	185 U		186 D	187 G	188 Q		189 B	190 L	191 M	192 S	193 F		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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A busy woodpecker with an audience of juncos on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm.

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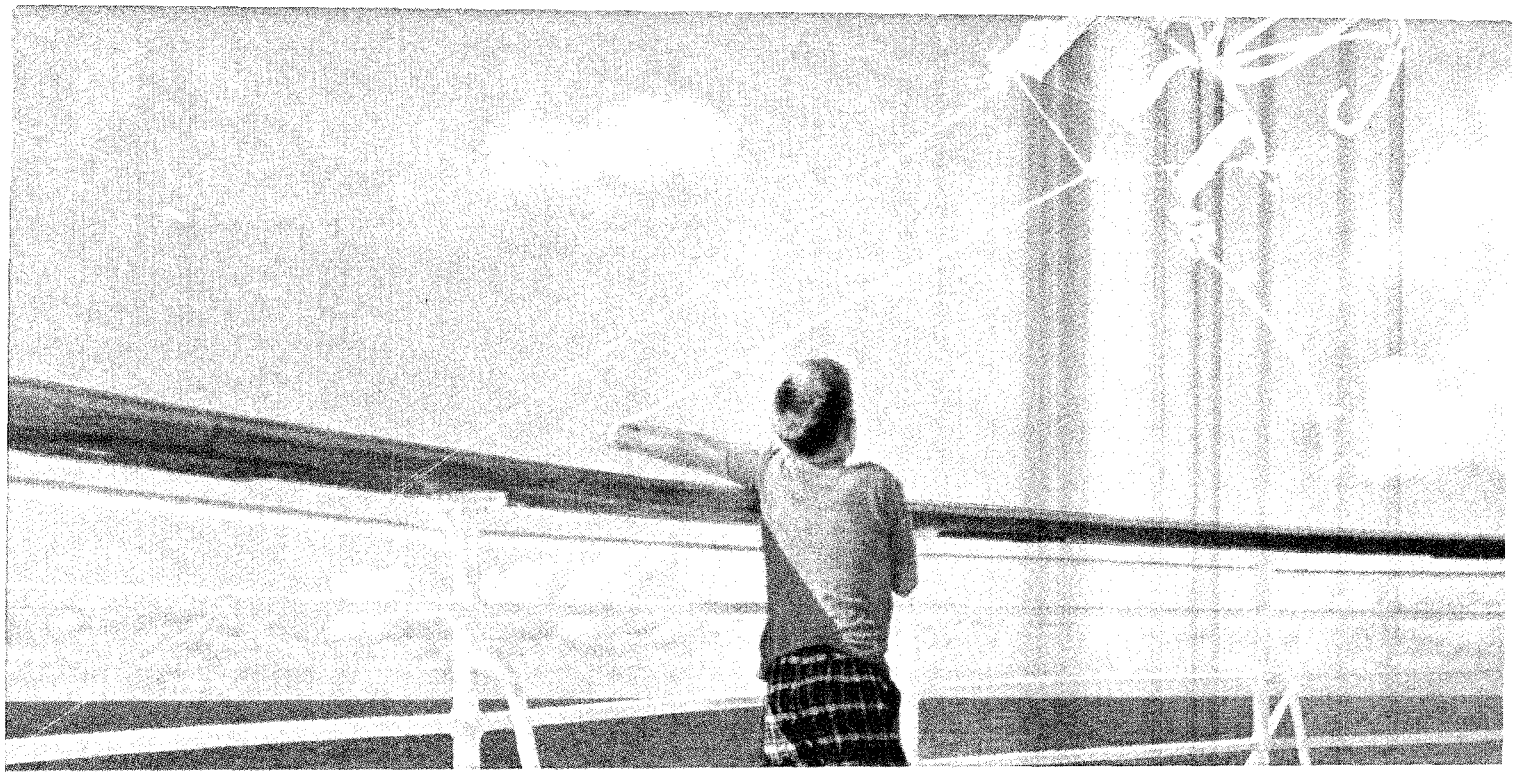
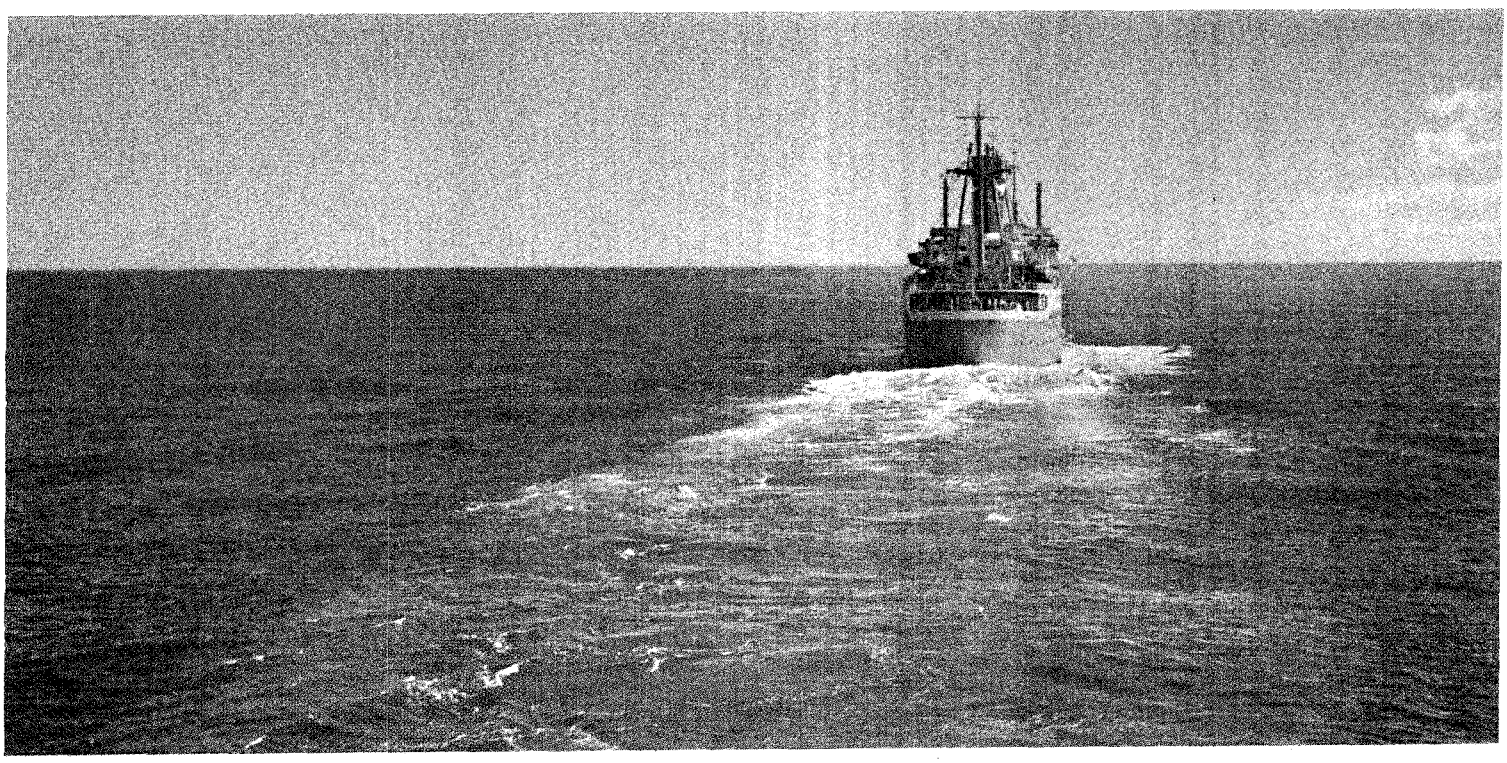


Why Billy Phillips



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